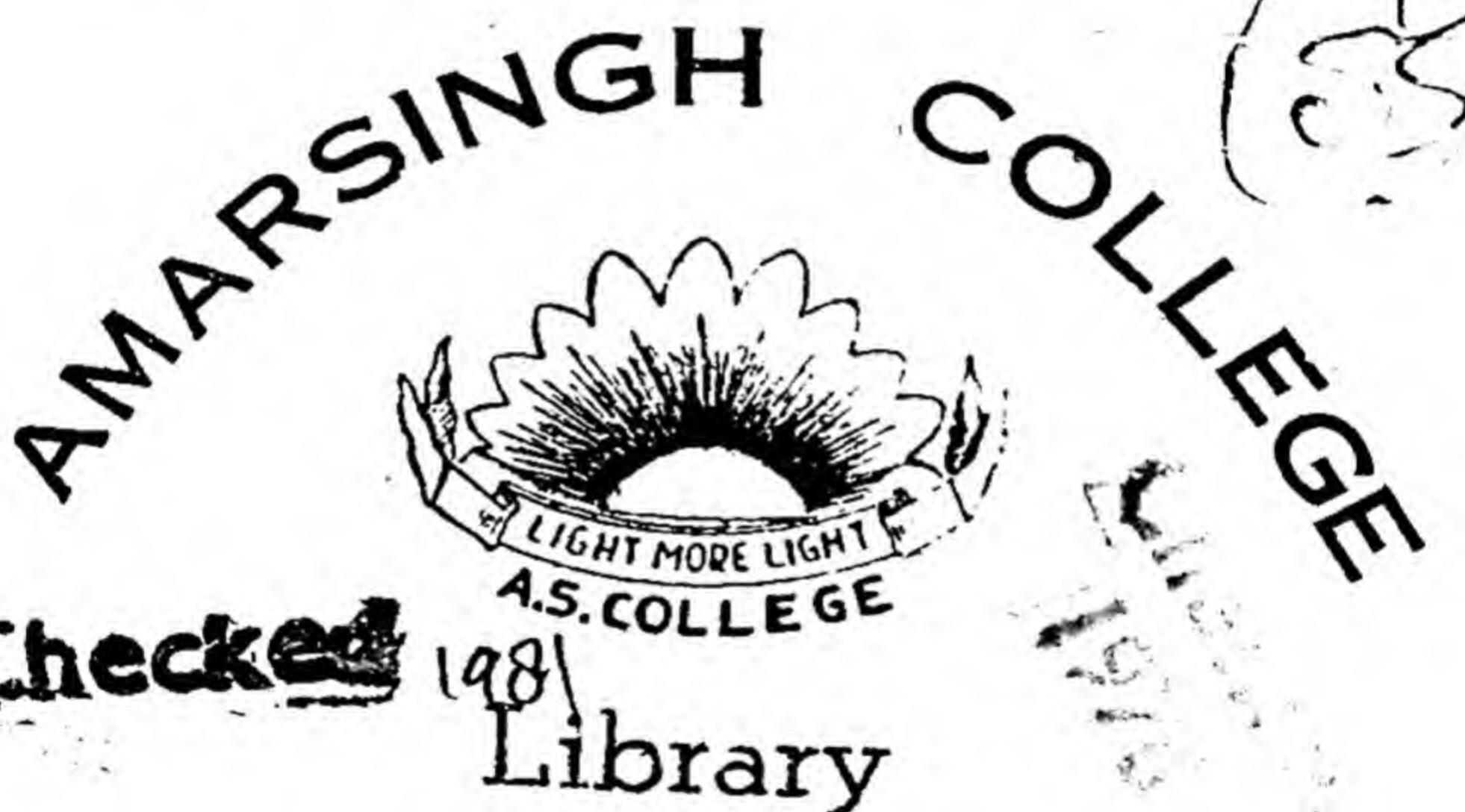


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THE STREAM OF ENGLISH POETRY

AN ANTHOLOGY

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LAHORE :

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INTRODUCTION

The central problem in the teaching of poetry can be stated in terms of the old battle between the intuitive approach to the teaching of poetry and the analytical, or between the "intuitionists" and the "analysts." I suppose the battle began when poetry first had to be taught. Primitive folk poetry did not have to be taught. The medium was no barrier, and the emotions of the poet could go straight to the hearts of his audience. I mention this point here because it is the poet's medium, his language, which is, in the present state of our culture, the source of all our difficulties.

As I intimated at the very outset, the battle between these two opposed camps must have been fought at many an English teachers' conference, and I suspect that the adherents of each camp went away every time more certified in their own faith. That there is still a wide divergence among us on this our capital problem may be shown by the remark which Professor Smith's lesson plan on "Thanatopsis" (I borrow these terms from Professor Reed Smith's recent book, "*The Teaching of Literature*," which has an excellent statement of the problem and which in general leans to the position of the "analysts") elicited from at least one English teacher; "The teacher who does what is detailed here should be hanged, drawn and quartered." Now that statement, as Keats said of poetry, "Overwhelms with a fine excess." It expresses an attitude towards the teaching of poetry with which many of us would agree, though perhaps with certain important reservations. But we see at once what a chasm yawns between the advocates of these two methods of approach and what a fine fervour the subject is capable of arousing.

In its extreme form the intuitionist method, I suppose, may be likened to the method of the Hindu geometer of old, who drew a diagram for his students and said to them, "Behold." So the teacher of poetry might say to his students, "Listen," read them a poem, and let it go at that. There are some poems to be sure, that may be presented in just that way. Anything I may add, for example, to "Behold her single in the field," I feel to be supererogatory, and reading simple lyrics of that kind to a class, with little or no comment, is I believe, a valuable experience for our pupils. Apart from the value of the poet's utterance itself, it is good for them to know that the poet may often speak straight to their hearts. Unfortunately that is not true of the larger portion of the poetry that we attempt to teach our pupils. How will the intuitionist approach work with "Lycidas," Spenser's sonnets, Keats's Ode on a Grecian Urn, or even Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey? Of course there is an obvious answer; do not teach any poetry in which the meddling intellect (to use Wordsworth's phrase) will intrude upon the simple, naked emotion. I agree that from a certain point of view that answer is the best way out of our difficulty. We might make an anthology of simple poetry, and some of our poems we might take from the Anthology of Pure Poetry that George Moore published some years ago. But of course I am stating the intuitionist approach in its extremest form with all its logical implications. In actual practice the intuitionist teacher will teach the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" as well as "If love were what the rose is." Only, in teaching the former he would say, "Let us not worry too much about how the poet has said this or that; what he means exactly here or there; whether this phrase is one kind of poetic figure or another; or even what the whole poem is precisely about, both in its emotional and ideational origin and in its execution. Anything we say will be only so much more barrier between the poet and the pupil. Has the pupil been

made to *feel* something—no matter what? If so, let's have done."

Now the "analyst" will step in and say, "It is quite important, if not very often downright necessary, for the pupil to know what gave the poet the initial push, so to speak, in writing the poem. What peculiar interaction between the poet and his world gave rise to this particular expression in the poem? It is important for the pupil to know that the poet often says his best things not as we say them in ordinary speech; and calling attention to them, even labelling them by means of the names of various poetic figures, will bring the pupil closer to the poet's emotion and thought. Finally, it is important for the pupil to have some knowledge of the poet's mechanics, of poetic form, of versification. Poetry, psychologically considered, may be the spontaneous overflow of emotion, but its expression in verse makes it also an art form, and some knowledge of the secrets of the art—of the musical possibilities of words, for example—will add to the pupil's pleasure and enhance his understanding.

Now here we have the two divergent methods of approach. Let us note at once that in actual practice none of us adheres strictly to one or the other. Our practice is much wiser than our theory. We are all unconsciously empirical; that is, when confronted with a poetry-teaching situation in the class-room, we know that one type of poem will require different handling from another. As readers of poetry we distinguish among various types of poems. It is quite true that we often use the term "poetry" in a generic sense, and when we use it that way we do mean something. We may read a passage, a line, or even a phrase—whether in verse or not does not matter—and we say at once "This is poetry." We are sure of it and no one can tell us otherwise. Yet different poems have varying kinds and degrees of appeal for us, and we may distinguish among them. We may find the magic essence, as

in some of Swinburne's poems or Coleridge's, in a certain type of lyrical expression, where sense is nothing, if it is at all there, but which instead feeds our imagination with things "that never were on land or sea." Or we may find it in a poet's expression of universal truth, truth charged with emotion, as in the great passages of Shakespeare. Certainly when we as teachers attempt to get the poet's communication over to our pupils, the kind of communication, as well as the poet's means of expression, his language, must be a determining factor in our method of presentation.

For, no matter what the poet says to us, whether he says:

"The same that oft times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn"

Or whether he says:

"Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,"—he says it by means of words. His words may give us a definite image (as certain poets have tried at all costs to do) or a definite idea which we may translate into a prose statement, not of course, as a substitute for the poet's words, but merely as a support for our understanding and a hint to our imagination. Or he may just wake up old, far off echoes within us, elusive, indefinable, unstatable in any proposition. Whatever he says to us, he must assume a certain intellectual kinship with us; that is, he must assume that we have a certain system of meanings associated with ordinary things, and that when his imagination scrambles up those meanings in a way to make us see all sorts of associations in things that we have never seen before and hence feel more intensely about them, he must be sure that we can follow him. Should he even take flight from our natural, recognizable world altogether, his "nonsense" must still be based upon a core of sense in us. That is why the familiar

distinctions between intellect and emotion and between intellect and imagination are so often dangerous if not downright misleading. The poet, the lunatic, and the lover may be of imagination all compact, but certainly the poet must use the world of sense as a springboard for his fancy, and if he is going to arouse our feeling he must "talk sense" to us first. "Where there is no sense there is no feeling" is sound psychology and quite literally true.

Let us then have done with the notion that we must not contaminate the emotion of a poem with talk of its meaning or its sense basis. Some teachers suffer from a veritable phobia of analysis. But let us see exactly what we mean by analysis, and the fear is at once dispelled. In that excellent little book "The Name and Nature of Poetry," A. E. Housman, says: "And I think that to transfuse emotion—not to transmit thought, but to set up in the reader's sense a vibration corresponding to what was felt by the writer is the peculiar function of poetry." All genuine lovers of poetry will agree at once. But the question for us teachers is: "How great a foundation of sense shall we build in the pupil for this emotional vibration to take place?" As has been suggested above, it will vary with different poems. Generally, we might say as much as will bring the pupil into what may be called the "emotional interior" of the poem.

But let us be more specific. It is often possible to build up the sense of the poem on the pupil's own experience, either actual or potential. We may quite agree with those teachers who say that our pupils may not thrill much to the story of how Keats came to write "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." But have not they at some time or other, even in their relatively short lives, experienced a similar sense of the joy of discovery? Have not many of them, perhaps, stayed up half the night, held by a book (no matter what kind) and unable to put it down? I was talking to one of my colleagues right after a stormy discussion

on the teaching of poetry, while we were both still full of it, and he was telling me how he builds up the emotional sense basis in the case of another sonnet by Keats, the one that begins "When I have fears that I may cease to be." "I know," he says to his pupils, "you are all ambitious. You are all going to be great doctors, lawyers, scientists, or perhaps authors. Suppose you knew you had the ability you had the stuff, there was no doubt about it—and you also knew that a fatal disease was creeping up on you; that you probably would not live to realize your great ambition; how would you feel about life and the world and the treachery of fate"? That is an admirable example of what is meant by leading the pupil into the centre of the poet's emotion. The teacher may often use his own experience instead of the pupil's to provide the life-situation.

Of course, it may not be possible, nor is it always necessary, to provide that kind of sense basis for every poem we teach. It may be a simple matter in some poems and a difficult one in others. For example, I do not know how to teach the "Ode to the West Wind" without telling the pupils something about Shelley's temperament, his vision of the perfectibility of human life, and his use of the west wind as a symbol for his own striving, tortured soul. I may be wrong, but I feel if they do not get that out of the poem, they get nothing.

But now one may ask, "What about the sense of each stanza, each line, each phrase, each word?" The answer must be couched in general terms. I should say, as much as will contribute to the meaning of the whole. While it is true that up to a certain point appreciation waits upon understanding, we all know nowadays that too much of the latter will kill the spirit. Perhaps in most of the poetry, we teach, the line for line type of analysis is unnecessary. Particularly is this true of syntactical analysis which introduces too many elements extraneous to the poem. On the other hand, if we teach Milton, what are we to do with his

mythology and his compactness of expression which is certainly too much for the average student to cope with? No rule of thumb principle will apply here.

The only test is an empirical one; how much sense is needed in a particular poem for the "emotional vibration" to take place? Let me also say in this connection that for myself I am not a great believer in written paraphrases or leading questions. They may be used sparingly when the teacher has the definite purpose of giving the pupil practice in paraphrasing for examination purposes. The danger in excessive paraphrasing is that it often substitutes a bad piece of prose for the poem. As for the regular use of series of written questions, I believe it introduces a cut and dried element into teaching situations where, after all, our aim is pleasure and emotional response. The reverse type of question in which the pupil is asked to state the thought of a line or stanza in the language of the poem, I believe to be admirable, for in that way a synthesis, an identification of thought and language, takes place in the pupil's mind. But this type of question, most teachers of poetry would agree, can be effective only after the necessary foundation in sense has been laid for the poem.

A word about the poet's language. When we talk about the language of the poet, we are only stating the sense feeling problem in a different way. For the poet, when his poem is completed, there is no distinction between his thought-emotion and his language. The "what" and the "how" are identical. Change one word, or even the position of a word, and from the poet's viewpoint the poem is altered. It is for us when we read the words of the poet and associate our meanings with his that the distinction exists. We say how beautifully or how compactly he has said this or that. We also become aware that, in general, the poet's language differs in important ways from ordinary speech, though some poets, like Wordsworth, for example, set an ideal for themselves to approximate to ordinary

speech as much as possible. Certainly, poetic rhythm, whether in a line from Pope or from one of our modern vers librists is different from the rhythm of ordinary speech. Thus we have metaphor (using that term in its generic sense) and rhythm, which have distinguished poetic speech since the beginning, and soon we are deep in the subject of poetics.

Now the question for us is, "To what degree shall we make our pupils conscious of the poet's language as thus understood?" If we are going to give our students some knowledge of poetics, how shall we present it? A reasonable amount of it, administered in small doses throughout the whole course and adapted to teaching occasions as they arise, will in the long run materially help our pupils in the appreciation of poetry. We might take a hint from the present status of grammar; we have functional grammar; why not functional poetics? But here again the question of "where," and "how" must be answered with an eye to the varying needs of pupils in different grades and in different teaching situations.

Our approach here, too, should be empirical, and we should steer clear of any absolutes in our theory as well as in our practice. The end of appreciation is not served by making a fetish, as an older romantic psychology did, of any psychological category. There is no absolute distinction between sense and feeling or between intellect and emotion. Rather the two are united in the whole process of appreciation. When a pupil does not know what a poem is all about, his imagination will not be stirred and he cannot be made to feel. On the other hand, since pleasure should always be our aim, excessive analysis in all its forms, beyond what is necessary for the sense basis of the poem, can be profitably omitted. When we go beyond that point, then in Wordsworth's phrase, we often "murder to dissect." In actual practice the most successful teachers of poetry have always effected a nice adjustment between under-

standing and imagination. They have always known how far sense analysis is helpful and where it should stop. They have also known how important in the total process is the contagion of their own personality; their voice, their manner, their dramatic ability, their love of the subject. In other words they have always embodied in their practice the old dictum of Horace; "If you want me to weep, you must weep." Of course, even for the best teacher the teaching of a poem is a venture into the unknown. He cannot ever be sure of success, nor can he measure it in quantitative terms. But one thing at least he can do; he can approach his task with a sound psychology and with all the enthusiasm and will to succeed he is able to muster.

Acknowledgments are due to Messrs. Faber and Faber for permission to print "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" from Mr. T. S. Eliot's *Collected Poems*, and to Messrs. Routledge for a similar permission with regard to "Prospero" from Sidney Keyes' *Collected Poems* edited by Michael Meyer.

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SPENSER.

S

PROTHALAMION

metamorphosis

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
 Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play,
 A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
 Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair;
 When I (whom sullen care, ~~had~~
 Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
 In princes' court, and expectation vain
 Of idle hopes, which still do fly away, ~~creat~~
 Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain)
 Walked forth to ease my pain
 Along the shore of silver streaming Thames;
 Whose ~~rutty~~ bank, the which his river hemis,
 Was painted all with variable flowers,
 And all the meads adorned with dainty geims
 Fit to deck maidens' bowers,
 And crown their paramours
 Against the bridal day, which is not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song. ✓ .

10

There, in a meadow, by the river's side,
 A flock of Nymphs I chanced to espy. *girls or 7^o 25*
 All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
 With goodly greenish locks, all loose untied,
 As each had been a bride;
 And each one had a little wicker basket.
 Made of fine twigs, entrailed curiously.
 In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket
 And with fine fingers cropt full featously
 The tender stalks on hie,
 Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
 They gathered some; the violet, pallid blue,

The little daisy, that at evening closes,
 The virgin lily, and the primrose true,
 With store of vermeil roses,
 To deck their bridegrooms' posies
 Against the bridal day, which was not long:
 Sweet Thamis! run softly, till I end my song.

The daughters of Westmister.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
 Come softly swimming down along the Lee;
 Two fairer birds I yet did never see; ^{Mt in Greece}
 The snow, which doth the top of Pindus, ⁴⁰ strew,
 Did never whiter shew,
 Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
 For love of Leda, whiter did appear; ^{earthly tutenus}
 Yet Leda was (they say) as white as ^{beloved of Jove} he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
 So purely white they were,
 That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
 Seemed foul to them, and bade his billows spare
 To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
 Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,
 And mar their beauties bright,
 That shone as heaven's light,
 Against their bridal day, which was not long:
 Sweet Thamis! run softly, till I end my song.

or st. 2nd.

Eftsoons the Nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,
 Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
 As they came floating on the crystal flood;
 Whom when they saw, they stood amazed still,
 Their wondering eyes to fill,
 Them seemed they never saw a sight so fair,
 Of fowls so lovely, that they sure did deem
 Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair, ^{Swans}
 Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team; ^{chariot}
^{of Venus.}

For sure they did not seem
 To be begot of any earthly seed,
 But rather Angels, or of Angels' breed;
 Yet were they bred of summer's heat, they say, ~~Sommer-Set~~
 In sweetest season, when each flower and weed
 The earth did fresh array;
 So fresh they seemed as day,
 Even as their bridal day, which was not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song. 70

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew—
 Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
 That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
 All which upon those goodly birds they threw Two sister
 And all the waves did strew,
 That like old Peneus' waters they did seem, rivers in Epe
 When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore, valley in
 Scattered with flowers, through Thessaly they stream, 80-
 That they appear, through lilies' plenteous store,
 Like a bride's chamber floor.
 Two of those Nymphs, meanwhile two garlands bound st.
 Of freshest flowers which in that mead they found,
 The which presenting all in trim array, neat and mean
 Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crowned,
 Whilst one did sing this lay,
 Prepared against that day,
 Against their bridal day, which was not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song. 90

'Ye gentle birds! the world's fair ornament,
 And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
 Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower. F. 224. m. 11
 Joy may you have, and gentle hearts' content
 Of your love's complement; loviers for ful bower
 And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,

4 THE STREAM OF ENGLISH POETRY
Cupid.

With her heart-quelling son upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath virtue to remove
All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile
For ever to assoil.

Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed plenty wait upon your board; *friend*
And let your bed with pleasures *chaste* abound,
That fruitful issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound, *end*.
And make your joys redound *wishes*
Upon your bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong, *borders*
Which said their bridal day should not be long:
And gentle Echo from the neighbour-ground *Nymph*
Their accents did resound.

So forth those joyous birds did pass along.
Adown the Lee that to them murmured low,
As he would speak, but that he lacked a tongue,
Yet did by signs his glad affections show,
Making his stream run slow.

And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
'gan flock about those twain, that did excel
The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend *match*
The lesser stars. So they enranged well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to merry London came,
That merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source;
Though from another place I take my name,

100

110

120

130

A house of ancient fame:

There when they came, whereas those bricky towers

The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,

Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,

There ~~wilfull~~ wont the Templar Knights to bide,

Till they decayed through pride: ✓

Next whereunto there stands a stately place,

Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace

Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell, Leicester

Whose want too well now feels my friendless case;

But Ah! here fits not well

Old woes, but joys, to tell

Against the bridal day, which is not long:

Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

140

Stalls of Jebraller

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,

Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,

Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,

And Hercules' two pillars standing near Jebraller

Did make to quake and fear:

Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry!

That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,

Joy have thou of thy noble victory,

And endless happiness of thine own name,

That promiseth the same; vigorous arm

That through thy prowess, and victorious arms,

Thy country may be freed from foreign harms;

And great Elisa's glorious name may ring

Through all the world, filled with thy wide alarms,

Which some brave muse may sing

To ages following, Me

Upon the bridal day, which is not long:

Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

150

160

THE STREAM OF ENGLISH POETRY

and rime

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hair in morning
In the ocean billows he hath bathed fair, *star*.
Descended to the river's open viewing,
With a great train ensuing. *the river*
Above the rest were goodly to be seen
Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of any queen, *husbands* 170
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature, *the two
sisters*.
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Jove they seemed in sight,
Which deck the baldric of the heavens bright; *Zodiac*
They two, forth pacing to the river's side, *Zodiac*
Received those two fair brides, their love's delight;
Which, at th' appointed tide,
Each one did make his bride
Against their bridal day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song. 180

*Platonism, Hellenism & Renaissance
element.*

SONNETS FROM AMORETTI.

sonnets (1)

Happy, ye leaves! when as those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in loves soft bands,
Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines! on which, with starry light,
Those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes look,
And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
Written with teares in harts close-bleeding book.
And happy rymes! bath'd in the sacred brooke
Of Helicon, whence she derived is; *she is the
mother of all English poets* 10

When ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
 My soules long-lacked foode, my heavens blis;
 Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
 Whom if ye please, I care for other none!

(2)

Lyke as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde,
 By conduct of some star, doth make her way;
 Whenas a storme hath dimid her trusty guyde,
 Out of her course doth wander far astray!
 So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
 Me to direct, with cloudes is over-cast,
 Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
 Through hidden perils round about me plast;
 Yet hope I well that, when this storme is past,
 My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,
 Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
 With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief,
 Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
 In secret sorow, and sad pensivenesse.

(3)

Fresh Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,
 In whose cote-armour richly are displayed,
 All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
 In goodly colours gloriously arrayd;
 Goe to my love, where she is carelesse layd,
 Yet in her winters bowre not well awake;
 Tell her the joyous time wil not be staid,
 Unless she doe him by the forelock take;
 Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
 To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew;
 Where every one, that misseth then her make,
 Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
 Make hast, therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime;
 For none can call againe the passed time.

10

10

(4)

One day I wrote her name upon the strand;
 But came the waves, and washed it away:
 Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand;
 But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
 Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay
 A mortall thing so to immortalize;
 For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
 And eek my name bee wyped out lykewize.
 Not so, quod I; let baser things devize
 To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
 My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
 And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.
 Where, whenas death shall all the world subdew,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew.

(5)

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
 For that your selfe ye dayly such doe see:
 But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit,
 And vertuous mind, is much more praysd of me:
 For all the rest, however fayre it be,
 Shall turne to nought and loose that glorious hew;
 But onely that is permanent and free
 From frayle corruption, that doth flesh ensew.
 That is true beautie: that doth argue you
 To be divine, and borne of heavenly seed;
 Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom al true
 And perfect beauty did at first proceed:

10

He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath made;
 All other fayre, lyke flowers, untymely fade.

MILTON

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

This is the month, and this the happy morn
 Wherein the Son of Heav'n's Eternal King,
 Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring;
 For so the holy sages once did sing,
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty
 Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a present to the Infant-God?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome him to this his new abode,
 Now while the heav'n, by the sun's team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild
 While the heav'n-born Child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize:
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
 She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around:
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
 The hookéd chariot stood
 Unstain'd with hostile blood;
 The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng;

30

40

50

And kings sate still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

60

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild Océan—
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charméd wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord himself bespoke, and bid them go.

70

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

80

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sate simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

90

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook—
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringéd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

100

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone ~~that can never cease~~
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd;
The helméd Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
^{Seraphim} Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

110

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great

120

His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep, *laid*
And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel keep.

Sing *sing* *Ring* *melody*
Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime *harmony*
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow: 130
And with your ninefold harmony *universe*,
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long, *surround*
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity *haunted*
Will sicken soon and die, *at will get*
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould; *melt*
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day. 140

returning
Yea, Truth and Justice then *Heaven the judge*
Will down return to men, *in the judgment*
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between, *As they who left the*
Throned in celestial sheen, *when the golden angels*
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And heaven, as at some festival, *Crown to crown*
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall. 3. 150

But wisest Fate says No;
This must not yet be so;

The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss ;
 So both Himself and us to glorify :
 Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
 As on Mount Sinai rang
 While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbroke ;
 The aged Earth aghast
 With terror of that blast
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
 When, at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne. 160

And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins; for from this happy day
 The old Dragon under ground
 In straiter limits, bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway ;
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swindges the scaly horrour of his folded tail. 170

The Oracles are dumb ; . . .
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving :
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving :
 No nightly trance, or breathéd spell,
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell. 180

The lonely mountains o're,
 And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth, 190
 The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
 In urns, and altars round,
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar Power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
 And moonéd Ashtaroth 200
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with Tapers' holy shine,
 The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue;
 In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue; *Egyptian gods*, 210
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove, or green,

Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud:
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest;
 Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
 The sable-stoléd sorcerers bear his worshipt ark. 22

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand;
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damnéd crew. 23

So, when the sun in bed
 Curtain'd with cloudy red
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to th' infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
 And the yellow-skirted fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze. 23

But see the Virgin blest,
 Hath laid her Babe to rest;
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
 Heaven's youngest-teeméd star
 Hath fixed her polish'd car,
 Her sleeping Lord with hand-maid lamp attending:
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable. 24

LYCIDAS.

W. M. D.
Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere, ~~evergreen~~
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear, ~~strong~~
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,

Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and ~~weltev~~ to the parching wind
Without the ~~need~~ of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the Sacred Well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse;

So may some gentle Muse ~~asleep~~
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,

And, as he passes, turn ~~his~~

And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud;

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and ~~rill~~
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd

Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,

We drove a field and both together heard

What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,

Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,

Oft till the star that rose at ev'ning bright

Towards Heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,

Temper'd to th' ~~dated~~ flute,

10

10
*Lived by
sad song
in wear
words
with me*

20
I - franklin

30

Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with clov'n heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,

Now thou art gone, and never must return!

Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves

With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'er grown

And all their echoes, mourn,

The wilows and the hazel copses green

Shall now no more be seen

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose, ~~thee~~

Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,

When first the white-thorn blows:

Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear. ~~weake~~

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless
 deep

Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?

For neither were ye playing on the steep

Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high, ~~strong~~

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.

Ay me! I fondly dream—

Had ye been there—for what could that have done?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,

The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,

Whom universal Nature did lament,

When by the rout that made the hideous roar

His gory visage down the strain was sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! What boots it with incessant care

To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?

Were it not better done, as others use,

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights, and live laborious days;

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst ~~out~~ into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,

And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,

Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,

Nor in the glistening foil ~~shining~~ ^{shining} metalie-lead,

Set off to th' world, nor in broad Rumour lies,

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,

Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,

Smooth sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,

That strain I heard was of a higher mood;

But now my oat proceeds,

And listens to the herald of the sea

That came in Neptune's plea.

He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,

What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?

And question'd every gust of rugged wings

That blows from off each beaked promontory;

They knew not of his story,

And sage Hippotades their answer brings:

That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,

The air ~~was~~ calm, and on the level brine

Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,

Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
 Ah! who hath feft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespeak:
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young Swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
 Of other care they little reckoning make
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? they are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
 But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dead voice is past, *st Peter*
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their belts, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
 And purple pall the ground with yernal flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,

The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,

The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,

The glowing violet, ~~light~~ ^{spotted}

The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,

And every flower that sad embroidery wears;

Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,

And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,

To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

For, so to interpose a little ease,

Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.

Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,

Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,

Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world,

Or whether thou to our moist vows denied

Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,

Where the great vision of the guarded mount

Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold;

Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth;

And, O ye Dolphins, wait the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,

For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,

Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,

And yet anon repairs his drooping head,

And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.

So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,

I decried it out now

Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves;
 Where other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
 While the still Morn went out with sandals gray;
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the wetern bay;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue;
 To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

180

190

HAIL, HOLY LIGHT.

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born
 Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam
 May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproached light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increase.
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
 Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest

10

created - from

The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless Infinite.
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escap'd the Stygian Pool, though long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
 With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to reascend, 20
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn; *ey*
 So thick a drop serene hath quencht their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
 Thee Sion and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow, 30
 Nightly I visit, or sometimes forget
 Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
 So were I equall'd with them in renown
 Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old.
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40
 Seasons return but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud in stead and ever-during dark

Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

So much the rather thou Celestial Light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge, and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

50

[From *Paradise Lost*, Book III]

Is Scorn the root of the ~~old~~^{old} wisdom? ~~and~~^{is} it true
mandrake in JOHN DONNE
The company of a child

SONG

Go and catch a falling star,

Get with child a mandrake root.

Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot,
Teach me to hear mermaid's singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,

Touch of new And find

What wind

Persephone
with Sappho
with Sappho

Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,

Things invisible to see,

Ride ten thousand days and nights,

Till age snow white hairs on thee,

Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me,

All strange wonders that befell thee,

And swear,

No where

Lives a woman true and fair.

10'

If thou find'st one, let me know;

Such a pilgrimage were sweet.

Yet do not, I would not go,

Though at next door we might meet.

Though she were true when you met her,

And last till you write your letter,

Yet she

Will be

False, ere I come, to two or three!

20'

THE ANNIVERSARY.

All kings, and all their favourites,
 All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
 The sun itself, which makes time, as they pass,
 Is elder by a year now than it was
 When thou and I first one another saw.
 All other things to their destruction draw,
 Only our love hath no decay;
 This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday.
 Running it never runs from us away,
 But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

10

Two graves must hide thine and my corse; *dead body*
 If one might, death were no divorce.
 Alas! as well as other princes, we
 —Who prince enough in one another be—
 Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
 Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears;
 But souls where nothing dwells but love
 —All other thoughts being inmates—then shall prove
 This or a love increased there above,
 When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves
will meet again *they will be blest* remove.

20

And then we shall be thoroughly blest;
 But now no more than all the rest.
 Here upon earth we're kings, and none but we
 Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.
 Who is so safe as we? where none can do
 Treason to us, except one of us two.

True and false fears let us refrain,
 Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
 Years and years unto years, till we attain
 To write threescore; this is the second of our reign.

30

SWEETEST LOVE

Sweetest love, I do not go,
 For weariness of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter love for me;
 But since that I
 At the last must part, 'tis best,
 Thus to use myself in jest
 By feigned deaths to die.

pretended

Yesternight the sun went hence,
 And yet 'tis here to-day;
 He hath no desire nor sense,
 Nor half so short a way;
 Then fear not me,
 But believe that I shall make
 Speedier journeys, since I take
 More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
 That if good fortune fall,
 Cannot add another hour,
 Nor a lost hour recall;
 But come bad chance,
 And we join to it our strength,
 And we teach it art and length,
 Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
 But sigh'st my soul away;
 When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
 My life's blood doth decay.
 It cannot be
 That thou lovest me as thou say'st,

to dulcet
as before at
in joke

in it or
we may

If in thine my life thou waste,
Thou art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill;
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil.

But think that we
Are but turn'd aside to sleep.
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

40

THE SUN-RISING.

Busy old fool, unruly Sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows, and through curtains, call on us?
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?

Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide
Late school-boys and sour prentices,
Go tell court-huntsmen that the king will ride,
Call country ants to harvest offices;
Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of
time.

10

Thy beams so reverend, and strong
Why shouldst thou think?
I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not lose her sight so long.
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Look, and to-morrow late tell me,
Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine
Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me.
Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
And thou shalt hear, "All here in one bed lay."

20

She's all states, and all princes I:
 Nothing else is;
 Princes do but play us; compared to this,
 All honour's mimic, all wealth alchemy.

Thou, Sun, art half as happy as we,
 In that the world's contracted thus;
 Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
 To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
 Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;
 This bed thy centre, is, these walls thy sphere.

Rime TWICKENHAM GARDEN.

Susanna

Blasted with sighs, and surrounded with tears,
 Hither I come to seek the spring,
 And at mine eyes, and at mine ears,
 Receive such balm as else cure every thing.

But O! self-traitor, I do bring
 The spider Love, which transubstantiates all, *converts*
 And can convert manna to gall; *and will*
 And that this place may thoroughly be thought *into*
 True paradise, I have the serpent brought.

z

darken the glory
 'Twere wholesomer for me that winter did
 Benight the glory of this place,
 And that a grave frost did forbid
 These trees to laugh and mock me to my face;
 But that I may not this disgrace
 Endure, nor yet leave loving, Love, let me
 Some senseless piece of this place be;
 Make me a mandrake, so I may grow here,
 Or a stone fountain weeping out my year.

little
 Hither with crystal phials, lovers, come,
 And take my tears, which are love's wine,

And try your mistress' tears at home,
For all are false, that taste not just like mine.
Alas! hearts do not in eyes shine,
Nor can you more judge women's thoughts by tears,
Than by her shadow what she wears.
O perverse sex, where none is true but she,
Who's therefore true, because her truth kills me.

Concord
1855

DRYDEN

SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

order
From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony

This universal frame began:

When Nature underneath a heap

if Of jarring atoms lay *conflicting elements*

And could not heave her head,

The tuneful voice was heard from high,

Arise, ye more than dead!

Then cold and hot and moist and dry

In order to their stations leap, *possessing*

And Music's power obey.

10

From harmony, from heavenly harmony

This universal frame began:

From harmony to harmony *whole range of m^{us}*

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

The diapason closing full in Man.

coronation coming to a stop

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

When Jubal struck the chorded shell *I = musician*

His listening brethren stood around,

And, wondering, on their faces fell

To worship that celestial sound.

20

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell

That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor *metal music sound*

Excites us to arms,

With shrill notes of anger

And mortal alarms.

The double double double beat

Of the thundering drum

onomatopoeia

30

I = Augustales

Cries 'Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!'

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion
For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place
Sequacious of the lyre: *performed a great*
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her Organ vocal breath was given *music farmed*
An Angel heard, and straight appeared—
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

As from the power of sacred lays *holy song*
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise *praise of God*
To all the blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour *day of judgment*
This crumbling pageant shall devour, *destroy*
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky. *destroy the harmony*

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ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

or, the power of music.

beginning

1.

"Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son.

Aloft in awful state *magnetic manners and presence*
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne,

His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
(So should desert in arms be crown'd.)

The lovely Thaïs, by his side, *his friend*
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride, *she is fair*
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

only a traitor was worth a 2. *treacherous*

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire, *number of singers*
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;

The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heavenly joys inspire. *divine joys*

The song began from Jove,

Who left his blissful seats above,

(Such is the power of mighty love.)

A dragon's fiery form belied the god; *Concealed*

Sublime on radiant spires he rode, *the identity*

When he to fair Olympia press'd,

serpent furious coils

10

20

And while he sought her snowy breast;
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.

The list-ning crowd admire the lofty sound, 30
 A present deity, they shout around;
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the sph'eres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,

Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young,

The jolly God in triumph comes; 40

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;

Flush'd with a purple grace

He shews his honest face;

Now give the Hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,

Drinking joys did first ordain;

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure,

Sweet is pleasure after pain. 50

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the
 slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And while he heaven and earth defied,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse;

He sung Darius great and good,

By too severe a fate
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood.

Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed,

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole,

And tears began to flow.

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The mighty master smil'd to see

That love was in the next degree;

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,

For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble.

Honour but an empty bubble,

Never ending, still beginning,

Fighting still, and still destroying;

If the world be worth thy winning,

Think, O think it worth enjoying;

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who care'st his care.

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

~~all expand~~

6.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder, ~~and~~
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound ~~harsh~~
Has rais'd up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise: ~~and~~
See the snakes that they fear, ~~raise~~
How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band, ~~gaze out~~
Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battail were slain,
And unburied remain

~~Inglorious~~ on the plain; ~~battlefield~~
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew. ~~Gond of Greek Creek~~
~~of soldiers~~

Behold how they toss their torches on high,

90

100

110

[hands & Persian]

How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods. *goat + 120*
The princes applaud with a furious joy; *elephant*
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way. *larch*
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

a much silent music without

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute, *silent*
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre, *flute that produces no* *130*
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came, *set stir up*
Inventress of the vocal frame; *speaking structure*
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds, *devote no part*
And added length to solemn sounds, *numbered*
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown: *acknowledge the*
He rais'd a mortal to the skies: *superiorly* *140*
She drew an angel down.

\ common sense

+ sacred or religious
music

POPE

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill; ✓
 But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
 A fool might once himself alone expose,
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10
 In Poets as true genius is but rare,
 True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
 Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.
 Let such teach others who themselves excel,
 And censure freely who have written well.
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
 But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right. 20
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd:
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn Critics in their own defence:
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
 Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's spite. 30

All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Maevius scribble in Apollo's spite,
 There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
 Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
 Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle,
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal: *don't know*
~~cozen~~ to tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
~~don't~~ understand not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
 And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.

As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 One science only will one genius fit;
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit:

Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more;
 Each might his sev'ral province well command,

Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:

Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,

One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,

Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,

At once the source, and end, and test of Art.

Art from that fund each just supply provides,

Works without show, and without pomp presides:

In some fair body thus th' informing soul

With spirit feeds, with vigour fills the whole,

Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;

Itself unseen, but in the effects, remains,

Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,

Want as much more, to turn it to its use;

For wit and judgment often are at strife,

Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;

Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;

The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,

Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those Rules of old discovered, not devis'd,

Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd;

Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd

By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Of all the Causes which conspire to blind

Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,

What the weak head with strongest bias rules,

Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.

Whatever nature has in worth denied,

She gives in large recruits of needful pride;

For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find

What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:

Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,

And fills up all the mighty Void of sense.

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If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
 Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.

Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the Whole, nor seek slight faults to find
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with Wit.
 But in such lays as neither ebb, now flow,
 Correctly, cold, and regularly low,
 That shunning faults one quiet tenour keep;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,

110

120

130

But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprise,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
 The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

140

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In every work regard the writer's End,
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true, *management
of his*
 Applause, in spite of trivial, faults, is due;
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit:
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise. *unimportant*
 Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
 They talk of principles, but notions prize, *whims*,
 And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

150

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
 Let us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us, and to die)
 Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
 A mighty maze! but not without a plan; *disorderly, fat*
 A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;
 Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield!

10

The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
 Eye nature's walks shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise:
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.
 Say first, of God above, or man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know?
 Of man, what see we but this station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer?
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
 He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What vary'd being peoples every star,
 May tell why heav'n has made us as we are.
 But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies,
 Grādations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
 Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
 Presumptuous man! the reason wouldest thou find,
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?
 Of systems possible, if 'tis confess
 That wisdom infinite must form the best,
 Where all must full or not coherent be,
A body that doth not fit itself to the sum

And all that rises, rise in due degree;
 Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
 And all the question (~~wrangle~~ e'er so long) *desperate*
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong? 50

Respecting man whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
 In God's, one single can its end produce;
 Yet serves to second too some other use.
 So man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
 Then shall man's pride and dullness comprehend
 His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
 Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity. *Q*

Then say not man's imperfect, heav'n in fault;
 Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought: 70
 His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
 The blest to-day is as completely so,
 As who began a thousand years ago.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
 Or who could suffer being here below; 80

*line w
evident
way of
to man*

60

70

80

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
 Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n:
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world. *Heath's 90*

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
 Wait the great teacher death, and God adore. - *Worsh.*
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:

Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest:

The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home, *infat.*
gends. Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name:

Our proper bliss depends on what we blame. *100*

Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree

Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.

Submit. In this, or any other sphere,

Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:

Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,

Or in the natal, or the mortal hour,

lately All nature is but *art*, unknown to thee;

All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;

All discord, harmony not understood;

All partial evil, universal good. *110*

And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,

One truth is clear, 'Whatever is, is right.'

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan, *and o'ye*

The proper study of mankind is man.

Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,

A being darkly wise, and rudely great: *simply disbelief*
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic side, *the const-*
 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride, *doubt*
 He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest; *act*
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast; *self const* 120
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little or too much:
 Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
 Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
 Created half to rise, and half to fall;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world! *in* 130

Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides,
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run, *course*
 Correct old time, and regulate the sun;
 Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere, *highest rank*
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair; *deepest rank*
 Or tread the mazy round his follow'r's trod, *intricate*
 And quitting sense call imitating God;
 As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
 Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule—
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

readier your littleness

WORDSWORTH.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM
RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I

cluster of trees

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem

~~Apparelled~~ in celestial light: *divine*
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it has been of yore;—

Turn whereso'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II

The rainbow comes and goes, *visiting us*, 10
 And lovely is the rose;
 The moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare; *cloudless*.
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief;

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong:
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay;— *I have decided not to*
strike sorrowful note
in the happy time of spring.
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May...
 Doth every beast keep holiday!
 Thou child of joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 shepherd boy!

IV

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal; *cheerful with,*
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen *gloomy*
 While the earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May morning,
 And the children are pulling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 But there's a tree, of many, one,
 A single field which I have looked upon.
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:

30

40

50

The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat.
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting, 60
 And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy.
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows.—
 He sees it in his joy; 70
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim, 80
 The hornely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,

Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogue of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part,
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

90

100

VIII

sample

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep

110

Thy heritage; thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind.—

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave,
 Thou, over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

120

IX

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benedictions, not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest—
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast;

130

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise:
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,

140

Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence; truths that wake,
 To perish never;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor man nor boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound!
 We in thought will join your throng
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day

Feel the gladness of the May!
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind; 180
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been, must ever be;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

do not write
that you

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
 Forbode not any severing of our loves!

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
 I only have relinquished one delight, *given up* 190
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born' day
 Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality!
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live, 200
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

TINTERN ABBEY

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
 With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are ~~clad~~ in one green hue, and lose themselves
 'Mid groves and ~~cōpses~~. Once again I see
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms
 Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem
 Of ~~Vagrant~~ dwellers in the houseless woods,
 Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
 The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,

Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
 And passing even into my purer mind,
 With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
 Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,

*Feelings and thoughts that heel and
against*

As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world,
 Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—
 Until the breath of this corporeal frame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul:
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

40

50

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh how oft—
 In darkness and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
 O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half extinguished thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again:
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts

60

That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope,
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
 I came among these hills; when like a roe
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams
 Wherever nature led: more like a man
 Flying from something that he dreads than one
 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
 And their glad animal movements all gone by)
 To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite; a feeling and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, nor any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye,—That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
 Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompense. For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,

70

80

90

100

WORDSWORTH

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,

If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once.
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,

Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
 And let the misty mountain-winds be free
 To blow against thee: and, in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—
 If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together; and that I, so long'
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service: rather say
 With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

140

150

160

WORDSWORTH

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ? -
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain.
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ; —
I listened, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

COLERIDGE

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Coleridge

PART I

In ancient
Mariner meet-
th three Gal-
ants bidden
o a wedding-
east, and de-
aineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he. 10
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beared loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-
Guest is spell-
bound by the
eye of the old
seafearing man,
and con-
strained to
hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner. 20

The Mariner
tells how the
ship sailed
southward
with a good
wind and fair
weather, till it
reached the
line.

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"

30
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-
Guest heareth
the bridal
music; but
the Mariner
continueth
his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

40
The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship
driven by a
storm toward
the south pole.

40
"And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold:
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
 As green as emerald,

The land of
ice, and of
earful sounds
where no
living thing
was to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
 Did send a dismal sheen;
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
 The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around: 60
 It cracked and growled, and roared and
 howled,
 Like voices in a swound!

Till a great
sea-bird,
called the
Albatross,
came through
the snow-fog,
and was
received with
great joy and
hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross,
 Through the fog it came;
 As if it had been a Christian soul,
 We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
 And round and round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
 The helmsman steered us through! 70

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
 The Albatross did follow,
 And every day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariners' hollo!
 In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
 It perched for vespers nine;
 While all the night, through fog-smoke white,
 Glimmered the white moon-shine."

The ancient
Mariner
inhospitably
killeth the
pious bird of
good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!— 80
Why look'st thou so?"— "With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross."

PART II

"The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo! 90

His shipmates
cry out against
the ancient
Mariner, for
killing the
bird of good
luck.

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird,
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the
fog cleared
off, they
justify the
same, and
thus make
themselves
accomplices
in the crime.
The fair breeze
continues;
the ship enters
the Pacific
Ocean, and
sails north-
ward, even
till it reaches the Line. The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprise:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist. 100
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea! 110

All in a hot and copper sky,
 The bloody Sun, at noon,
 Right up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.

And the Alba-tross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
 And all the boards did shrink;
 Water, water, everywhere
 Nor any drop to drink. 120

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
 That ever this should be!
 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
 Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
 The death-fires danced at night;
 The water, like a witch's oils,
 Burnt, green, and blue and white. 130

A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And some ~~in~~ dreamis assured were Of the Spirit that plagued us so; Nine fathom deep he had followed us From the land of mist and snow. 130

And every tongue, through utter drought,
 Was withered at the root;
 We could not speak, no more than if
 We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates
 in their sore
 distress, would
 fain throw the
 whole guilt on
 the ancient

Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
 Had I from old and young!
 Instead of the cross, the Albatross
 About my neck was hung.

140

The ancient
 Mariner be-
 holdeth a sign
 in the element
 afar off.

"There passed a weary time. Each throat
 Was parched, and glazed each eye.
 A weary time! a weary time!
 How glazed each weary eye!—
 When looking westward, I beheld
 A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
 And then it seemed a mist;
 It moved and moved, and took at last
 A certain shape, I wist.

150

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
 And still it neared and neared:
 As if it dodged a water-sprite,
 It plunged and tacked and veered.

forward

higher

westward

At its nearer
 approach, it
 seemeth him
 to be a ship;
 and at a dear
 ransom he
 freeth his
 speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could nor laugh nor wail;
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
 And cried, A sail! a sail!

160

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
A flash of joy; Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

'See! see!' (I cried) 'she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!'

170

The western wave was all aflame.
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

180

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun
Like restless gossameres?

The Spectre-Woman and her death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton ship.

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Like vessel,

like crew!
Death and
Life-in-Death
have diced for
the ship's
crew, and she
(the latter)
winneth the
ancient
Mariner.

No twilight
within the
courts of the
Sun.

At the rising
of the Moon,

One after
another,

His shipmates
drop down
dead.

Her lips were red, her looks were free, 190
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thickens man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's sun dips; the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark; 200
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
white;

From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star 210
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-
Death begins
her work on
the ancient
Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly ;—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !”—

220

The Wedding-
Guest feareth
that a Spirit
is talking to
him ;

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand,
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown”

“Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-
Guest !

230

But the
ancient Ma-
riner assureth
him of his
bodily life, and
proceedeth to
relate his hor-
rible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth
the creatures
of the calm,

The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie :
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

And envieth
that *they*
should live,
and so many
lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

240

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the
sky

250

Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

**But the curse
liveth for him
in the eye of
the dead men.**

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!

260

Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is

their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

By the light of the Moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway

270

A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:

They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
 I watched their rich attire:
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
 They coiled and swam; and every track 280
 Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty
 and their
 happiness.

He blesseth
 them in his
 heart.

The spell
 begins to
 break.

O happy living things! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare:
 A spring of love gushed from my heart
 And I blessed them unaware:
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
 And from my neck so free
 The Albatross fell off, and sank 290
 Like lead into the sea.

PART V

"Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole!
 To Mary Queen the praise be given!
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
 That slid into my soul.

By grace of
 the holy
 Mother, the
 ancient
 Mariner is
 refreshed with
 rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
 That had so long remained,
 I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
 And when I awoke, it rained. 300

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
 My garments all were dank;
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
 I was so light—almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth
sounds and
seeth strange
sights and
commotions in
the sky and
the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
 It did not come anear :
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere.

310

The upper air burst into life !
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
 To and fro they were hurried about !
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
 And the rain poured down from one black
 cloud ;
 The Moon was at its edge.

320

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The Moon was at its side :
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

The bodies of
the ship's crew
are inspired
and the ship
moves on ;

The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on !
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon
 The dead men gave a groan.

330

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
 Yet never a breeze up blew:
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew.

340

The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee:
 The body and I pulled at one rope
 But he said nought to me."—

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"—

"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their corses came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their
 arms,
 And clustered round the mast;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
 mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

350

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
 Then darted to the Sun;
 Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the sky-lark sing;
 Sometimes all little birds that are,
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning!

360

But not by
 the souls of
 the men, nor
 by dæmons
 of earth or
 middle air, but
 by a blessed
 troop of
 angelic spirits,
 sent down by
 the invocation
 of the guar-
 dian saint.

And now 'twas like all instruments.
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

370

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

**The lonesome
Spirit from
the south-pole
carries on the
ship as far as
the Line, in
obedience to
the angelic
troop, but still
requireth
vengeance.**

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

380

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

390

The Polar
Spirit's fellow-
daemons, the
invisible in-
habitants of
the element,
take part in
his wrong;
and two of
them relate,
one to the
other, that
penance long
and heavy for
the ancient
Mariner hath
been accorded
to the Polar
Spirit, who
returneth
southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

400

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI

First Voice

"'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

Second Voice

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

410

If he may know which way to go;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see! how graciously
 She looketh down on him.'

420

First Voice

The Mariner
 hath been
 cast into a
 trance; for
 the angelic
 power causeth
 the vessel to
 drive north-
 ward faster
 than human
 life could
 endure.

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
 Without or wave or wind?'

Second Voice

'The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
 Or we shall be belated:
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

The super-
 natural motion
 is retarded;
 the Mariner
 awakes, and
 his penance
 begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
 As in a gentle weather:
 'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high,
 The dead men stood together.

430

All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,
 That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
 Had never passed away:
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
 Nor turn them up to pray.

440

The curse is
finally ex-
piated.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend 450
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, 460
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the
ancient
Mariner be-
holdeth his
native
country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
'O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.'

450

460

470

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light 480
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

**The angelic
spirits leave
the dead
bodies,**

**And appear in
their own
forms of light.**

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man, 490
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

506

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood."

510

PART VII

The Hermit of the Wood. "This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

520

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

Approacheth
the ship with
wonder.

'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those
sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

530.

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look'—
(The Pilot made reply)
'I am a-feared.'—'Push on, push on!' 540
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, 550
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

The ship
suddenly
sinketh.

The ancient
Mariner is
saved in the
Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
 The boat spun round and round;
 And all was still, save that the hill
 Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked 560
 And fell down in a fit;
 The Holy Hermit raised his eyes,
 And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: The Pilot's boy
 Who now doth crazy go
 Laughed loud and long, and all the while
 His eyes went to and fro.
 'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
 The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree, 570
 I stood on the firm land!

The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
 And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'
 The Hermit crossed his brow.
 'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
 What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
 With a woeful agony,
 Which forced me to begin my tale; 580
 And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
 That agony returns:
 And till my ghastly tale is told,
 This heart wihtin me burns.

The ancient
Mariner
earnestly en-
treateth the
Hermit to
shrieve him;

and the
penance of
life falls on
him.

anon through-
out his future
life an agony
constraineth
him to travel
from land to
land

I pass, like night, from land to land;
 I have strange power of speech;
 That moment that his face I see,
 I know the man that must hear me:
 To him my tale I teach.

590

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
 The wedding-guests are there:
 But in the garden-bower the bride
 And bride-maids singing are:
 And hark the little vesper bell,
 Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
 Alone on a wide, wide sea:
 So lonely, 'twas, that God himself
 Scarce seemed there to be.

600

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
 'Tis sweeter far to me,
 To walk together to the kirk,
 With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends
 And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach,
 by his own
 example, love
 and reverence
 to all things
 that loveth
 and
 that God made

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
 To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
 He prayeth well, who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

610

He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small ;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone ; and now the Wedding-Guest 620
 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
 And is of sense forlorn :
 A sadder and a wiser man,
 He rose the morrow morn.

THE EOLIAN HARP.

COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

My pensive Sara ! thy soft cheek reclined
 Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
 To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
 With white-flowered Jasmin, and the broad-leaved Myrtle,
 (Meet emblems the of Innocence and Love !),
 And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,
 Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve
 Serenly brilliant (such should wisdom be)
 Shine opposite ! How exquisite the scents
 Snatched from yon bean field ! and the world so hushed ! 10
 The stilly murmur of the distant sea
 Tells us of silence. ~~X~~

And that simplest lute,
 Placed length-ways in the clasping casement, hark!
 How by the desultory breeze caressed,
 Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
 It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs
 Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
 Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
 Over delicious surges sink and rise,
 Such a soft floating witchery of sound
 As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve
 Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,
 Where Melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
 Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
 Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!
 O! the one life within us and abroad,
 Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
 A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
 Rhythm in all thought, and joyance every where—
 Methinks, it should have been impossible
 Not to love all things in a world so filled; 30
 Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
 Is Music slumbering on her instrument. X

And thus, my love,! as on the mid-way slope
 Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
 Whilst through my half-closed eye-lids I behold
 The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,
 And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;
 Full many a thought uncalled and undetained,
 And many idle flitting phantasies, 40
 Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
 As wild and various as the random gales
 That swell and flutter on this subject lute!

And what if all of animated nature
 Be but organic harps diversely framed,
 That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
 Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
 At once the Soul of each, and God of all?

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
 Darts, O beloved woman! nor such thoughts
 Dim and unhallowed dost thou not reject,
 And biddest me walk humbly with my God.
 Meek daughter in the family of Christ!
 Well hast thou said and holily dispraised
 These shapings of the unregenerate mind;
 Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
 On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring.
 For never guiltless may I speak of him,
 The Incomprehensible! save when with awe
 I praise him, and with Faith that inly feels;
 Who with his saving mercies healed me,
 A sinful and most miserable Man.
 Wildered and dark, and gave me to possess
 Peace, and this Cot, and thee, heart-honoured Maid!

50

60

DEJECTION: AN ODE.

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
 With the old Moon in her arms;
 And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
 We shall have a deadly storm.

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

I.

Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made
 The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
 This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
 Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
 Than those which mould yon cloud in large flakes,

Or the dull sobbing draught, that moans and rakes
 Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
 Which better far were mute.

For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
 And overspread with phantom light,
 (With swimming phantom light o'erspread
 But rimmed and circled by a silver thread)

I see the old moon in her lap, foretelling
 The coming on of rain and squally blast.

And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
 And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!

Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
 And sent my soul abroad,

Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
 Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live! 20

II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
 A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
 Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,

In word, or sigh, or tear—

O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,

All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,

And its peculiar tint of yellow green:

And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!

And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
 That give away their motion to the stars;

Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:

Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;

I see them all so excellently fair,

I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

III.

My genial spirits fail,
And what can these avail

To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?

It were a vain endeavour,

Though I should gaze for ever

On that green light that lingers in the west:

I may not hope from outward forms to win

The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

40

IV

*also added
to nature.*

O Lady! we receive but what we give,

And in our life alone does Nature live:

Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!

And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
Than that inanimate cold world allowed

To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud

Enveloping the Earth— *shining*

And from the soul itself must there be sent

A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

50

V.

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong Music in the soul may be!

60

What, and wherein it doth exist,

This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,

This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,

Life, and Life's Effluence, Cloud at once and Shower,
 Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower

A new Earth and new Heaven,
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
 Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
 We in ourselves rejoice!

And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colours a suffusion from that light.

VI.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,

This joy within me dallied with distress,
 And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
 Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:
 For Hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
 And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
 But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
 Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;

But oh! each visitation
 Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
 My shaping spirit of Imagination.
 For not to think of what I needs must feel,
 But to be still and patient, all I can;
 And haply by abstruse research to steal
 From my own nature all the natural man—
 This was my sole resource, my only plan:
 Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
 And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

70

80

90

VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
 Reality's dark dream!

"I turn from you, and listen to the wind,

Which long has raved unnoticed. What a **scream**
 Of agony by torture lengthened out
 That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that ravest without,

Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,
 Or pine-grove whither woodman never climb,
 Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,

Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
 Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,
 Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
 Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
 The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.

Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
 Thou mighty Poet, even to frenzy bold!

What tell'st thou now about?

'Tis of the rushing of an host in rout,
 With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—
 At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!
 But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!

And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
 With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over—

It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!

A tale of less affright,

And tempered with delight,
 As Otway's self had framed the tender lay,

'Tis of a little child
 Upon a lonesome wild,
 Not far from home, but she hath lost her way:
 And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
 And now screams loud, and hopes to make her
 mother hear.

100

110

120

VIII.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:
Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!

Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,

And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,

May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,

Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth!

With light heart may she rise,

Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,

Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice:

To her may all things live, from pole to pole,

Their life the eddying of her living soul!

O simple spirit, guided from above,

Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,

Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

130

140

BYRON

STANZAS FROM CHILDE HAROLD.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
 I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
 To its idolatries a patient knee,
 Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud
 In worship of an echo; in the crowd
 They could not deem me one of such; I stood
 Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
 Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still
 could,
 Had I not filled my mind, which thus itself subdued.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,— 10
 But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
 Though I have found them not, that there may be
 Words which are things, hopes which will not deceive,
 And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
 Snares for the failing; I would also deem
 O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
 That two, or one, are almost what they seem,
 That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root 20
 Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
 In bare and desolated bosoms: mute
 The camel labours with the heaviest load,
 And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd
 In vain should such example be; if they,
 Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
 Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
 May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,
Even by the sufferer; and, in each event,
Ends: Some, with hope replenish'd and rebuoy'd, 30
Return to whence they came—with like intent,
And weave their web again; some, bow'd and bent,
Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,
And perish with the reed on which they leant;
Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,
According as their souls were form'd to sink or climb.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring 40
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly
bound;

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind.
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind, 50
Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,—
The cold, the changed, perchance the dead—anew,
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how
few!

*But my soul wanders; I demand it back
To meditate amongst decay, and stand
A ruin amidst ruins, there to track*

Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a land
 Which was the mightiest in its old command,
 And is the loveliest, and must ever be
 The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand;
 Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
 The beautiful, the brave, the lords of earth and sea,

60

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!
 And even since, and now, fair Italy!

Thou art the garden of the world, the home
 Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
 Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?

Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste *plants*
 More rich than other climes' fertility; *country*
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
 With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.

70

The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
 Sunset divides the sky with her; a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,—
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—
 Where the Day joins the past Eternity,
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest *Gods of earth*
 Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

80

A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhaetian hill,
 As Day and Night contending were, until
 Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
 The ordorous purple of a new-born rose,

Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it 90
glows,

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse: ~~spread~~
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest,—till—'t is gone—and all is gray.

100
Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fevers into false creation:—where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seiz'd?
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom again?

110
Yet let us ponder boldly—'t is a base
Abandonment of reason to resign
Our right of thought—our last and only place
Of refuge; this, at least, shall still be mine:
Though from our birth the faculty divine
Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,
And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine
Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch the blind.

Fighting Truth

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!

Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,

The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:

Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'

The mountains look on Marathon—

And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,

I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow,

Which looks o'er sea-born Satani;

And ships, by thousands, lay below,

And men in nations;—all were his!

He counted them at break of day—

And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,

My country? On thy voiceless shore

The heroic lay is tuneless now—

The heroic bosom beats no more!

And must thy lyre, so long divine,

Degenerate into hands like mine?

10

20

30

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race, *slaves!*
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face; *cultured*
 For what is left the poet here? *del*
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear. *scorn of history*

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?

Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.

Earth! render back from out thy breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead! 40

Of the three hundred grant but three

To make a new Thermopylæ! *a new compact*

What, silent still? and silent all?

Ah! no;—the voices of the dead

Sound like a distant torrent's fall, *stream*

And answer,, 'Let one living head,

But one, arise,—we come, we come!' *of humanity*

'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;

Fill high the cup with Samian wine! *the wine of the past* 50

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes, *of savagery*

And shed the blood of Scio's vine!

Hark! rising to the ignoble call—

How answers each bold Bacchanal! *isken to grub*

today wine

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet; *wor dance*

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone? *order battle*

Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus gave—

Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 We will not think of themes like these!
 It made Anacreon's song divine:
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!

O that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind!
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

70

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore; *Grec mother*
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own. *beding phasical strength*

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—

They have a king who buys and sells;
 In native swords and native ranks
 The only hope of courage dwells:
 But Turkish force and Latin fraud *other countries*
 Would break your shield, however broad.

80

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop *laves*, *laves*
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

90

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

SHELLEY.

TO THE NIGHT.

suddenly Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!

Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—

Swift be thy flight!

cover thyself in a grey overcast
 Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,

Star-inwrought! ~~star~~ ^{glued} qualities
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day; ¹⁰ membleys
 Kiss her until she be wearied out, ~~tired~~
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—

Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sighed for thee:

When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,
 Lingering like an unloved guest,

I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me? *would you like to enjoy my*
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noontide bee, *veiled company*.
 Shall I nestle near thy side? *in a film*
 Wouldst thou me?—and I replied,
 No, not thee! *creathur which an associate of night*
as sleep
 Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
 Sleep will come when thou art fled; ·
 Of neither would I ask the boon *gone*
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

30

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple noon's transparent might;
 The breath of the moist earth is light,
 Around its unexpanded buds;
 Like many a voice of one delight,
 The winds, the birds, the ocean-floods,
 The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor, *vegetable* 10
 With green and purple seaweeds strown; *under lie*
 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown;

I sit upon the sands alone,
 The lightning of the noontide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion,
 How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within nor calm around,
 Nor that content surpassing wealth
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walked with inward glory crowned,—
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.

Others I see whom these surround;
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan: *warnings*
 They might lament—for I am one
 Whom men love not—and yet regret, *sight feel a pity*
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

20

30

40

HYMN OF PAN.

*Roman eleusis poleclot's east of nature
of Shepherds exult*

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.

The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle-bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay

In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing

The light of the dying day,

Speeded by my sweet pipings,
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,

And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,

To the edge of the moist river-lawns,

And the brink of the dewy caves,

And all that did then attend and follow,

Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,

With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,

I sang of the dædal Earth,

And of Heaven—and the giant wars,

And Love, and Death, and Birth;

And then I changed my pipings,—

Singing how down the vale of Mænarus

10

20

30

*the reed**caught*

I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed:
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus! *deceived*

It breaks in our bosom, and then we bleed:
 All wept, as I think both ye now would,
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

- hurt our feelings

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid *dozing*
 In their noonday dreams. *no day dreams*.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken *refresh*.
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun. *when pulled to sleep
but creasel it
scatter the palaces
it see*
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.
separallt
 I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast; *noon, pale and gl
with terror under
effect of west
gust of wind*
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the *blast*. *gust of wind*
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey *bowers*,
 Lightning my pilot sits, *chained*
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits. *peats at fits as 20 sta*
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me, *spirit and force*
 Lured by the love of the *genii* that move
 In the depths of the purple sea.

a sleep at ane time.

102 THE STREAM OF ENGLISH POETRY

~~moon looks pale~~ moon bright

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden, ~~covered~~

Whom mortals call the moon,

Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,

By the midnight breezes strewn; ~~like open wood~~ scattered.

And wherever, the beat of her unseen feet,

Which only the angels hear, ~~woven fabric~~

May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,

The stars peep behind her and peer. ~~their surface~~

And I laugh to see them whirl and flee ~~to keep close~~

Like a swarm of golden bees, ~~turn round~~

When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,

Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,

Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,

Are each paved with the moon and these, ~~from on high~~

~~are each covered with moonlight and starlight~~

I am the daughter of earth and water,

And the nursing of the sky; ~~opening~~

I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;

I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain, when with never a stain

The pavilion of heaven is bare, ~~resting~~

And the winds and sunbeamis with their convex gleams

Build up the blue dome of air, ~~wings~~

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph;

And out of the caverns of rain,

Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,

I arise and unbuild it again. ~~but~~

~~destroyed~~

50

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

I ~~the soul of autumn season~~

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,

Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead

Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
~~carries~~

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
~~Vernal breeze blowing under a cloudy~~
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

~~on you~~ ~~the stir caused by the west wind in the~~
~~looking precipices~~ ~~cliffs~~

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed, ~~scall~~
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean
~~front the~~ ~~intermixed~~

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine aëry surge, ~~etherial~~
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

~~wild women in devotes~~
Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge ~~edge~~
Of the horizon to the zenith's height, ~~sky~~

The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge song of
~~sing lets of hair~~

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre, ~~the fort coming~~
Vaulted with all thy congregated might ~~an extensive~~ ^{night}
~~closed with arched front~~
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

clouds

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
 All overgrown with ^{green} ~~azur~~^{3,} flowers
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers ^{unruffled}
~~cut~~^{openings} ^{surface}
 Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

40

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
 And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

*maked themselves
in anticipation of your coming*

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou ^{you might carry} mightest bear;
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
^{rise and fall beneath awful power}

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
 Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
 Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

50

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
 Oh lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
 One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!

The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

the awful power of effective strain
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

see you life's own revolution
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

magic
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

the broadcasting agency of a periodical

KEATS

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

over
St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's Picture, while his prayer he saith.

2

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
 Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
 And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
 Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
 The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
 Emprison'd in black purgatorial rails:
 Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
 He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
 To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

3

Northward he turneth through a little door,
 And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
 Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
 But no—already had his deathbell rung;
 The joys of all his life were said and sung: harsh
 His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
 Another way he went, and soon among
 Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve, betwixt
 And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

4

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
 And so it chanc'd, for many a door was wide,
 From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
 The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
 The level chambers, ready with their pride,
 Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
 The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
 Star'd where upon their heads the cornice rests,
 With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on
 their breasts.

5

bright doorway

At length burst in the argent revelry,
 With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
 Numerous as shadows haunting fairly
 The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay 40
 Of old romance. These let us wish away,
 And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
 Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
 On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
 As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

ladies

6

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
 Young virgins might have visions of delight,
 And soft adorings from their loves receive
 Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
 If ceremonies due they did aright; 50
 As, supperless to bed they must retire,
 And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
 Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

*imagination*⁷

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
 The music, yearning like a God in pain,
 She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine, *holy*
 Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train.
 Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier, *full of love*
 And back retir'd, not cool'd by high disdain,
 But she saw not: her heart was elsewhere:
 She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

60

She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes,
 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
 The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs *sacred*
 Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort *the place foul*
 Of whisperers in anger, or in sport; *few. as crowded*
 'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
 Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all *amort,* *absolutely dead* 70
 Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
 And all the *bliss* to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
 She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
 Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
 For Madeline. Beside the *portal* doors, *out gates*
 Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and *implores*
 All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
 But for one moment in the tedious hours,
 That he might gaze and worship all unseen; 80
 Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such *things.*
 have been.

and see + 5
in 3
Gold, 20

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
 All eyes be *muffled*, or a hundred swords *covered.*
 Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel;
 For him, those chambers held barbarian *hordes,*
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
 Whose very dogs would *execrations* howl *abuse*
 Against his lineage: not one breast affords
 Him any me^ccy, in that *mansion foul,* *bad building*
 Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul. 90

11

Laining

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
 Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand, *stick*
 To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
 Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
 The sound of merriment and chorus bland: *low music*
 He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
 And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand, *E G*
 Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
 They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!"

12

Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand; 101
 He had a fever late, and in the fit
 • He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
 Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
 • More tame for his grey hairs—Alas me! flit!
 Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, Gossip dear,
 We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
 And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not here, not here;
 Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

13

Cutting

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
 Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
 And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"

He found him in a little moonlight room,
 Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb. *cold*

"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
 "O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
 Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
 When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

110

secretly

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—

Yet men will murder upon holy days:

Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,

And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,

To venture so: it fills me with amaze

To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!

God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays

This very night: good angels her deceive!

But let me laugh awhile, I've nickle time to grieve,"

unwary

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,

While Porphyro upon her face doth look,

Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone

Who keepeth clos'd a wond'rous riddle-book,

As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.

But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told

His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook

Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,

And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,

Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart

Made purple riot: then doth he propose

A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:

"A cruel man and impious thou art:

Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream

Alone with her good angels, far apart

From wicked men like thee. Go, go!—I deem

Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

colour of body

think

17

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
 Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
 When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
 If one of her soft ringlets I displace, *disturb*
 Or look with russian passion in her face: *lust*
 Good Angela, believe me by these tears; 150
 Or I will, even in a moment's space,
 Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
 And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves
 And bears." *clawed beasts*

18

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
 A poor, weak, palsy-stricken churchyard thing, *wizendress*
 Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
 Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
 Were never miss'd." Thus plaining, doth she bring *confusion*
 A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
 So woful, and of such deep sorrowing, 160
 That Angela gives promise she will do
 Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe. *whether the night will good
bad*

19

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
 Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
 Him in a closet, of such privacy *forsooth*,
 That he might see her beauty unespied, *with many a*
 And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
 While legion'd fairies pac'd the coverlet,
 And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed. *that number*
 Never on such a night have lovers met, 170
 Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

20

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:
 "All cates and dainties shall be stored there
 Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
 Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
 For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
 Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
 The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
 Or may I never leave my grave among the dead." 180

21

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
 The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
 The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
 To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
 The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;
 Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain.
 His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

22

Her falter'ning hand upon the balustrade 190
 Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
 Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware: carefully
 With silver taper's light, and pious care,
 She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
 She comes, she comes again, like ringdove fray'd and fled.

23

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died: 200
 She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin ~~breath~~
 To spirits of the air, and vision wide:
 No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

24

A casement high and triple arch'd there was,
 All garlanded with carven imag'ries
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass, 210
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and
 kings.

25

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest, 220
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
 She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven: Porphyro grew faint:
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

26

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one
 Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

230

27

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
 Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
 Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
 Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
 Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

240

28

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
 And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
 To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
 Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
 And breath'd himself: then from the closet crept,
 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
 And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stepped,
 And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!—how fast she
 slept.

250

29

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
 Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
 A table, and, half-anguish'd, threw thereon
 A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
 O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
 The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
 The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
 Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
 The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

260

30

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
 In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
 While he from forth the closet brought a heap
 Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
 And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
 Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
 From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
 From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

270

31

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
 On golden dishes and in baskets bright
 Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
 In the retired quiet of the night,
 Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
 “And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
 Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
 Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
 Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.”

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
 Sank in her pillow.. Shaded was her dream
 By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charin
 Impossible to melt as iced stream:
 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
 It seem'd he never, never could redeem
 From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes;
 So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

280

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
 Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
 He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
 In Provence call'd, “La belle dame sans merci:”
 Close to her ear touching the melody;—
 Wherewith disturb'd she utter'd a soft moan:
 He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
 Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

290

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
 Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
 There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
 The blisses of her dream so pure and deep.
 At which fair Madeline began to weep,
 And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
 While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
 Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
 Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

300

35

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
 Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
 Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
 And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
 How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
 Give me that voice again my Porphyro,
 Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
 Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
 For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

310

36

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
 At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
 Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
 Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
 Into her dream he melted, as the rose
 Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
 Solution sweet: meantime the frost wind blows
 Like Love's alarum patterning the sharp sleet
 Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

320

37

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
 "This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
 'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat:
 "No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
 Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
 Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
 I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
 Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—
 A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

330

38

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
 Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
 Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil dyed?
 Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
 After so many hours of toil and quest,
 A fainish'd pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
 Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
 Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
 To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

340

39

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
 Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
 Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
 The bloated wassailers will never heed:—
 Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
 There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
 Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
 Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
 For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee.

350

40

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
 For there were sleeping dragons all around,
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.—
 In all the house was heard no human sound.
 A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
 The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
 Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
 And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

360

41

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
 Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;
 Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
 With a huge empty flagon by his side:
 The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
 By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—
 The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;—
 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

42

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
 These lovers fled away into the storm.
 That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
 And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
 Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
 Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old
 Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
 The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
 For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

370

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

1

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering?
 The sedge has withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

2

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-armis,
 So haggard and so woebegone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

3

"I see a lily on thy brow
 With anguish moist and fever dew.
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth too."

10

4

"I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful—a faery's child,
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild.

5

"I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
 She look'd at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan.

20

6

"I set her on my pacing steed,
 And nothing else saw all day long,
 For sidelong would she bend, and sing
 A faery's song.

7

"She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild, and manna dew,
 And sure in language strange she said—
 'I love thee true.'

8

Reason,

"She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept, and sighed full sore,
 And there I shut her wild wild eyes
 With kisses four.

30

9

"And there she lulled me to sleep,
 And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide,
 The latest dream I ever dreamed
 On the cold hill side.

10

"I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
 They cried—'La Belle Dame Sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall.'

40

11

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
 With horrid warning gaped wide,
 And I awoke and found me here
 On the cold hill's side.

"And that is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering.
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing."

Urne

ON A GRECIAN URN.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

10

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

20

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,

For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!

For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,

For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,

And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

What little town by river or sea-shore,

Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,

Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?

And, little town, thy streets for evermore

Will silent be; and not a soul to tell

Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,

With forest branches and the trodden weed;

Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!

When old age shall this generation waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe

Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
Beauty is truth, truth beauty.—That is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Proprietary, Prop
Brother Valentine &

Truth our beauty a

ODE TO FANNY

Physician Nature! let my spirit blood!

O ease my heart of verse and let me rest;

Throw me upon thy Tripod, till the flood

Of stifling numbers ebbs from my full breast.

A theme! a theme! great nature! give a theme;

Let me begin my dream.

I come—I see thee, as thou standest there,

Beckon me not into the wintry air.

•Ah! dearest love, sweet home of all my fears,

And hopes, and joys, thy panting miseries,

To-night, if I may guess, thy beauty wears

A smile of such delight.

As brilliant and as bright, ~~pawful~~ ~~enclosed~~

As when with ravished, aching, vassal eyes,

Lost in soft amaze, ~~Sighed~~ ~~by~~ ~~prolong~~

I gaze, I gaze!

Who now, with greedy looks, eats up my feast?

What stare outfaces now my silver moon!

Ah! keep that hand unravished at the least;

Let, let, the amorous burn—

But, prythee, do not turn

The current of your heart from me so soon.

O! save, in charity,

The quickest pulse for me.

~~erious & dangerous pleasures,~~ Save it for me, sweet love! though music breathe

Voluptuous visions into the warm air, ~~breathe~~ ~~in~~

Though swimming through the dance's dangerous wreath;

Be like an April day,

Smiling and cold and gay,

A temperate lily, temperate as fair;

10

20

30

Then, Heaven! there will be
A warmer June for me.

Why, this—you'll say, my Fanny! is not true:
Put your soft hand upon your snowy side,
Where the heart beats: confess—'tis nothing new—
Must not a woman be
A feather on the sea,
Swayed to and fro by every wind and tide?
Of as uncertain speed
As blow-ball from the mead?

I know it—and to know it is despair
To one who loves you as I love, sweet Fanny!
Whose heart goes fluttering for you everywhere,
Nor, when away you roam,
Dare keep its wretched home,
Love, love alone, his pains severe and many:
Then, loveliest! keep me free,
From torturing jealousy.

Ah! if you prize my subdued soul above
The poor, the fading, brief, pride of an hour;
Let none profane my Holy See of love,
Or with a rude hand break
The sacramental cake:
Let none else touch the just new-budded flower;
If not—may my eyes close,
Love! on their last repose.

TENNYSON.

TITHONUS.

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
 The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
 Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
 And after many a summer dies the swan.

Me only cruel immortality
 Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
 Here at the quiet limit of the world,
 A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
 The ever silent spaces of the East,
 Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

10

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—
 So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
 Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
 To his great heart none other than a God!
 I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality."

Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
 Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
 But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
 And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
 And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd
 To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
 Immortal age beside immortal youth,
 And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
 Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
 Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
 Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
 To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:

20

Why should a man desire in any way
 To vary from the kindly race of men,
 Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance

30

Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
 A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
 Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
 From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
 And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
 Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
 Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
 Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
 Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
 And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
 And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
 In silence, then before thine answer given
 Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
 And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
 In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
 "The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
 In days far-off, and with what other eyes
 I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
 The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
 The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
 Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
 Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
 Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
 Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
 With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
 Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
 Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
 Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
 While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East:
 How can my nature longer mix with thine?

40

50

60

Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
 Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
 Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
 Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
 Of happy men that have the power to die,
 And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
 Release me, and restore me to the ground;
 Thou seëst all things, thou wilt see my grave:
 Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
 I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
 And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

THE PALACE OF ART.

alligament magnificient

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
~~confid~~ Wherein at ease for aye to dwell. *always never*
 I said, "O Soul, make merry and carouse, *drawing*
 Dear soul, for all is well."

platform on the rock a rock
level summit of single rock

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnish'd brass,
 I chose. The ranged ramparts bright *wall*
 From level meadow-bases of deep grass
 Suddenly scaled the light. *rose against the*

rock
wall

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf
 The rock rose clear, or winding stair.
 My soul would live alone unto herself
 In her high palace there.

It pleased

And "while the world runs round and round," I said,
 "Reign thou apart, a quiet king,
 Still as, while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
 Sleeps on his luminous ring." *bright*
molecules

To which my soul made answer readily:

"Trust me, in bliss I shall abide *live*
 In this great mansion, that is built for me,
 So royal-rich and wide."

2C

*court yards**

*

*

*

Four courts I made, East, West, and South and North,
 In each a squared lawn, wherfrom
 The golden gorge of dragons spouted forth *golden streams*
 A flood of fountain-foam. *discharged* *water*

arched passages

And round the cool green courts there ran a row
 Of cloisters, branched like mighty woods.
 Echoing all night to that sonorous flow *high sounding*
 Of spouted fountain-floods.

And round the roofs a gilded gallery *view*
 That lent broad verge to distant lands,
 Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky
 Dipt down to sea and sands.

30

From those four jets currents in one swell
 Across the mountain stream'd below
 In misty folds, that floating as they fell
 Lit up a torrent-bow. *rainbow*

And high on every peak a statue seem'd
 To hang on tiptoe, tossing up *golden bright*
 A cloud of incense of all odour steam'd
 From out a golden cup. *wore up*

40

So that she thought, "And who shall gaze
 My palace with unblinded eyes,^{unteachly}
 While this great bow will waver in the sun,
 And that sweet incense rise?"

For that sweet incense rose and never fail'd,
 And, while day sank or mounted higher,
 The light aerial gallery, golden-rail'd,
 Burnt-like a fringe of fire.
~~shone~~ ~~burng~~

Likewise the deep-set windows, stain'd and traced,
 Would seem slow-flaming crimson fires
 From shadow'd grot's of arches interlaced,
 And tipt with frost-like spires.

* * * *

Full of long-sounding corridors it was,
 That over-vaulted grateful gloom,
 Through which the livelong day my soul did pass
 Well-pleased, from room to room.
~~the whole length~~

Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,
 All various, each a perfect whole
 From living Nature, fit for every mood
 And change of my still soul.

~~and especially~~

For some were hung with arras green and blue,
 Showing a gaudy summer-morn,
 Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew
 His wreathed bugle-horn.

One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand,
 And some one pacing there alone,
 Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
 Lit with a low large moon.

One show'd an iron coast and angry waves,

You seem'd to hear them climb and fall

And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,

Beneath the windy wall.

70

And one, a full-fed river winding slow

By herds upon an endless plain,

The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,

With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil.

In front they bound the sheaves. Behind

Were realms of uplands, prodigal in oil,

And hoary to the wind.

80

And one, a foreground black with stones and slags,

Beyond, a line of heights, and higher

All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,

And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd

On dewy pastures, dewy trees,

Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,

A haunt of ancient Peace.

Nor these alone, but every landscape fair,

As fit for every mood of mind,

Or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern, was there,

Not less than truth design'd.

90

Or the maid-mother by a crucifix,

In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,

Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx

Sat smiling, babe in arm.

city of room with walls rising
 Or in a clear-walled city on the sea,
 Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
 Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily;
 An angel look'd at her. *Saint of music* 100

covered abroad
 Or thronging all one porch of Paradise,
 A group of Houris bow'd to see
 The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes
 That said, We wait for thee. *dying man*

belong to us
 Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son
 In some fair space of sloping greens
 Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon, *near paradise*
 And watch'd by weeping queens.

Or hollowing one hand against his ear
 To list a footfall ere he saw 110
 The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian king to hear
 Of wisdom and of law.

in curved line
 Or over hills with peaky tops engrail'd, *endented*
 And many a tract of palm and rice,
 The throne of Indian Cama slowly sail'd *Gord of love*
 A summer fann'd with spice.

Ariosto *unfastened*
 Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd,
 From off her shoulder backward borne; *+ flowered*
 From one hand droop'd a crocus; one hand grasp'd
 The mild bull's golden horn. 120

gentle hanged
 Or else flush'd Ganymede, his rosy thigh
 Half-buried in the Eagle's down, *plumage underfeathers*
 Sole as a flying star shot through the sky
 Above the pillar'd town.

Nor these alone: but every legend fair

Which the supreme Caucasian mind

Carved out of Nature for itself, was there,

Not less than life, design'd.

*The uncomparable
Melo were
white cro*

* * * * *

Then in the towers I placed great bells that swung

Moved of themselves, with silver sound;

And with choice paintings of wise men I hung

The royal dais round,

platform

For there was Milton like a seraph strong;

Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild;

And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song,

And somewhat grimly smiled.

Home the ancestor of all poe

And there the Tonian father of the rest:

A million wrinkles carved his skin;

A hundred winters snow'd upon his breast,

From cheek and throat and chin.

130

140

Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set

Many an arch high up did lift,

And angels rising and descending met

With interchange of gift.

peculiar

Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd

With cycles of the human tale

Of this wide world, the times of every land

So wrought, they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burden slow,

Toil'd onward, prick'd with goads and stings;

Here play'd a tiger, rolling to and fro

The heads and crowns of kings;

150

democracy.

Here rose an athlete, strong to break or bind

All force in bonds that might endure;

And here once more like some sick man declined,

And trusted any cure. *anarchy reigns
or terror.*

But over these she trod: and those great bells

Began to chime. She took her throne:

She sat betwixt the shining Oriels, *windows*

To sing her songs alone. *projecting galleries*

And through the topmost Oriels' colour'd flame

Two godlike faces gazed below;

Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam,

The first of those who know. *Frances Bacon*

And all those names, that in their motion were

Full-welling fountain-heads of change, *sources*

Betwixt the slender shafts were blazon'd fair

In diverse raiment strange: *displayed beauty
different dress & stone column yellow*

Through which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, blue,

Flush'd in her temples and her eyes,

And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, drew

Rivers of melodies. *a large statue of
introductory part of music near to Egypt*

No nightingale delighteth to prolong

Her low preamble all alone,

More than my soul to hear her echo'd song

Throb through the ribbed stone;

Giver

arches supporting the vault

Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth,

Joying to feel herself alive,

Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible earth,

Lord of the senses five;

170

180

Communing with herself: 'All these are mine,
And let the world have peace or wars,
'Tis one to me.' She—when young night divine
Crown'd dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicious toils—

Lit light in wreaths and anadems, *in lamps arranged in clusters*
And pure quintessesences of precious oils

In hollow'd moons of gems,

coffee

To mimic heaven; and clapt her hands and cried,

"I marvel if my still delight

In this great house so royal-rich, and wide,

Be flatter'd to the height.

"O all things fair to sate my various eyes!

O shapes and hues that please me well!

O silent faces of the Great and Wise,

My Gods, with whom I dwell!

objects of worship

"O God-like isolation which art mine,

I can but count thee perfect gain,

What time I watch the darkening droves of swine

That range on yonder plain.

worms, in a shallow place full of mire

"In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin,

They gaze and wallow, breed and sleep;

And oft some brainless devil entres in,

And drives them to the deep."

Then of the moral instinct would she prate,

And of the rising from the dead,

As hers by right of full-accomplish'd Fate;

And at the last she said:

If it was inherent in her fate to let

quarrel

"I take possession of man's mind and deed.

I care not what the sects may bawl,

I sit as God holding no form of creed,

But contemplating all."

* *visceral mentally* *

210

Fu'l oft the riddle of the painful earth

Flashed through her as she sat alone,

Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth,

And intellectual throne. *sacred*

a gripa supermely

And so she throve and prosper'd: so three years

She prosper'd: on the fourth she fell,

Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,

Struck through with pangs of hell.

220

Lest she should fail and perish utterly,

God, before whom ever lie bare

The abysmal deeps of Personality,

Plagued her with sore despair.

mysterious regions of feeling

When she would think, where'er she turn'd her sight,

The airy hand confusion wrought,

Wrote "Mene, inene," and divided quite

God hath numbered your nation and it

The kingdom of her thought.

hated despot

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude

Fell on her, from which mood was born

Scorn of herself; again, from out that mood

Laughter at her self-scorn.

230

What! is not this my place of strength," she said,

"My spacious mansion built for me,

Whereof the strong foundation-stones were laid

Since my first memory?"

But in dark corners of her palace stood
Uncertain shapes; and unawares
On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears of blood,

240

And horrible might-mares, ~~ghasts~~
~~ghasts~~ ~~courts~~

And hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame,

And, with dim fretted foreheads all,

On corpses three-months-old at noon she came,

That stood against the wall.

A spot of dull stagnation, without light

Or power of movement, seem'd my soul,

'Mid onward-sloping motions infinite

Making for one sure goal.

~~misunder~~

~~order despatched~~

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand;

Left on the shore; that hears all night

The plunging seas draw backward from the land

Their moon-led waters white.

250

A star that with the choral starry dance

Join'd not, but stood, and standing saw

The hollow orb of moving Circumstance

Roll'd round by one fix'd law.

Back on herself serpent pride had curl'd.

"No voice," she shriek'd in that lone hall,

"No voice breaks through the stillness of this world:

One deep, deep silence all!"

260

~~She~~ ~~wanting~~ She, mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering sod,

Inwrapt tenfold in slothful shame,

Lay there exiled from eternal God,

Lost to her place and name;

~~deceas~~ ~~upper~~

~~languor~~ ~~of eye~~

And death and life she hated equally,

And nothing saw, for her despair,
But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,

No comfort anywhere;

Remaining utterly confused with fears,

And ever worse with growing time,

And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,

And all alone in crime; ~~despairing~~
~~feeling little peace~~

Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round

With blackness as a solid wall,

Far off she seem'd to hear the dully sound

Of human footsteps fall.

As in strange lands a traveller walking slow,

In doubt and great perplexity,

A little before moon-rise hears the low

Moan of an unknown sea: *Answers*

And knows not if it be thunder or a sound

Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry

Of great wild beasts; then thinketh, "I have found

A new land, but I die." *thinks*

shouted She howl'd aloud, "I am on fire within."

There comes no murmur of reply.

What is it that will take away my sin,

And save me lest I die?"

So when four years were wholly finished,

She threw her royal robes away. *clad*

"Make me a cottage in the vale," she said,

Where I may mourn and pray.

do not demolish "Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are

So lightly, beautifully built;

Perchance I may return with others there

When I have purged my guilt."

270

280

290

THE TWO VOICES.

A still small voice spake unto me,
 "Thou art so full of misery,
 Were it not better not to be?"

Then to the still small voice I said,
 "Let me not cast in endless shade
 What is so wonderfully made."

To which the voice did urge reply:
 "To-day I saw the dragon-fly
 Come from the wells where he did lie.

10
 "An inner impulse rent the veil
 Of his old husk: from head to tail
 Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

"He dried his wings: like gauze they grew:
 Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
 A living flash of light he flew."

I said, "When first the world began,
 Young Nature through five cycles ran,
 And in the sixth she moulded man.

20
 "She gave him mind, the lordliest
 Proportion, and, above the rest,
 Dominion in the head and breast."

Thereto the silent voice replied:
 "Self-blinded are you by your pride.
 Look up through night: the world is wide.

"This truth within thy mind rehearse,
 That in a boundless universe
 Is boundless better, boundless worse.

"Think you this mould of hopes and fears
 Could find no statelier than his peers
 In yonder hundred million spheres?"

It spake, moreover, in my mind:
 "Though thou wert scatter'd to the wind,
 Yet is there plenty of the kind."

Then did my response clearer fall:
 "No compound of this earthly ball
 Is like another, all in all."

To which he answer'd scoffingly:
 "Good soul! suppose, I grant it thee,
 Who'll weep for thy deficiency?

"Or will one beam be less intense,
 When thy peculiar difference
 Is cancell'd in the world of sense?"

I would have said, "Thou canst not know."
 But my full heart, that work'd below,
 Rain'd through my sight its overflow.

Again the voice spake unto me:
 "Thou are so steep'd in misery,
 Surely 'twere better not to be:

"Thine anguish will not let thee sleep,
 Nor any train of reason keep:
 Thou canst not think, but thou wilt weep."

I said, "The years with change advance:
 If I make dark my countenance,
 I shut my life from happier chance.

"Some turn this sickness yet might take,
 Ev'n yet." But he: "What drug can make
 A wither'd palsy cease to shake?"

I wept, "Though I should die, I know
 That all about the thorn will blow
 In tufts of rosy-tinted snow:

60

"And men, through novel spheres of thought
 Still moving after truth long sought,
 Will learn new things when I am not."

"Yet," said the secret voice, "some time,
 Sooner or later, will gray prime
 Make thy grass hoar with early rime.

"Not less swift souls that yearn for light,
 Rapt after heaven's starry flight,
 Would sweep the tracts of day and night.

"Not less the bee would range her cells,
 The furzy prickle fire the dells,
 The foxglove cluster dappled bells."

70

I said that "all the years invent;
 Each month is various to present
 The world with some development.

"Were this not well, to bide mine hour
 Though watching from a ruin'd tower
 How grows the day of human power?"

"The highest-mounted mind," he said,
 "Still sees the sacred morning spread
 The silent summit overhead.

80

"Will thirty seasons render plain
 Those lonely lights that still remain,
 Just breaking over land and main?

"Or make that morn, from his cold crown
 And crystal silence creeping down,
 Flood with full daylight glebe and town?

"Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let
 Thy feet, millenniums hence, be set
 In midst of knowledge, dream'd not yet.

"Thou hast not gain'd a real height,
 Nor art thou nearer to the light,
 Because the scale is infinite.

" 'Twere better not to breathe or speak,
 Than cry for strength, remaining weak,
 And seem to find, but still to seek.

"Moreover, but to seem to find
 Asks what thou lackest, thought resign'd,
 A healthy frame, a quiet mind."

I said, "When I am gone away,
 'He dared not tarry,' men will say,
 Doing dishonour to my clay."

"This is more vile," he made reply,
 "To breathe and loathe, to live and sigh,
 Than once from dread of pain to die.

"Sick art thou—a divided will
 Still heaping on the fear of ill
 The fear of men, a coward still.

"Do men love thee? Art thou so bound
 To men that how thy name may sound
 Will vex thee lying underground?

"The memory of the wither'd leaf
 In endless time is scarce more brief
 Than of the garner'd autumn-sheaf.

"Go, vexed Spirit, sleep in trust;
 The right ear, that is fill'd with dust,
 Hears little of the false or just."

"Hard task, to pluck resolve," I cried,
 "From emptiness and the waste wide
 Of that abyss, or scornful pride!

120

"Nay—rather yet that I could raise
 One hope that warm'd me in the days
 While still I yearn'd for human praise.

"When, wide in soul and bold of tongue,
 Among the tents I paused and sung,
 The distant battle flash'd and rung.

"I sung the joyful Pæan clear,
 And, sitting, burnish'd without fear
 "The brand, the buckler, and the spear—

"Waiting to strive a happy strife,
 To war with falsehood to the knife.
 And not to lose the good of life—

130

"Some hidden principle to move,
 To put together, part and prove,
 And mete the bounds of hate and love—

"As far as might be, to carve out
 Free space for every human doubt,
 That the whole mind might orb about—

"To search through all I felt or saw,
 The springs of life, the depths of awe,
 And reach the law within the law:

140

"At least, not rotting like a weed,
 But, having sown some generous seed,
 Fruitful of further thought and deed,

"To pass, when Life her light withdraws,
 Not void of righteous self-applause,
 Nor in a merely selfish cause—

"In some good cause, not in mine own,
To perish, wept for, honour'd, known,
And like a warrior overthrown;

15

"Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,
When, soil'd with noble dust, he hears
His country's war-song thrill his ears:

"Then dying of a mortal stroke,
What time the foeman's line is broke,
And all the war is roll'd in smoke."

"Yea!" said the voice, "thy dream was good,
While thou abodest in the bud.
It was the stirring of the blood.

"If Nature put not forth her power
About the opening of the flower,
Who is it that could live an hour?

160

"Then comes the check, the change, the fall.
Pain rises up, old pleasures pall,
There is one remedy for all.

"Yet hadst thou, through enduring pain,
Link'd month to month with such a chain
Of knitted purport, all were vain.

"Thou hadst not between death and birth
Dissolved the riddle of the earth.
So were thy labour little worth.

170

"That men with knowledge merely play'd,
I told thee—hardly nigher made,
Though scaling slow from grade to grade;

"Much less this dreamer, deaf and blind,
Named man, may hope some truth to find,
That bears relation to the mind.

"For every worm beneath the moon
 Draws different threads, and late and soon
 Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.

180

"Cry, faint not: either Truth is born
 Beyond the polar gleam forlorn,
 Or in the gateways of the morn.

"Cry, faint not, climb: the summits slope
 Beyond the furthest flights of hope,
 Wrapt in dense cloud from base to cope.

"Sometimes a little corner shines,
 As over rainy mist inclines
 A gleaming crag with belts of pines.

"I will go forward, sayest thou,
 I shall not fail to find her now.
 Look up, the fold is on her brow.

190

"If straight thy track, or if oblique,
 Thou know'st not. Shadows thou dost strike,
 Embracing cloud, Ixion-like;

"And owning but a little more
 Than beasts, abidest lame and poor,
 Calling thyself a little lower

"Than angels. Cease to wail and brawl!
 Why inch by inch to darkness crawl?
 There is one remedy for all."

200

"O dull, one-sided voice," said I,
 "Wilt thou make everything a lie,
 To flatter me that I may die?

"I know that age to age succeeds,
 Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
 A dust of systems and of creeds.

"I cannot hide that some have striven,
Achieving calm, to whom was given
The joy that mixes man with Heaven:

210

"Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream;

"But heard, by secret transport led,
Ev'n in the charnels of the dead,
The murmur of the fountain-head—

"Which did accomplish their desire,
Bore and forbore, and did not tire,
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire.

"He heeded not reviling tones,
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Though curs'd and scorn'd, and bruis'd with stones:

220

"But looking upward, full of grace,
He pray'd, and from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face."

The sullen answer slid betwixt:

"Not that the grounds of hope were fix'd,
The elements were kindlier mix'd.

I said, "I toil beneath the curse,
But, knowing not the universe,
I fear to slide from bad to worse.

230

"And that, in seeking to undo
One riddle, and to find the true,
I knit a hundred others new:

"Or that this anguish fleeting hence,
Unmanacled from bonds of sense,
Be fix'd and froz'n to permanence:

"For I go, weak from suffering here;
Naked I go, and void of cheer:
What is it that I may not fear?"

240

"Consider well," the voice replied,
"His face, that two hours since hath died:
Wilt thou find passion, pain or pride?

"Will he obey when one commands?
Or answer should one press his hands?
He answers not, nor understands.

"His palms are folded on his breast:
There is no other thing express'd
But long disquiet merged in rest.

* "His lips are very mild and meek:
Though one should smite him on the cheek,
And on the mouth, he will not speak.

250

* "His little daughter, whose sweet face
He kiss'd, taking his last embrace,
Becomes dishonour to her race;

"His sons grow up that bear his name,
Some grow to honour, some to shame,—
But he is chill to praise or blame.

* "He will not hear the north wind rave,
Nor, moaning, household shelter crave
From winter rains that beat his grave.

260

* "High up the vapours fold and swim:
About him broods the twilight dim:
The place he knew forgetteth him."

"If all be dark, vague voice," I said,
"These things are wrapt in doubt and dread,
Nor canst thou show the dead are dead.

"The sap dries up: the plant declines.
A deeper tale my heart divines.
Know I not Death? the outward signs?

"I found him when my years were few;
A shadow on the graves I knew,
And darkness in the village yew.

"From grave to grave the shadow crept:
In her still place the morning wept:
Touch'd by his feet the daisy slept.

"The simple senses crown'd his head:
'Omega! thou art Lord,' they said,
'We find no motion in the dead.'

"Why, if man rot in dreamless ease,
Should that plain fact, as thought by these,
Not make him sure that he shall cease?

"Who forged that other influence,
That heat of inward evidence,
By which he doubts against the sense?

"He owns the fatal gift of eyes,
That read his spirit blindly wise,
Not simple as a thing that dies.

"Here sits he shaping wings to fly:
His heart forebodes a mystery:
He names the name Eternity.

"That type of Perfect in his mind
In Nature can he nowhere find.
He sows himself on every wind.

"He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend,
And through thick veils to apprehend
A labour working to an end.

"The end and the beginning vex
His reason; many things perplex,
With motions, checks, and counter-checks.

300

"He knows a baseness in his blood
At such strange war with something good,
He may not do the thing he would.

"Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn,
Vast images in glimmering dawn,
Half shown, are broken and withdrawn.

"Ah! sure within him and without,
Could his dark wisdom find it out,
There must be answer to his doubt.

▲ "But thou canst answer not again.
With thine own weapon art thou slain,
Or thou wilt answer but in vain.

310

■ "The doubt would rest, I dare not solve.
In the same circle we revolve.
Assurance only breeds resolve."

As when a billow, blown against,
Falls back, the voice with which I fenced
A little ceased, but recommenced:

▼ "Where wert thou when thy father play'd
In his free field, and pastime made,
A merry boy in sun and shade?

320

■ "A merry boy they called him then.
He sat upon the knees of men
In days that never come again,

"Before the little ducts began
To feed thy bones with lime, and ran
Their course, till thou wert also man:

"Who took a wife, who rear'd his race,
 Whose wrinkles gather'd on his face,
 Whose troubles number with his days:

330

"A life of nothings, nothing-worth,
 From that first nothing ere his birth
 To that last nothing under earth!"

"These words," I said, "are like the rest;
 No certain clearness, but at best
 A vague suspicion of the breast:

"But if I grant, thou mightst defend
 The thesis which thy words intend—
 That to begin implies to end;

"Yet how should I for certain hold,
 Because my memory is so cold,
 That I first was in human mould?

340

"I cannot make this matter plain,
 But I would shoot, howe'er in vain,
 A random arrow from the brain.

"It may be that no life is found,
 Which only to one engine bound
 Falls off, but cycles always round.

"As old mythologies relate,
 Some draught of Lethe might await
 The slipping through from state to state.

350

"As here we find in trances, men
 Forget the dream that happens then,
 Until they fall in trance again.

"So might we, if our state were such
 As one before, remember much,
 For those two likes might meet and touch.

"But, if I lapsed from nobler place,
Some legend of a fallen race
Alone might hint of my disgrace;

"Some vague emotion of delight
In gazing up an Alpine height,
Some yearning toward the lamps of night.

"Or if through lower lives I came—
Though all experience past became
Consolidate in mind and frame—

"I might forget my weaker lot;
For is not our first year forgot?
The haunts of memory echo not.

"And men, whose reason long was blind,
From cells of madness unconfined,
Oft lose whole years of darker mind.

"Much more, if first I floated free,
As naked essence, must I be
Incompetent of memory:

"For memory dealing but with time,
And he with matter, could she climb
Beyond her own material prime?

"Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

"Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where;
Such as no language may declare."

The still voice laugh'd. "I talk," said he,
"Not with thy dreams. Suffice it thee
Thy pain is a reality."

"But thou," said I, "hast miss'd thy mark,
Who sought'st to wreck my mortal ark,
By making all the horizon dark.

390

"Why not set forth, if I should do
This rashness, that which might ensue
With this old soul in organs new?

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly long'd for death.

"'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that I want."

I ceased, and sat as one forlorn.

400

Then said the voice, in quiet scorn,
"Behold, it is the Sabbath morn."

And I arose, and I released,
The casement, and the light increased
With freshness in the dawning east.

Like soften'd airs that blowing steal,
When meres begin to uncongeal,
The sweet church bells began to peal.

On to God's house the people prest:
Passing the place where each must rest,
Each enter'd like a welcome guest.

410

One walk'd between his wife and child,
With measure'd footfall firm and mild.
And now and then he gravely smiled.

The prudent partner of his blood
Lean'd on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

And in their double love secure,
The little maiden walk'd demure.
Pacing with downward eyelids pure.

These three made unity so sweet,
My frozen heart began to beat,
Remembering its ancient heat.

I blest them, and they wander'd on:
I spoke, but answer came there none:
The dull and bitter voice was gone.

A second voice was at mine ear,
A little whisper silver-clear,
A murmur, "Be of better cheer."

As from some blissful neighbourhood,
A notice faintly understood,
"I see the end, and know the good."

A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper breathing low,
"I may not speak of what I know."

Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes,

Such seem'd the whisper at my side:
"What is it thou knowest, sweet voice?" I cried.
"A hidden hope," the voice replied:

So heavenly-toned, that in that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower,

To feel, although no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

And forth into the fields I went,
And Nature's living motion lent
The pulse of hope to discontent.

450

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours,
The slow result of winter showers:
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wonder'd, while I pac'd along:
The woods were fill'd so full with song,
There seem'd no room for sense of wrong.

So variously seem'd all things wrought,
I marvell'd how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought;

And wherefore rather I made choice 460
To commune with that barren voice,
Than him that said, "Rejoice! rejoice!"

BROWNING.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

I.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!"

II.

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends the all!"

III.

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

IV.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
 Were man but formed to feed
 On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
 Such feasting ended, then
 As sure an end to men;
 Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-
 crammed beast?

20

V.

Rejoice we are allied
 To That which doth provide
 And not partake, effect and not receive!
 A spark disturbs our clod;
 Nearer we hold of God
 Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe. 30

VI.

Then, welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
 Be our joys three-parts pain!
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
 Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

VII.

For thence,—a paradox
 Which comforts while it mocks,—
 Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
 What I aspired to be,
 And was not, comforts me:
 A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

40

VIII.

What is he but a brute
 Whose flesh has soul to suit,
 Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
 To man, propose this test—
 Thy body at its best,
 How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

IX.

Yet gifts should prove their use:
 I own the Past profuse
 Of power each side, perfection every turn:
 Eyes, ears took in their dole,
 Brain treasured up the whole;
 Should not the heart beat once “How good to live and
 learn?”

X.

Not once beat “Praise be Thine!
 I see the whole design,
 I, who saw power, see now love perfect too:
 Perfect I call Thy plan:
 Thanks that I was a man!
 Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou shalt do!”

XI.

For pleasant is this flesh;
 Our soul in its rose-mesh
 Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest;
 Would we some prize might hold
 To match those manifold
 Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best!

XII.

Let us not always say
 "Spite of this flesh to-day
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
 As the bird wings and sings, 70
 Let us cry "All good things
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps
 soul!"

XIII.

Therefore I summon age
 To grant youth's heritage,
 Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
 Thence shall I pass, approved
 A man, for aye removed
 From the developed brute; a god though in the germ.

XIV.

And I shall thereupon
 Take rest, ere I be gone
 Once more on my adventure brave and new: 80
 Fearless and unperplexed,
 When I wage battle next,
 What weapons to select, what armour to induce.

XV.

Youth ended, I shall try
 My gain or loss thereby;
 Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
 And I shall weigh the same,
 Give life its praise or blame:
 Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old. 90

XVI.

For note, when evening shuts,
 A certain moment cuts
 The deed off, calls the glory from the grey:
 A whisper from the west
 Shoots—"Add this to the rest,
 Take it and try its worth: here dies another day."

XVII.

So, still within this life,
 Though lifted o'er its strife,
 Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
 "This rage was right i' the main,
 That acquiescence vain:
 The Future I may face now I have proved the Past."
100

XVIII.

For more is not reserved
 To man, with soul just nerved
 To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
 Here, work enough to watch
 The Master work, and catch
 Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

XIX.

As it was better, youth
 Should strive, through acts uncouth,
 Toward making, than repose on aught found made:
 So, better, age, exempt
 From strife, should know, than tempt
 Further. Thou waitedest age: wait death nor be afraid!
110

XX.

Enough now, if the Right
 And Good and Infinite
 Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
 With knowledge absolute,
 Subject to no dispute
 From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone. 120

XXI.

Be there, for once and all,
 Severed great minds from small,
 Announced to each his station in the Past!
 Was I, the world arraigned,
 Were they, my soul disdained,
 Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last.

XXII.

Now, who shall arbitrate?
 Ten men love what I hate,
 Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
 Ten, who in ears and eyes
 Match me: we all surmise,
 They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul believe? 130

XXIII.

Not on the vulgar mass
 Called "work," must sentence pass,
 Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
 O'er which, from level stand,
 The low world laid its hand,
 Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

XXIV.

But all, the world's coarse thumb
 And finger failed to plumb,
 So passed in making up the main account;
 All instincts immature,
 All purposes unsure,
 That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's
 amount:

XXV.

Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
 All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

XXVI.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
 That metaphor! and feel
 Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
 Thou, to whom fools propound,
 When the wine makes its round,
 "Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize to-day!"

XXVII.

Fool! All that is, at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall;
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
 What entered into thee,
 That was, is, and shall be:
 Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.

XXVIII.

He fixed thee mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldest fain arrest:
 Machinery just meant
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

XXIX.

What though the earlier grooves
 Which ran the laughing loves
 Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
 What though, about thy rim,
 Scull-things in order grim
 Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

170

XXX.

Look not thou down but up!
 To uses of a cup,
 The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
 The new wine's foaming flow,
 The Master's lips a-glow!
 Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou with
 earth's wheel?

180

XXXI.

But I need, now as then,
 Thee, God, who mouldest men;
 And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
 Did I,—to the wheel of life
 With shapes and colours rife,
 Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst:

XXXII.

So, take and use Thy work:
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
 My times be in Thy hand! 190
 Perfect the cup as planned!
 Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

(Called "*The Faultless Painter.*")

But do not let us quarrel any more,
 No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for once:
 Sit down and all shall happen as you wish.
 You turn your face, but does it bring your heart?
 I'll work then for your friend's friend, never fear,
 Treat his own subject after his own way,
 Fix his own time, accept too his own price,
 And shut the money into this small hand
 When next it takes mine. Will it? tenderly?
 Oh, I'll content him,—but to-morrow, Love! 10
 I often am much wearier than you think,
 This evening more than usual, and it seems
 As if—forgive now—should you let me sit
 Here by the window with your hand in mine
 And look a half hour forth on Fiesole,
 Both of one mind, as married people use,
 Quietly, quietly, the evening through.
 I might get up to-morrow to my work
 Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try.
 To-morrow how you shall be glad for this! 20

Your soft hand is a woman of itself,
 And mine the man's bared breast she curls inside.
 Don't count the time lost, either; you must serve
 For each of the five pictures we require—
 It saves a model. So! keep looking so—
 My serpentine beauty, rounds on rounds!
 —How could you ever prick those perfect ears,
 Even to put the pearl there! oh, so sweet—
 My face, my moon, my everybody's moon,
 Which everybody looks on and calls his,
 And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,
 While she looks—no one's: very dear, no less!
 You smile? why, there's my picture ready made.
 There's what we painters call our harmony!
 A common greyness silvers everything,—
 All in a twilight, you and I alike
 —You, at the point of your first pride in me
 (That's gone you know),—but I, at every point:
 My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned down
 To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole.

There's the bell clinking from the chapel-top;
 That length of convent-wall across the way
 Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;
 The last monk leaves the garden; days decrease
 And autumn grows, autumn in everything.
 Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape
 As if I saw alike my work and self
 And all that I was born to be and do,
 A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's hand.
 How strange now, looks the life He makes us lead!
 So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
 I feel He laid the fetter: let it lie!
 This chamber for example—turn your head—
 All that's behind us! you don't understand
 Nor care to understand about my art,

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But you can hear at least when people speak;
And that cartoon, the second from the door
—It is the thing, Love! so such things should be—
Behold Madonna, I am bold to say.

I can do with my pencil what I know.

What I see, what at bottom of my heart

I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—

Do easily, too—when I say perfectly

I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are judge

Who listened to the Legate's talk last week,

And just as much they used to say in France.

At any rate 'tis easy, all of it,

No sketches first, no studies, that's long past—

I do what many dream of all their lives

—Dream? strive to do, and agonise to do,

And fail in doing. I could count twenty such

On twice your fingers, and not leave this town

Who strive—you don't know how the others striv.

To paint a little thing like that you smeared

Carelessly passing with your robes afloat,—

Yet do much less, so much less, someone says,

(I know his name, no matter) so much less!

Well, less is more, Lucrezia! I am judged.

There burns a truer light of God in them,

In their vexed, beating, stuffed and stopped-up brain,

Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt

This low-pulsed fortnight craftsman's hand of mine.

Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know

Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,

Enter and take their place the sure enough,

Though they come back and cannot tell the world.

My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.

The sudden blood of these men! at a word—

Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils too.

I, painting from myself and to myself,

Know what I do, unmoved by men's blame
 Or their praise either. Somebody remarks
 Morello's outline there is wrongly traced,
 His hue mistaken—what of that? or else,
 Rightly traced and well ordered—what of that?
 Speak as they please, what does the mountain care?
 Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
 Or what's a Heaven for? all is silver-grey
 Placid and perfect with my art—the worse!
 I know both what I want and what might gain—
 And yet how profitless to know, to sigh
 "Had I been two, another and myself,
 Our head would have o'erlooked the world!" No doubt.
 Yonder's a work, now, of that famous youth
 The Urbinate who died five years ago.
 ('Tis copied, George Vasari sent it me.)
 Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
 Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,
 Reaching, that Heaven might so replenish him,
 Above and through his art—for it gives way;
 That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
 A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
 Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
 He means right—that, a child may understand.
 Still what an arm! and I could alter it.
 But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
 Out of me! out of me! And wherefore out?
 Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,
 We might have risen to Rafael, I and you.
 Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think—
 More than I merit, yes, by many times.
 But had you—Oh, with the same perfect brow,
 And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
 And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
 The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—

100

110

120

Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
 Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged
 'God and the glory! never care for gain.

The Present by the Future, what is that?

Live for fame, side by side with Angelo—

Rafael is waiting. Up to God all three!"

I might have done it for you. So it seems—

Perhaps not. All is as God over-rules.

Beside, incentives come from the soul's self;

The rest avail not. Why do I need you?

What wife had Rafael, or has Angelo?

In this world, who can do a thing, will not—

And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:

Yet the will's somewhat—somewhat, too, the power—

And thus we half-men struggle. At the end,

God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.

'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,

That I am something underrated here,

Poor this long while, despised, to speak the truth.

I dared not, do you know, leave home all day,

For fear of chancing on the Paris lords.

The best is when they pass and look aside;

But they speak sometimes; I must bear it all.

Well may they speak! That Francis, that first time,

And that long festal year at Fontainebleau!

I surely then could sometimes leave the ground,

Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,

In that humane great monarch's golden look,—

One finger in his beard or twisted curl

Over his mouth's good mark that made the smile.

One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,

The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,

I panting proudly with his breath on me

All his court around him, seeing with his eyes,

Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of souls

Profuse, my hand kept plying by those hearts,—
 And, best of all, this, this, this face beyond,
 This in the background, waiting on my work,
 To crown the issue with a last reward!

A good time, was it not, my kingly days?
 And had you not grown restless—but I know—
 'Tis done and past; 'twas right, my instinct said;
 Too live the life grew, golden and not grey,
 And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should tempt
 Out of the grange whose four walls make his world. 170
 How could it end in any other way?

You called me, and I came home to your heart.
 The triumph was to have ended there; then if
 I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?
 Let my hands frame your face in your hair's gold,
 You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!

"Rafael did this, Andrea painted that—
 The Roman is the better when you pray,
 But still the other's Virgin was his wife—"

Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge
 Both pictures in your presence; clearer grows
 My better fortune, I resolve to think.

For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives,
 Said one day Angelo, his very self,
 To Rafael—I have known it all these years..

(When the young man was flaming out his thoughts
 Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,
 Too lifted up his heart because of it)

"Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
 Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how,
 Who, were he set to plan and execute

As you are, pricked on by your popes and kings,
 Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours!"
 To Rafael's!—And indeed the arm is wrong.
 I hardly dare—yet, only you to see,

170

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190

Give the chalk here—quick, thus the line should go!

Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!

Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,

(What he? why, who but Michael Angelo?)

Do you forget already words like those?)

200

If really there were such a chance, so lost,—

Is, whether you're—not grateful—but more pleased.

Well, let me think so. And you smile indeed!

This hour has been an hour! Another smile?

If you would sit thus by me every night

I should work better, do you comprehend?

I mean that I should earn more, give you more.

See, it is settled dusk now; there's a star;

Morello's gone, the watch lights show the wall,

The cue-owls speak the name we call them by.

210

Come from the window, Love,—come in, at last

Inside the melancholy little house

We built to be so gay with. God is just.

King Francis may forgive me. Oft at nights

When I look up from painting, eyes tired out,

The walls become illuminated, brick from brick

Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright gold,

That gold of his I did cement them with!

Let us but love each other. Must you go?

That cousin here again? he waits outside?

220

Must see you—you, and not with me? Those loans?

More gaming debts to pay? you smiled for that?

Well, let, smiles buy me! have you more to spend?

While hand and eye and something of a heart

Are left me, work's my ware, and what's it worth?

I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit

The grey remainder of the evening out,

Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly

How I could paint, were I but back in France.

One picture, just one more—the Virgin's face,

230

Not your's this time! I want you at my side
 To hear them—that is, Michael Angelo—
 Judge all I do and tell you of its worth.

Will you? To-morrow, satisfy your friend.
 I take the subjects for his corridor,
 Finish the portrait out of hand—there, there,
 And throw him in another thing or two
 If he demur; the whole should prove enough
 To pay for this same Cousin's freak. Beside,
 What's better and what's all I care about,
 Get you the thirteen scudi for the ruff.

Love, does that please you? Ah, but what does he,
 The Cousin! what does he to please you more?
 I am grown peaceful as old age to-night.

I regret little, I would change still less.
 Since there my past life lies, why alter it?
 The very wrong to Francis!—it is true
 I took his coin, was tempted and complied,
 And built this house and sinned, and all is said.
 My father and my mother died of want.

Well, had I riches of my own? you see
 How one gets rich! Let each one bear his lot.

They were born poor, lived poor, and poor they died
 And I have laboured somewhat in my time
 And not been paid profusely. Some good son.

Paint my two hundred pictures—let him try!
 No doubt, there's something strikes a balance. Yes,
 You loved me quite enough, it seems to-night.

This must suffice me here. What would one have?
 In Heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance—

Four great walls in the New Jerusalem

Meted on each side by the angel's reed,

For Leonard, Rafael, Angelo and me

To cover—the three first without a wife,

While I have mine! So—still they overcome

Because there's still Lucrezia,—as I choose.

Again the Cousin's whistle! Go, my Love.

240

250

260

ARNOLD.

HUMAN LIFE

What mortal, when he saw,
 Life's voyage done, his heavenly Friend,
 Could ever yet dare tell him fearlessly:
 'I have kept uninfring'd my nature's law;
 The inly-written chart thou gavest me
 To guide me, I have steer'd by to the end'?
 Ah! let us make no claim
 On life's incognizable sea
 To too exact a steering of our way!
 Let us not fret and fear to miss our aim
 If some fair coast has lured us to make stay,
 Or some friend hail'd us to keep company!
 Aye, we would each fain drive
 At random, and not steer by rule!
 Weakness! and worse, weakness bestow'd in vain!
 Winds from our side the unsuiting consort rive,
 We rush by coasts where we had lief remain;
 Man cannot, though he would, live chance's fool.
 No! as the foaming swathe
 Of torn-up water, on the main,
 Falls heavily away with long-drawn roar
 On either side the black deep-furrow'd path
 Cut by an onward-labouring vessel's prore,
 And never touches the ship-side again; ,
 Even so we leave behind,
 As, charter'd by some unknown Powers,
 We stem across the sea of life by night,
 The joys which were not for our use design'd,
 The friends to whom we had no natural right,
 The homes that were not destined to be ours.

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COURAGE.

True, we must tame our rebel will:
 True, we must bow to Nature's law:
 Must bear in silence many an ill;
 Must learn to wait, renounce, withdraw.

Yet now, when boldest wills give place,
 When Fate and Circumstance are strong,
 And in their rush the human race
 Are swept, like huddling sheep, along;

Those sterner spirits let me prize,
 Who, though the tendence of the whole
 They less than us might recognize,
 Kept, more than us, their strength of soul.

10th

Yes, be the second Cato prais'd!
 Not that he took the course to die—
 But that, when 'gainst himself he rais'd
 His arm, he rais'd it dauntlessly.

And, Byron! let us dare admire,
 If not thy fierce and turbid song,
 Yet that, in anguish, doubt, desire,
 Thy fiery courage still was strong.

20th

The sun that on thy tossing pain
 Did with such cold derision shine,
 He crush'd thee not with his disdain—
 He had his glow, and thou hadst thine.

Our bane, disguise it as we may,
 Is weakness, is a faltering course.
 Oh that past times could give our day,
 Join'd to its clearness, of their force!

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
 What I am, and what I ought to be,
 At the vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
 Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
 O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
 'Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
 Calm me, ah, compose me to the end.

'Ah, once more,' I cried, 'ye Stars, ye Waters,
 On my heart your mighty charm renew:
 Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
 Feel my soul becoming vast like you.'

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
 Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
 In the rustling night-air came the answer—
 'Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

'Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
 Undistracted by the sights they see,
 These demand not that the things without them
 Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.'

'And with joy the stars perform their shining,
 And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll.
 For alone they live, nor pine with noting
 All the fever of some differing soul.'

'Bounded by themselves, and unobservant
 In what state God's other works may be,
 In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
 These attain the mighty life you see.'

10

20

O air-born Voice! long since, severely clear,
 A cry like thine in my own heart I hear.
 'Resolve to be thyself: and know, that he
 Who finds himself, loses his misery.'

30

THE BURIED LIFE.

Light flows our war of mocking words, and yet,
 Behold, with tears my eyes are wet.
 I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.

Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
 We know, we know that we can smile ;
 But there's a something in this breast
 To which thy light words bring no rest,
 And thy gay smiles no anodyne.

Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
 And turn those limpid eyes on mine,
 And let me read there, love, thy inmost soul.

10

Alas, is even Love too weak
 To unlock the heart, and let it speak?
 Are even lovers powerless to reveal
 To one another what indeed they feel?
 I knew the mass of men conceal'd
 Their thoughts, for fear that if reveal'd
 They would by other men be met
 With blank indifference, or with blame reprov'd:
 I knew they liv'd and mov'd
 Trick'd in disguises, alien to the rest
 Of men, and alien to themselves—and yet
 The same heart beats in every human breast.

20

But we, my love—does a like spell benumb
 Our hearts—our voices?—must we too be dumb?

Ah, well for us, if even we,
 Even for a moment, can get free
 Our heart, and have our lips unchain'd:
 For that which seals them hath been deep ordain'd.

30

Fate, which foresaw
 How frivolous a baby man would be,
 By what distractions he would be possess'd,
 How he would pour himself in every strife,
 And well-nigh change his own identity;
 That it might keep from his capricious play
 His genuine self, and force him to obey,
 Even in his own despite, his being's law,
 Bade through the deep recesses of our breast
 The unregarded River of our Life
 Pursue with indiscernible flow its way;
 And that we should not see
 The buried stream, and seem to be
 Eddying about in blind uncertainty,
 Though driving on with it eternally.

40

But often, in the world's most crowded streets,
 But often, in the din of strife,
 There rises an unspeakable desire
 After the knowledge of our buried life,
 A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
 In tracking out our true, original course;
 A longing to inquire
 Into the mystery of this heart that beats
 So wild, so deep in us, to know
 Whence our thoughts come and where they go.
 And many a man in his own breast then delves,
 But deep enough, alas, none ever mines:
 And we have been on many thousand lines,
 And we have shown on each talent and power,

50

But hardly have we, for one little hour,
 Been on our own line, have we been ourselves;
 Hardly had skill to utter one of all
 The nameless feelings that course through our breast.
 But they course on for ever unexpress'd.
 And long we try in vain to speak and act
 Our hidden self, and what we say and do
 Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true:

And then we will no more be rack'd
 With inward striving, and demand
 Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
 Their stupefying power;

Ah yes, and they benumb us at our call:
 Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
 From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
 As from an infinitely distant land,
 Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
 A melancholy into all our day.

Only—but this is rare—
 When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
 When, jaded with the rush and glare
 Of the interminable hours,
 Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
 When our world-deafen'd ear
 Is by the tones of a lov'd voice caress'd,—

A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast
 And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again:
 The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
 And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.
 A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
 And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
 The meadows where it glides, the sun. the breeze.

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And there arrives a lull in the hot race
 Wherein he doth for ever chase
 That flying and elusive shadow, Rest.
 An air of coolness plays upon his face,
 And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.

And then he thinks he knows
 The Hills where his life rose,
 And the Sea where it goes.

THE FUTURE.

A wanderer is man from his birth.

He was born in a ship
 On the breast of the River of Time.
 Bringing with wonder and joy
 He spreads out his arms to the light,
 Rivets his gaze on the banks of the stream.

As what he sees is, so have his thoughts been.

Whether he wakes
 Where the snowy mountainous pass
 Echoing the screams of the eagles
 Hems in its gorges the bed

Of the new-born clear-flowing stream:

Whether he first sees light

Where the river in gleaming rings

Sluggishly winds through the plain:

Whether in sound of the swallowing sea:—

As is the world on the banks

So is the mind of the man.

Vainly does each as he glides
 Fable and dream

Of the lands which the River of Time
 Had left ere he woke on its breast,
 Or shall reach when his eyes have been clos'd.
 Only the tract where he sails
 He wots of: only the thoughts,
 Rais'd by the objects he passes, are his.

Who can see the green Earth any more
 As she was by the sources of Time?
 Who imagines her fields as they lay
 In the sunshine, unworn by the plough?
 Who thinks as they thought,
 The tribes who then roam'd on her breast,
 Her vigorous primitive sons?

30

What girl
 Now reads in her bosom as clear
 As Rebekah read, when she sate
 At eve by the palm-shaded well?
 Who guards in her breast
 As deep, as pellucid a spring
 Of feeling, as tranquil, as sure?

40

What Bard,
 At the height of his vision, can deem
 Of God, of the world, of the soul,
 With a plainness as near,
 As flashing as Moses felt,
 When he lay in the night by his flock
 On the starlit Arabian waste?
 Can rise and obey
 The beck of the Spirit like him?

This tract which the River of Time
 Now flows through with us, is the Plain.

50

Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
 Border'd by cities and hoarse
 With a thousand cries in its stream.
 And we on its breast, our minds
 Are confus'd as the cries which we hear,
 Changing and shot as the sights which we see.

And we say that repose has fled
 For ever the course of the River of Time.
 That cities will crowd to its edge
 In a blacker incessanter line;
 That the din will be more on its banks,
 Denser the trade on its stream,
 Flatter the plain where it flows,
 Fiercer the sun overhead.

That never will those on its breast
 See an ennobling sight,
 Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

But what was before us we know not,
 And we know not what shall succeed.

Haply, the River of Time,
 As it grows, as the towns on its marge
 Fling their wavering lights
 On a wider statelier stream—
 May acquire, if not the calm
 Of its early mountainous shore,
 Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush
 Of the grey expanse where he floats,
 Freshening its current and spotted with foam
 As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
 Peace to the soul of the man on its breast:
 As the pale Waste widens around him—

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As the banks fade dimmer away—
 As the stars come out, and the night-wind
 Brings up the stream
 Murmurs and scents of the infinite Sea.

DOVER BEACH

The sea is calm to-night,
 The tide is full, the moon lies fair
 Upon the Straits;—on the French coast, the light
 Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.

Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
 Only, from the long line of spray
 Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
 Listen! you hear the grating roar
 Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling, 10
 At their return, up the high strand,
 Begin, and cease, and then again begin.
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in.
 Sophocles long ago
 Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
 Of human misery; we
 Find also in the sound a thought,
 Hearing it by this distant northern sea. 20

The sea of faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd;
 But now I only hear
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,

Retreating to the breath
 Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
 And naked shingles of the world.
 Ah, love, let us be true
 To one another! for the world, which seems
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
 And we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

SWINBURNE.

THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

Before our lives divide for ever,
 While time is with us and hands are free,
 (Time swift to fasten and swift to sever
 Hand from hand, as we stand by the sea)
 I will say no word that a man might say
 Whose whole life's love goes down in a day;
 For this could never have been; and never,
 Though the gods and the years relent, shall be.

In the change of years, in the coil of things,
 In the clamour and rumour of life to be,
 We, drinking love at the furthest springs,
 Covered with love as a covering tree,
 We had grown as gods, as the gods above,
 Filled from the heart to the lips with love,
 Held fast in his hands, clothed warm with his wings,
 O love, my love, had you loved but me!

We had stood as the sure stars stand, and moved
 As the moon moves, loving the world; and seen
 Grief collapse as a thing disproved,
 Death consume as a thing unclean.

Twain halves of a perfect heart, made fast,
 Soul to soul while the years fell past;
 Had you loved me once, as you have not loved;
 Had the chance been with us that has not been.

The loves and hours of the life of a man,
 They are swift and sad, being born of the sea,
 Hours that rejoice and regret for a span,
 Born with a man's breath, mortal as he;
 Loves that are lost ere they come to birth,
 Weeds of the wave, without fruit upon earth.
 I lose what I long for, save what I can,
 My love, my love, and no love for me!

There will no man do for your sake, I think,
 What I would have done for the least word said.
 I had wrung life dry for your lips to drink,
 Broken it up for your daily bread:
 Body for body and blood for blood,
 As the flow of the full sea risen to flood
 That yearns and trembles before it sink,
 I had given and laid down for you, glad and dead.

To have died if you cared I should die for you, clung
 To my life if you bade me, played my part
 As it pleased you—these were the thoughts that stung,
 The dreams that sinote with a keener dart
 Than shafts of love or arrows of death;
 These were but as fire is, dust or breath,
 Or poisonous foam on the tender tongue
 Of the little snakes that eat my heart.

I wish we were dead together to-day,

 Lost sight of, hidden away out of sight,
Clasped and clothed in the cloven clay,

 Out of the world's way, out of the light,
Out of the ages of worldly weather,
Forgotten of all men altogether,
As the world's first dead, taken wholly away,

 Made one with death, filled full of the night.

Yea, I know this well; were you once sealed mine,

 Mine in the blood's beat, mine in the breath,
Mixed into me as honey in wine,

 Not time that sayeth and gainsayeth,
Nor all strong things had severed us then;
Not wrath of gods, nor wisdom of men,
Nor all things earthly, nor all divine,

 Nor joy nor sorrow, nor life nor death.

I had grown pure as the dawn and the dew,

 You had grown strong as the sun or the sea.
But none shall triumph a whole life through:

 For death is one, and the fates are three.
At the door of life, by the gate of breath,
There are worse things waiting for men than death;

 Death could not sever my soul and you,

 As these have severed your soul from me.

O all fair lovers about the world,

 There is none of you, none that shall comfort me.
My thoughts are as dead things, wrecked and whirled

 Round and round in a gulf of the sea;
And still, through the sound and the straining stream,
Through the coil and chafe, they gleam in a dream,
The bright fine lips so cruelly curled,

 And strange swift eyes where the soul sits free.

I have hidden my soul out of sight, and said

"Let none take pity upon thee, none
Comfort thy crying: for lo, thou art dead,

Lie still now, safe out of sight of the sun.
Have I not built thee a grave, and wrought
Thy grave clothes on thee of grievous thought,
With soft spun verses and tears unshed,

And sweet light visions of things undone?

"I have given thee garments and balm and myrrh,

And gold, and beautiful burial things.

But thou, be at peace now, make no stir;

Is not thy grave as a royal king's?

Fret not thyself though the end were sore;

Sleep, be patient, vex me no more.

Sleep; what hast thou to do with her?

The eyes that weep, with the mouth that sings?"

90

I will go back to the great sweet mother,

Mother and lover of man, the sea.

I will go down to her, I and none other,

Close with her, kiss her and mix her with me;

100

Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast;

O fair white mother, in days long past

Born without sister, born without brother,

Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,

Sea that art clothed with the sun and the rain

Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,

Thy large embraces are keen like pain.

Save me and hide me with all thy waves,

Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,

Those pure cold populous graves of thine

110

Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships,
 Change as the winds change, veer in the tide;
 My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,
 I shall rise with thy rising, with thee subside;
 Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,
 Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,
 As a rose is fulfilled to the roseleaf tips
 With splendid summer and perfume and pride. 120

This woven raiment of nights and days,
 Were it once cast off and unwound from me,
 Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,
 Alive and aware of thy ways and thee;
 Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
 Clothed with the green and crowned with the foam,
 A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
 A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.

Fair mother, fed with the lives of men, 130
 Thou art subtle and cruel of heart, men say.
 Thou hast taken and shall not render again;
 Thou art full of the dead, and cold as they.
 But death is the worst that comes of thee;
 Thou art fed with our dead, O mother, O sea,
 But when hast thou fed on our hearts? or when,
 Having given us love, hast thou taken away?

O tender-hearted, O perfect lover,
 Thy lips are bitter, and sweet thine heart.
 The hopes that hurt and the dreams that hover,
 Shall they not vanish away and apart? 140
 But thou, thou art sure, thou art older than earth;
 Thou art strong for death and fruitful of birth;
 Thy depths conceal and thy gulfs discover;
 From the first thou wert; in the end thou art.

I shall never be friends again with roses;

I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note grown strong
Relents and recoils and climbs and closes,

As a wave of the sea turned back by song.

There are sounds where the soul's delight takes fire,
Face to face with its own desire;

A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes;

I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.

The pulse of war and passion of wonder,

The heavens that murmur, the sounds that shine,
The stars that sing and the loves that thunder,

The music burning at heart like wine,
An armed archangel whose hands raise up

All senses mixed in the spirit's cup

Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder—

These things are over, and no more mine.

150

160

I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,

Fill the days of my daily breath

With fugitive things not good to treasure,

Do as the world doth, say as it saith;

But if we had loved each other—O sweet,

Had you felt, lying under the palms of your feet

The heart of my heart, beating harder with pleasure

To feel you tread it to dust and death—

Ah, had I not taken my life up and given

All that life gives and the years let go,

The wine and honey, the balm and leaven,

The dreams reared high and the hopes brought low?

Come life, come death, not a word be said;

Should I lose you living, and vex you dead?

I never shall tell you on earth; and in heaven,

If I cry to you then, will you hear or know?

170

A LEAVE TAKING.

Let us go hence, my songs: she will not hear.
 Let us go hence together without fear;
 Keep silence now for singing time is over,
 And over all old things and all things dear.
 She loves not you nor me as all we love her.
 Yea, though we sang as angels in her ear,
 She would not hear.

Let us rise up and part; she will not know.
 Let us go seaward as the great winds go,
 Full of blown sand and foam; what help is here? 10
 There is no help, all these things are so,
 And all the world is bitter as a tear.
 And how these things are, though ye strove to show,
 She would not know.

Let us go home and hence; she will not weep.
 We gave love many dreams and days to keep,
 Flowers without scent and fruits that would not grow,
 Saying 'If thou wilt, thrust the sickle and reap.'
 All is reaped now; no grass is left to mow;
 And we that sowed, though all we fell on sleep, 20
 She would not weep.

Let us go hence and rest; she will not love.
 She shall not hear us if we sing hereof,
 Nor see love's ways, how sore they are and steep.
 Come hence, let be, lie still; it is enough.
 Love is a barren sea, bitter and deep;
 And though she saw all heaven in flower above,
 She would not love.

Let us give up, go down; she will not care.
 Though all the stars made gold of all the air,
 And the sea moving saw before it move
 One moon flower making all the foam flowers fair;
 Though all those waves went over us and drove
 Deep down the stifling lips and drowning hair,
 She would not care.

30

Let us go hence, go hence; she will not see.
 Sing all once more together; surely she,
 She too, remembering days and words that were,
 Will turn a little toward us, sighing; but we,
 We are hence, we are gone, as though we had not been
 there.

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Nay, and though all men seeing had pity on me,
 She would not see.

A MATCH.

If love were what the rose is,
 And I were like the leaf,
 Our lives would grow together
 In sad or singing weather,
 Blown fields or flowerful closes,
 Green pleasure or grey grief;
 If love were what the rose is,
 And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
 And love were like the tune.
 With double sound and single
 Delight our lips would mingle,
 With kisses glad as birds are
 That get sweet rain at noon;
 If I were what the words are,
 And love were like the tune.

10

If you were life, my darling,
 And I your love were death,
 We'd shine and snow together
 Ere March made sweet the weather
 With daffodil and starling
 And hours of fruitful breath;
 If you were life, my darling,
 And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
 And I were page to joy,
 We'd play for lives and seasons
 With loving looks and treasons
 And tears of night and morrow
 And laughs of maid and boy;
 If you were thrall to sorrow,
 And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May,
 We'd throw with leaves for hours,
 And draw for days with flowers,
 Till day like night were shady
 And night were bright like day:
 If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain,
 We'd hunt down love together,
 Pluck out his flying feather,
 And teach his feet a measure,
 And find his mouth a rein:
 If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain.

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CHORUS.

From Atalanta in Calydon.

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,

The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,

Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,

With a clamour of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,

Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?

O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring! 20

For the stars and the winds are unto her

As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;

For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,

And the south-west wind and the west wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,

And all the season of snows and sins;

The days dividing lover and lover,

The light that loses, the night that wins;

And time remembered is grief forgotten,
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
 And in green underwood and cover
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
 Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
 The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
 From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
 And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
 And the oat is heard above the lyre.
 And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
 The chestnut husk at the chestnut root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid.
 Follows with dancing and fills with delight
 The Mænad and the Bassarid;
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
 And screen from seeing and leave in sight
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
 Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
 The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
 Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
 The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
 But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
 The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

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T. S. ELIOT.

THE LOVE SONG OF J. ALFRED PRUFROCK.

Let us go then, you and I,
 When the evening is spread out against the sky
 Like a patient etherised upon a table:
 Let us go, through certain half deserted streets,
 The muttering retreats
 Of restless nights in one night cheap hotels
 And sawdust restaurants with oyster shells:
 Streets that follow like a tedious argument
 Of insidious intent
 To lead you to an overwhelming question.....
 Oh, do not ask, 'What is it?'
 Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go
 Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
 The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes
 Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
 Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
 Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
 Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
 And seeing that it was a soft October night,
 Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.
 And indeed there will be time
 For the yellow smoke that slides along the street
 Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
 There will be time, there will be time
 To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
 There will be time to murder and create,
 And time for all the works and days of hands
 That lift and drop a question on your plate;

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Time for you and time for me,
 And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
 And for a hundred visions and revisions,
 Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go
 Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time
 To wonder, 'Do I dare?' and, 'Do I dare?'
 And time for all the works and days of hands
 With a bald spot in the middle of my hair—
 (They will say: 'How his hair is growing thin!')
 My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
 My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin—
 (They will say: 'But how his arms and legs are thin!')
 Do I dare
 Disturb the universe?
 In a minute there is time
 For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all— 50
 Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
 I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
 I know the voices dying with a dying fall
 Beneath the music from a farther room.

So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—
 The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
 And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
 When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
 Then how should I begin
 To spit out all the butt ends of my days and ways? 60
 And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all—
 Arms that are braceletled and white and bare

(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair)
 Is it perfume from a dress
 That makes me so digress?
 Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.

F And should I then presume?
 And how should I begin? 70

I Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
 And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
 Of lonely men in shirt sleeves, leaning out of windows?

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
 Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
 Smoothed by long fingers,
 Asleep.... tired.... or it malingers,
 Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
 Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
 Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis? 80
 But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
 Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald)
 brought in upon a platter,

I am no prophet—and here's no great matter;
 I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
 And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and
 snicker,

And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
 After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
 Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me.
 Would it have been worth while,
 To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
 To have squeezed the universe into a ball
 To roll it toward some overwhelming question,
 To say: 'I am Lazarus come from the dead'

Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all'—

If one, settling a pillow by her head,

Should say: 'That is not what I meant at all.

That is not it, at all.'

100

And would it have been worth it, after all,

Would it have been worth while,

After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled

streets,

After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail

along the floor—

And this, and so much more?—

It is impossible to say just what I mean!

But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:

Would it have been worth while

If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,

And turning toward the window, should say:

110

'That is not it at all,

That is not what I meant at all.'

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;

Am an attendant lord, one that will do

To swell a progress, start a scene or two,

Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,

Deferential, glad to be of use,

Politic, cautious, and meticulous;

Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;

At times, indeed, almost ridiculous

Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old. I grow old.

I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

120

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?

I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.

I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us and we drown.

SIDNEY KEYES.

PROSPERO.

This is no man : a disembodied mind,
 Spinning in its own orbit like the earth ;
 A voice grown old with words and dreamy-rapt
 In its own cadences—as one might say,
 A little tired of always speaking truth.
 He knows all secrets of the earth and air
 And of men's hearts. There is no more surprise
 For him in anything nor can he hate
 For long, c'en those who overthrew his rule
 Temporal—for so powerful is his heart
 That worldly things before it pale. Who cares
 What fate may come to kings or dukes, when graves
 Ope at his words and ghosts do pay him homage ?
 When spirits hasten on the eager winds
 To do his bidding, and the elements
 Wait his command ? Oh, he might be a God
 If he but chose ; his voice peals out
 In the dread thunder ; his all-powerful sword
 The keen blue lightning ; his eye the moon ;
 The winds his messengers, the very sea
 His counsellor, which mutters all day long
 Words of great meaning, understood by none
 But Prospero. He should be a God !

Yet he is not. He loves, and through his soul
 Spreads a great tenderness for all alive :
 For men and beasts ; for gentle Ariel ;
 For clouds and flowers, all beauty of the earth.
 He pities the cold moon, because she weeps
 All night, upon a world which has no need
 Of tears, for it is beautiful. Its griefs,
 Cloud-shadows fleeing swiftly o'er a wood
 In springtime. He is far too wise to weep

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For fallen blossoms, or for youth that's gone.
 He knows the spring must always come again
 E'en though the sap is withered for a space
 Within the bole; and that the stream flows on
 Beneath its icy mantle. So, he smiles,
 For all that's past must soon return again—
 That is the law. Life's but a summer gnat
 Whiling away its plaintive hour in play,
 But immortality's a frozen flower.

He walks the soaring night among the stars,
 Which throng about him, children who would hear
 Some trifling tale of how on earth true love
 Came to fruition; how an old man died
 And yet was born again, for sweeter sleep.
 Such tales he loves to tell. Though his clear eye
 Could outstare Death, and make him powerless,
 'Tis not his will to do so. Death, to him
 No spectre, is a fellow sorcerer,

His only rival. Why should Prosper fear
 A colleague in his Art? When those two meet,
 They will yarn on for hours of charms and spells,
 Discuss the properties of mandrake-root,
 And argue whether wolf's bane or hemlock
 Is better sleeping potion. Death, at last.
 Drowsy, a little bored with Prosper's talk,
 Will doze away, wrapt in that droning voice.
 So they will watch, those two, till all the stars
 Fall from the sky; till even time is done,
 And on them creeps eternity, a sea
 Of quietness, while they dream on in peace.

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NOTES.

NOTES

EDMUND SPENSER (1552—1599)

Edmund Spenser was born in London about 1552 and was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. On leaving the University in 1576 he is thought to have resided in the North of England where he unsuccessfully wooed a lady, whom he celebrates under the name of Rosalinde in his Shepherd's Calendar, published in 1579. This poem is dedicated to his friend Sir Philip Sidney. In 1586 Spenser, through the intercession of powerful friends at Court, received a grant of land in County Cork, Ireland, where accordingly he fixed his residence. The first three books of his Faerie Queene were published in 1590 with a dedication to Queen Elizabeth. In 1594 he married. The courtship is celebrated by him in eighty-eight sonnets and its consummation in his Epithalamion. In the Irish rebellion of October 1598, Spenser's house was set on fire by a mob, and his infant child perished in the flames, as also part of his unfinished Faerie Queene. The poet arrived in England with body and spirit broken by these misfortunes and died the following January, 1599. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, where a monument to him was afterwards erected by the celebrated Anne, Countess of Dorset.

Spenser is no longer popular with critics. The principal charge against him is that his stream of melody, honeyed, dreamy, and intricate, lulls the mind to sleep, like a spell woven by a sorcerer. The modern reader demands more "awareness." "Spenser's effects," says Aldous Huxley, "are mainly cumulative and I lack the patience to let them accumulate. I like things to be said with precision and as concisely as possible." Huxley therefore relegates Spenser's poetry to the mass of wish fulfilling intoxications and affirms his own (and his age's) preference for poetry that passes judgment on man's actual experience—poetry that doth buckle and bow the mind to the nature of things. "The essence of poetry with us in this age of stark and unlovely actualities is a stark directness without a

these were:—

1. Platonic idealism.
2. Mediæval chivalry coloured and heighted by the provençal poetry of the Troubadours and later of Petrarch. Courtly love disciplined by Christian mysticism.

That the Elizabethan age was interested in love as a vitalizing influence was due most of all to the belief in the educative value of the passion. Never before or since has the world been so interested in love in this manner, and never perhaps have individuals bent their efforts more seriously towards complete development. For this reason alone a study of the love poetry of Elizabethan England is an illuminating experience. Interest in love became highly conventional, but then as now love touched the spring that opens to the poet new worlds of ideas, emotion, expression. The more intense the experience, the more idealized and significant his song. Hence the need of going back as near as possible to the source of these conventions, from Plato down to the middle Ages, from the Provençal poets to Dante, then to Petrarch, and finally to the Elizabethans who brought these ideas and fancies and beliefs to lyrical perfection.

Here is a summary of Platonic ideas in Elizabethan poets:—

1. Plato declares that at one stage the lover will see that the beauty of the mind surpasses the beauty of outward form, and at the next stage he sees that the beauty of mind is more honourable than beauty of outward form (*symposium*).
2. Plato taught that love was a desire of birth in beauty absolute, the ultimate principle of all beauty (*Symposium*).
3. The Platonic idea of absolute beauty is that the good, the beautiful, and the true are but different phases of one reality.
4. The outlet for the passion of love is afforded only by that heavenly love which is the love of man for the unseen realities of the spiritual world.
5. Heavenly love, whether from a desire to see wisdom in her beauty, or to rise from a love of earth to the intelligible world, by finding inspiration in the love of the rational as in love of a woman (the passion conquered) is a contemplative love, less perishing than any other love on earth. The inspiration for this love might also be a man.

6. Plato in the Phaedrus says that wisdom is the most lovely of all man's ideas. And were there an image of wisdom, she would be transporting.

7. In the Phaedrus, Plato emphasizes the feeling of reverence with which the lover gazes upon the beauty of the beloved, seeing in it the idea of pure beauty which his soul has beheld in its prenatal existence. He whose initiation is recent but who has seen many glories in the other world, is amazed at the godlike form of any divine beauty in this world and is overcome with a shivering awe as he looks up into the face of his beloved and reverences him.

The characteristics of chivalric courtly Love exemplified in the poetry of the Troubadours (End of the eleventh century in Provence) were:

Humility, Courtesy, Adultery, and the Religion of Love. There was a service of love as there was a service of vassalage, and the lover stood to his lady in a position analogous to that of the vassal to his overlord. He attained this position only by stages; there were four stages in love; the first was that of aspirant, the second that of suppliant, the third that of recognised suitor and the fourth that of accepted lover.

This attitude to love has been described as "a feudalisation of love." The lover is always abject. He is the lady's 'man.' Obedience to her lightest wish is his chief virtue.

The Greek and the Chivalric ideals met in Italy. Italy's religion at least was deeply penetrated with intellectual ideas. She gave to the Provencal love conventions a new touch of mystical philosophy. And so Dante, conducted by Beatrice into the circle of the celestial Rose, proclaims the same creed as Plato when he asserts that the love of a single person, leading the soul upon its way to truth, becomes the means by which man may ascend to the contemplation of the divine one in its eternal aspects. Adultery is discarded in favour of marriage.

Petrarch humanized the love theme and brought it down to earth. He objected to Dante's mysticism because it was too scientific for his artistic nature. Nevertheless, he did not hesitate to borrow hints and motifs from the great Florentine by which he did much to exalt his own portrayal of love. Thus was Dante's aim to purify the passion carried on by Petrarch whose poems are about half way between Dante's love poetry and that of the Provencal poets.

He would make the object of his love somewhat like Beatrice, but he would keep her human.. His lady is human with the inconsistencies of an individual. Then too, he makes use of conceits in a manner peculiar to himself. By an over subtlety in introspection and by a minute analysis of the sentiments of the heart, Petrarch gives to the Provencal matters of phrase and form, an Italian temper of spirit distinguished by a deep melancholy.

Petrarch's followers made the mistress the real object of their poetry. Many Elizabethan Sonneteers, either through misunderstanding of the Platonic teaching interwoven with Petrarchism, or through the Renaissance use of Petrarchism as an excuse for lust, or through a combination of smatterings from both, had spent their poetic energy on portrayal of the delights of lust under the guise of praising physical beauty. Spenser set out to purify Petrarchism of these earthly accretions. He would present it as the desire to enjoy beauty, as in its best spiritual teaching. Such Petrarch had meant it to be, he reasoned. But unlike Petrarch, Spenser believed love of body and love of soul were not antithetical. That was his thesis. Instead of depicting the old, old conflict between flesh and spirit, Spenser's aim was to reconcile them. In the Epithalamion we find a union of the luscious and the austere. This poem is the greatest spousal hymn in the English language. It has frequently been classified as Spenser's highest achievement and no one can deny its fine lyrical rapture. The classical allusions and the suggestion of Greek form do not detract from the loftiness of its tone; in this hymn Spenser probably comes nearest to the quality of sublimity. The Epithalamion is addressed to Elizabeth Boyle whom Spenser married on June 11, 1594 after a prolonged courtship.

PROTHALAMION

The Prothalamion was written to celebrate the double marriage of the Ladies Elizabeth and Katherinc Somerset, daughters of the Earl of Worcester, to Masters Henry Guildford and William Peter. The marriage took place at Essex House in 1596.

4. *Titan's*: the Sun's.

12. *Rutty*: Rooty.

43. *Leda*: a mortal woman whom Jupiter visited in the form of a swan.
95. *Couplement*: Marriage.
100. *Assoil*: Remove.
106. *Redound*: Overflow.
121. *Shend*: Shone. *disfray*
132. *Those bricky towers*: The Inner and Middle Temples.
137. *A stately place*: Leicester House.
145. *A noble peer*: Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.
173. *The Twins of Jove* • Castor and Pollux.

THE AMORETTI.

Spenser married Elizabeth Boyle on June 11, 1594. To her he addressed his sonnet sequence entitled the Amoretti. It consists of eighty-eight sonnets. These are for the most part the conventional tributes to a lady, but they also contain in a very convenient form the gist of his Platonic philosophy. The metrical form is neither Petrarchan nor Shakespearean; like the English sonnet, the fourteen lines are divided into three quatrains and a concluding couplet, but Spenser has linked his quatrains much after the manner of the Spenserian stanza links, so that the metrical effect is distinctly individual.

JOHN MILTON—(1608—1674)

John Milton, the son of John Milton Scrivener, London, was born in the Metropolis, December 9, 1608, and died there November 8, 1674. His father had him carefully educated and at the age of seventeen he entered Christ's College, Cambridge, where he resided for seven years, took his B.A. and M.A. degrees and excelled in Latin verse and English composition. It had been intended by his parents that he should enter the church but their puritanical beliefs and his own scruples regarding the oaths decided otherwise. During this period were written: On the Death of a Fair Infant (1625-26); On the Morning of Christ's Nativity (1629); On Shakespeare (1630); On arriving at the age of twenty-three (1631) and the

sity he went to reside with his father, who had retired to Horton in Buckinghamshire, and here he remained for the following six years. In this leisured retreat he studied Classical literature, Philosophy, Mathematics and Music. To this period belong his Latin hexameters *Adpatrem*: the fragment called *Arcades*; *L'Allegro* and *Penseroso*; the beautiful Monody of *Lycidas*, occasioned by the death of his college friend Edward King; and the Pastoral masque of *Comus*. In 1637 on the death of his mother he made a continental journey in which he visited Paris, (where he was introduced to Grotius), Florence (where he met Galileo,), Rome and Naples. After remaining abroad for fifteen months he returned to England. His Italian sonnets and some other pieces were written during this journey. The home at Horton having been broken up, Milton settled in the Metropolis, and undertook the education of his two nephews, the sons of his sister, and to these betimes, were added the sons of a few personal friends who boarded or received daily lessons at his house. While settled here his *Paradise Lost* was partially sketched out, but the immediate fruits of his pen were (1641-42) vigorous polemical treatises entitled *of Reformation touching Church discipline in England*, *The Reason of Church Government*, etc., etc.

In the summer of 1642 Milton married Mary Powell, the daughter of a royalist family. Divided from her kins-folk by politics, he was also dissimilar to his wife in age—she being little more than seventeen while he was thirty-five. Moreover, she found his habits austere and his house dull, with the result that she returned to her father about a month after marriage. Milton quickly made his private trouble a plea for public protest against the marriage laws in his pamphlets on the *Doctrine of Divorce*, the *Judgment of Martin Bucer*, etc. In the end, however, his wife returned in 1645, bore him three daughters and continued to live with him until her death in 1653. Besides his pamphleteering he was at this time occupied in publishing the first edition of his *Minor Poems* in Latin and English (1645), with no apparent recognition of his claims as a poet. In connection with his divorce pamphlet he was prosecuted by the Stationer's Company for having published them without licence or registration. His answer to this was the famous *Areopagitica*, a speech for the liberty of unlicenced printing which he addressed to the Parliament of England. When in 1649 Charles I was executed and a republic established, Milton avowed his adherence to it in his pamphlet, *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*,

and was appointed foreign (Latin) Secretary to the Commonwealth. In 1652 he became totally blind. Nevertheless he continued Latin secretary with the assistance of Andrew Marvell, and dictated some of Cromwell's most important despatches. Upon the death of the latter and in the confusion which resulted, Milton in 1659 wrote his *Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth*. But when Charles II was restored a few months later, the blind politician remained in hiding, his books were burned by the common hangman, and he himself narrowly escaped the scaffold. He had married a second wife in 1656, who fifteen months after had died in childbirth; in 1663 he married a third time and began the writing of *Paradise Lost*. This was published in 1667, the publisher agreeing to pay the author £5 down and a further £5 after the sale of each edition of 1300 copies. In 1670 there appeared his *History of Britain to the Norman Conquest*, and in the following year *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*.

Only less than Shakespeare's and more than either Chaucer's or Spenser's, Milton's reputation has been a gauge of the state of critical opinion in England. Not the least remarkable fact which the history of twentieth century criticism will have to record is the attack on the idol proceeding from various sources not otherwise noticeably friendly to each other. Fortunately for the spectacle we are likely to present to succeeding generations, it will also have to record a vigorous movement of protest, of which Grierson, Logan Pearsall Smith, Charles Williams and C. S. Lewis, furnish the chief evidence to date.

Mr. T. S. Eliot, as the critical world now knows, maintains that English poetry suffered injuries in the seventeenth century from which it has never yet recovered. Milton and Dryden, the two great geniuses of the period, "performed certain poetic functions so magnificently well that the magnitude of the effect concealed the absence of others." Together, though in different ways, they dominated the succeeding age. Dryden's influence was on the whole beneficial, but Milton as the potent master of the artificial style, corrupted poetry and is more or less responsible for its retrogression. Against the progress of blank verse begun by Marlowe, he erected a Chinese wall. The language became more refined but less expressive. Thus the verse of Tennyson is really cruder than that of the Jacobean dramatists, successors of the

Elizabethans, and of the metaphysical poets. The hope of the moderns is to return in their stylistic tradition to this uncorrupted age,

These ideas, progressively set forth by Eliot in his essays on Marlowe in 1918, on the metaphysical poets in 1921, and on Dryden in 1922, have become a chief theme of recent Milton criticism. They are parroted by a whole school of contemporary writers. "Milton" says Bonamy Dobree "made the language stiff and tortuous, unusable in that form by other poets". "The predominance of Milton" continues Leavis, "from Thompson through Gray, Cowper and Akenside to Wordsworth, and although allied with Spenser through Keats and Tennyson, must receive enough attention to bring out the significance of what we have witnessed in our time; the reconstitution of the English poetic tradition by reopening communication with the seventeenth century of Donne, Middleton, Tourneur and so on. Milton's dislodgment in the past decade after his two centuries of predominance was effected with remarkably little fuss." Eliot himself has amplified his view of Milton in an essay of 1935 which is wholly devoted to the subject. Here at last the truth is out. The third among the sons of light was a great but a very defective poet. His gifts were naturally aural; his sensuousness (in other respects) was early withered by book learning; blindness, by shutting him off from visual impressions made him concentrate still further on auditory effects. Hence the vagueness of his imagery. Unlike Shakespeare, he gives no feeling of being in a particular place at a particular time. He does not infuse new life into a word. His language is, to use the term without disparagement, artificial and conventional; "it is not unfair to call it dead." What is true of epithet and phrase is true also of his involved syntax. Its complication is not due to any demand of sense but solely to the demand of verbal music. The result is rhetoric. A dislocation has taken place so that the inner meaning is separated from the surface. Milton's verse needs to be read in two different ways: first solely for the sound; second, for the sense. For the pleasure of the ear, which is all Milton offers that is specially poetic, the meaning is unnecessary, except in so far as certain keywords indicate the emotional tone of a passage. This is not true of Shakespeare or Dante. They will bear innumerable readings but progress in appreciating them means progress in all the elements of appreciation, whereas progress in appreciating

Milton leads nowhere outside the mazes of sound. The rest would be a matter of separate study which might be interesting but has nothing to do with poetry.

So much for the Eliot theory in its balder features. The critical technicalities attending it are expressed in language which is to say the least surprising. Never has the tale of Milton's weaknesses and of the poetic maladies of after times sounded so much like a clinical report. He suffered from a dissociation of sensibility complicated by a hypertrophy of the auditory imagination. Dissociation of sensibility is apparently a phenomenon of metabolism. "The Elizabethans" says Eliot "possessed a mechanism of sensibility which could devour almost any type of experience." Milton's mechanism could devour almost nothing. Like the miserable sheep in Lycidas, he was swollen with wind and the rank mist he drew. The disease was unfortunately contagious and the more dangerous for being hidden. Milton walked abroad spreading dissociation to generations. The natural forces of organic health in a few strong natures battled valiantly against him but in vain. Keats died trying to throw him off in the second Hyperion. Others lived on to be a menace.

The absurdity of some of Eliot's lingo has not prevented such eminent Miltonic Scholars as Sir Herbert Grierson, Charles Williams, E. M. W. Tillyard and C. S. Lewis from taking his ideas seriously, and they are I believe right in doing so. It is so small matter that the leading artists and essayists of the present should worry about a venerable classic, commingling hoary truth and hoary error in fresh and interesting ways. Their agitations serve to direct attention to essential problems and to create a new *raison d'être* for the factual and interpretative studies they so blithely ignore. The lines of direct defence are for the most part simple. Grierson is suspicious of any estimate of a poet based on his influence on others and declares it idle to pass judgment on a poet's diction without attention to the purpose which he had in view. He thinks that Eliot's dislike of Milton's style really flows from a dislike of the spirit and tone of Milton's poem. Absence of complexity and pressure of feeling in Milton he categorically denies. The predominance of auditory impressions in Milton's verse does not exclude the use of other senses. Charles Williams' remarks (*English poems of John Milton*) are more detailed. The modern

attack on Milton, he observes, usually centres on one or more of the following points; that he was a bad man, and specifically a proud, of the devil's party in a word; that his verse is 'hard, sonorous and insensitive,' in very deed the "organ voice" so long praised; that his subject matter is 'remote and uninteresting, a monument to dead ideas;' that egoistical and inhuman, he was devoid of insight and incapable of drama. But these are the very points that the 'academic chairs' had conceded before the attack began. And says Mr. Williams, they are not true.

Granted, he continues in effect, that Milton was proud, where is the evidence that he approved of pride, his own or another's? Why may he not, like other men, and other poets, have sinned and repented? If he is supposed to speak in Satan's "to be weak is miserable, doing or suffering," Why not also in Adam's "Henceforth I learn that to obey is best?" In writing of Milton's humanity, Mr. Williams is on equally sure ground. After observing how the last lines of *Paradise Lost*, sealing the reunion of Adam and Eve in penitence and love—

"They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow Through Eden took their solitary way—"

echo the account of their parting, and thus resume all the woe that had flowed therefrom,

"So saying from the husband's hand her hand soft she withdrew,"

he proceeds: 'There are no linked lovers in our streets who are not more beautiful and more unfortunate because of those last lines; no reunion of such a kind that is not more sad and more full of hope. And then it is said that Milton is inhuman. The whole of our visibility, metaphysical, psychological, actual, has been increased by him.' Indeed we may remark, the majestic movement of the poem directed towards this movement is from superhuman to human. And ideas that are capable of being thus humanized are not dead, ideas not irrelevant to the modern mind, if the modern mind had the wit to comprehend them. It is not the "organ voice" that sounds in these lines, but something altogether more human and appealing, just as are the notes of the tender, the modest and the diffident which are not confined to the Minor poems.

In discussing Milton's Latinity and the complications of his syntax, Tillyard attempts really to come to grips with Eliot on the

essential character of Milton's poetic style. No subject is more difficult, and I confess that I do not find Tillyard's treatment wholly satisfactory. The best of what he says is suggested by William Empson's essay entitled 'Bentley and Milton' (In *Some Versions of Pastoral*), which to my mind comes nearer to invalidating Eliot's criticism than anything that has been written directly against it. The question, says Empson, is not one of mere manner of expression, of conscious artistry or craft. It involves rather the highly individual processes of Milton's total poetic personality. "The point about the merit of the sound is best brought out by the appeal to the meaning." The critics do not approve of Milton's method when he uses a secret pun:

"The birds their quire apply, aires, vernal aires Breathing the smell of field and grove Attune the trembling leaves." Bentley says that "air" has no plural number in Greek, Latin, or English, where airs signifies tunes. But the aires, says Empson "attune the leaves because the air itself is as enlivening as a tune: the trees and wild flowers that are smelt on the air match, as if they caused, as if they were caused by the birds and leaves that are heard on the air; nature because of a pun becomes a single organism" It may be that Empson is almost too adept in searching out subtleties in the texture of Milton's verse, and one shudders to think of what may be the result if he should find himself tempted to invade the subject at length, armed with the seven types of ambiguity which he has distinguished in English poetry generally. Nevertheless, he breaks ground for a modern and illuminating study. He is free from the fallacious distinction between poetic style and poetic substance. He recognizes the complexity of Milton's feeling as something corresponding to, and causing the complexity of his art, and he has at least a decent respect for the objective historical approach.

The same is true of C. S. Lewis' re-examination of *Paradise Lost*. His discussion moves us towards a sounder understanding of Milton's poetic purposes and of his psychology as an artist. It is more profitable if less exciting, even to the pure connoisseur of poetry, than the glib and pretentious theorizings of Mr. Eliot. At the end of his Preface to *Paradise Lost*, Mr. Lewis briefly considers the motives of those who in our day have attacked Milton's memory and have derived advantage from Mr. Eliot's leadership in the onslaught. With Mr. Eliot's own motives (which, however

laudable, seem to us irrelevant to the art and function of a critic) he is not unsympathetic. But he utters a solemn warning:

"The round table is pressed between the upper Millstone (Galahad) and the nether (Mordred). If Mr. Eliot despairs the eagles and trumpets of epic poetry because the fashion of this world passes away, I honour him. But if he goes on to draw the conclusion that all poetry should have the penitential qualities of his own best work, I believe he is mistaken. If the round table is abolished, for every one who rises to the level of Galahad a hundred will drop plumb down to that of Mordred. Mr. Eliot may persuade the reading youth of England to have done with robes of purple and pavements of marble. But he will not therefore find them walking in sackcloth on floors of mud—he will find them in smart, ugly suits walking on rubberoid—Galahad must not make common cause with Mordred: for it is always Mordred who gains and he who loses by such alliance."

There would seem to be more applications of Mr. Lewis's image than he has chosen to make specific.

LYCIDAS AND THE NATIVITY ODE.

Lycidas consists of an introduction and conclusion, both pastoral in tone, and three movements, practically equal in length and precisely parallel in pattern. Each begins with an invocation of pastoral muses (lines 15, 85, 132), proceeds with conventions drawn from the tradition of the pastoral elegy (the association of the lamented and the poet as shepherds, the mourning of nature, the questioning of the nymphs, the procession of mourners, a flower passage, and the reassurance), and ends with the formation and resolution of Milton's emotional problem. The first movement laments Lycidas the poet shepherd; its problem, the possible frustration of a sincere shepherd in a corrupt church, is resolved by the assurance, "Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed." The second laments Lycidas as priest shepherd; its problem the frustration of a sincere shepherd in a corrupt church, is resolved by St. Peter's reference to the 'two handed engine' of divine retribution. The third concludes with the apotheosis, a convention introduced by Virgil in Eclogue V but significantly handled by Milton.

He sees the poet-priest-shepherded worshipping the Lamb with those saints "in solemn troops" who sing the "unexpressive nuptial song" of the fourteenth chapter of *Revelation*. The apotheosis thus not only provides the final reassurance but unites the themes of the preceding movements in the ultimate reward of the true poet priest.

It is the cumulative effect of its three parallel movements which makes *Lycidas* impressive; the return to the pastoral at the beginning of each makes possible three successive and perfectly controlled crescendos. The gathering up of the first two in the last gives the conclusions its calm finality; and the balanced unity of the design appropriately represents the calm achieved through the resolution of emotional conflicts. The problems are solved for Milton by the apotheosis because he regards himself as a poet-priest who can hope that his "destin'd urn" will bring the same reward.

The Nativity Ode resolves no pressing problems, but it expresses profound feeling and calm determination in much the same way as *Lycidas*. It seems architectonically inferior because its parts are not held together by the same strictness of formal design. But it produces a unified impression because it is built upon another kind of design. The four introductory stanzas apart, and the brief conclusion, it too consists of three equal movements, held in relation, not by the repetition of a structural pattern, but by the variation of a basic pattern of imagery. The first eight stanzas of the "Hymn" describe the setting of the Nativity, the next nine the angelic choir, the next nine the flight of the heathen gods. The conclusion, the last stanza, presents the scene in the stable. A brief analysis will show that the three movements each present a single modification of the simple contrast, preserved throughout the poem, between images suggesting light and harmony and images of gloom and discord.

The Nativity setting is described in a series of negatives whose effect is to reduce light and sound to a minimum while subduing all discordant elements. There is no colour because Nature has "doffed her gaudy trim" and covered her face with "a veil of maiden white." Peace has stilled the din of war; the air is 'gentle;' the winds "smoothly the waters kiss't" while "birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave." The scene is firmly lit by the 'glimmering orbs' of the stars standing "fixt;" the sun (as we are told in the first and seventh stanzas) withdraws his "inferior flame." The

eighth stanza completes this peacefully hushed and faintly illuminated scene by introducing the shepherds "simply chatting in a rustic row." It also serves as a link with the second movement, for there breaks upon their ears, with a suddenness for which the poet has carefully prepared, the enrapturing harmony of the angelic choir:

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly close.

The harmony is such as might bind heaven and earth "in happier union;" and it is accompanied by an intense but not formless brilliance—"a globe of circular light"—revealing the angels "in glittering ranks." This association of light with harmony and order is emphasized in the succeeding verse with reference first to Job 38·7, and then to the Pythagorean music of the spheres. The music is such as was heard "when of old the sons of morning sung" and God, setting his constellations in the heavens, brought order out of chaos in creating the "well balanc't" world. The "crystal spheres" representing the order of nature are urged to ring out their nine-fold "silver chime" to "make up full consort to the angelic symphony." The possible effect of the harmony on men is elaborated by the two following verses in terms of light: "the age of gold" may return and "speckl'd vanity" and "leprous sin" give place to Mercy "thron'd in celestial sheen," and Justice wearing "th' enamel'd arras of the rainbow."

This vision is dissipated by the thought of the Cross, and the movement comes to an end with a reference to the last judgment which prepares for the third movement by introducing ideas of dissonance and gloom in sharp contrast with the harmony and other of the second. The trump of doom must "thunder" with "a horrid clang" such as was heard amid the "smouldering clouds" of Sinai, and with a "blast" shaking the earth "from the surface to the centre."

The last movement is full of discordant sounds, distorted forms

and shadows. The old dragon thrashes with his "folded tail;" one hears the "hideous hum" and "hollow shriek" of the oracles, and "a voice of weeping" and "loud lament;" with "flow'r-in-woven tresses torn" the nymphs sorrow in "twilight shade of tangled thickets;" the lars and lemurs "moan with midnight plaint;" "a drear and dying sound" affrights the flamen; Moloch leaves his "shadows dread" and "burning idol all of blackest hue." The rays of Bethlehem blind the gods, and the Babe can "control the damned crew."

Light and order return with these phrases, and gloom and confusion make way for them as the "shadows pale" disperse and the fairies leave "their moon lov'd maze." The poet strives for striking brilliance through the unhappy image of "the sun in bed" which, if less clumsy, would have reminded the reader that day break was withheld in the opening movement. Even so, the verse prepares for the final picture of the nativity;

But see! the Virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest.

Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heav'n's youngest teemed star
Hath fixt her polish'd car,

Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable,
Bright harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

This scene has often been compared with the simply but definitely composed fifteenth century nativities; but its effectiveness depends on more than its own composition. It catches up the pattern underlying the preceding movements, bringing order after confusion and reflecting the peaceful hush and the brilliant harmony of the first two movements. It is pervaded by the clear and steady brilliance of the new star's "handmaid lamp" and enclosed by the "order serviceable" of the "bright harness'd angels." Its static quality fixes with appropriate firmness the pattern of light and harmony on which the poem has been composed.

The effect of the *Nativity Ode* is thus produced by its reiteration of a pattern of imagery, variously presented in the three movements, and impressed with finality in the concluding verse. The balanced contrast between the first and third movements serves to throw the central movement into sharp relief. This emphasis defines the

poem's significance for Milton. It was at about this time that he was, in his own phrase, "confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourable things..... ."
 The *Nativity Ode* is his first achievement of composition and Pattern in the full Miltonic sense, and it is so because it expresses his achievement of composition and pattern in himself through the harmonious illumination resulting from his recognition of the significance of the Incarnation. It is the first of Milton's inspired poems; and the angelic choir is the symbol of his inspiration.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S
NATIVITY.

L. 4. *Redemption*: Ransom.

L. 6. *Deadly forfeit*: Death penalty.

L. 14. *Darksome house*: The corporeal body. The flesh is as a prison house which fetters the soul.

L. 16. *Afford*: Give, yield, present.

L. 23. *Starled wizards*: The Three Wise Men of the East. Wizards here has no reference to magical powers.

L. 28. *Secret altar*: Isaiah vi. 6, 7, Milton expands the allusion in his *Reason of Church Government*. "That eternal spirit which can enrich with all utterance and knowledge and sends out His Seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

Secret: Special, set apart.

L. 41. *Pollute*: Polluted.

L. 47. *Olive green*: The olive branch is a symbol of Peace.

L. 48. *The turning sphere*: An allusion to the old Ptolemaic cosmology which regarded the universe as composed of a sphere within a sphere, the Earth being at the centre.

L. 50. *Turtle wing*: The turtle dove symbolizes true love.

L. 51. *Myrtles*: The Roman dominions were at peace when Christ was born; hence the myrtle can be taken to stand for peace.

L. 56. *Hooked chariot*: The Roman covinus borrowed from the kelts, which was the cutting instrument or the hook on the wheels of a chariot.

L. 68. *Birds of Calm*: Halcyons. The allusion is to the classical legend of Alcyone and her husband Cey. The husband and wife were punished by being turned into birds. The belief was that during the seven days preceding and the seven succeeding the shortest day of the year at which time the halcyon bred, a great calm came over the seas.

L. 74. *Lucifer*: The morning star, or the planet Venus.

L. 84. *Axle-tree*: The rounded ends of the bar on which the wheels of a carriage revolve.

L. 89. *Mighty Pan*: Pan was the Greek god of flocks and shepherds. Here Christ is alluded to as the Mighty Pan because the Scriptures refer to him as "The Good Shepherd."

L. 97. *Stringed noise*: The music of the harp, the especial instrument of heaven.

L. 103. *Cynthia*: The moon goddess, Diana Astarte.

L. 104. *Won*: Persuaded.

L. 116. *Unexpressive*: Inexpressible.

L. 125. *Ring out ye crystal spheres*: Milton refers to the Pythagorean doctrine of the music of the spheres.

L. 135. *The Age of Gold*: The age of Saturn when there was peace and plenty.

L. 146. *Tissued*: Interwoven.

L. 156. *Trump of doom*: On Judgment day when the last trump sounds the dead shall arise.

L. 163. *Last Session*: The last day of judgment.

L. 168. *The Old Dragon*: See Rev. XX. 2 "An angel laid hold on the dragon, the old serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, and bound him, for a thousand years."

L. 173. *The Oracles are dumb*. An oracle was the sacred place where the ancient Greeks consulted their deity upon any matter of moment. The answer of the God came through the divinely inspired lips of the priest or priestess. Milton is here expressing the popular Christian belief that upon Christ's birth the pagan oracles ceased to function.

L. 177. *Apollo*: The presiding Greek deity of the Greek Oracle.

L. 178. *Delphos*: or Delphi, is a town at the foot of Parnassus in Greece where there is one of the most famous of Apollo's oracles.

L. 186. *Parting*: Departing.

L. 191. *Lars and Lemures*: Household gods of the Ancients. The good spirits were the Lars, the evil the Lemures. Lemures here are referred to as merely ghosts or spectres.

L. 197. *Poer*: Baal of Peor, the Supreme deity of the Phoenicians and Canaanites. He had various aspects and Baalim (l. 198) is one of this deity's modifications. Baalim is one of the fallen angels.

L. 199. *Dagon*: The national God of the Philistines.

L. 200. *Mooned Ash Taroth*: The female counterpart of Baalim—Later came to be identified with Venus, though Milton here associates her with the moon goddess Astarte.

L. 203. *Libyc Hammon*: The Aethiopian god Ammon, equivalent to Zeus. His horns were symbolical of his function as protector of the flocks of the Aethiopians.

L. 204. *Thamemuz*: Adonis.

Tyrian Maias: Syrian damsels; The mourning of the Tyrian maids is a reference to the annual ceremony held in Syria and the Mediterranean countries to commemorate Venus' grief over Adonis' death caused by a wild boar.

L. 205. *Sullen Moloch*: The god of human sacrifice.

L. 211. *Brutish*: Allusion to their animal forms. The Egyptians worshipped their deities in the forms of various animals.

L. 212. *Isis*: The Egyptian Earth goddess and wife of Osiris.

Orus.....Anubis: They were the children of Isis and Osiris. The former had the head of a hawk, the latter that of a jackal.

L. 213. *Osiris*: One of the great Egyptian gods. He was the sun god worshipped in the form of a bull at Memphis, the capital of Egypt.

L. 226. *Typhon*: The greek equivalent of the Egyptian god Set. He was brother to Osiris whom he murdered.

L. 231. *Orient*: Bright.

L. 236. *Night steeds*: The black horns that drew the car of night.

L. 240. *Youngest teemed star*. The last star to be born. Refers to the star of Bethlehem.

244. *Bright harness'd*: Dressed in brilliant armour.

LYCIDAS.

1. *Yet once more*: Reference to Milton's inactivity as a poet for three years.

Laurels, myrtle and ivy, are employed here because they are associated with the Muses.

L. 3—4. *i come....fingers rude*:

I come to write poetry but I still feel ill-equipped and immature for the task, (harsh and crude) though I am now compelled (fore'd fingers rude) to.

Milton was seldom accurate about nature. Nature in herself meant nothing to him. It was the effect he sought out of her through the shaping force of his imagination that matters. In L. 2 he tells us of the "ivy never sere." In L. 5 he says he has come to shatter the leaves of the laurel, the myrtle and the ivy before the mellowing year. He appears to ignore the fact that these plants are evergreens and have no "mellowing year."

L. 15. *Sisters of the sacred well*: The nine Muses who lived on Mount Helicon with its famous fountains of Aganippe and Hippocrene.

L. 22. *Nursed*: We were both educated at Cambridge.

L. 24. *Fed the same flock*: Both of us employed ourselves in the same pursuits.

L. 29. *Pattning*: Fattening.

L. 24. *Fed the same flock*: Both of us employed ourselves in. They were usually busy with wantonness and pleasure, hence the lower parts of their bodies were like that of an animal with cloven feet. The Romans confounded the idea of the Satyr with their Fauni, hence Fauns. Satyrs and Fauns here refer to the other young poets in Cambridge at the time, who worked in the lighter merrier vein.

L. 48. *White thorn*: Hawthorn.

L. 54. *Skaggy top of Mona high*: Mona is a thickly wooded forest in the island of Anglesey.

L. 58. *The Muse herself*: Calliope, the Muse of epic poetry, and the mother of Orpheus, who is called her "enchanting son." The story goes that when Orpheus lost his wife Euridice he looked upon the Thracian women with scorn. In their fury they tore him to pieces in one of their Bacchanalian festivals. They threw his body into the Hebrus and his head went down to the island of Lesbos.

L. 71—3: Fame is an incentive to the noble and creative spirit, which induces labour, eschewing easy pleasures (l. 73) It is the last weakness that the noble mind gets free of (l. 72).

L. 75. *Blind Fury*: The furies were the Greek goddesses of revenge. Milton's use of "Abhorred shears" shows that he must have meant just Fate or Destiny. Atropos was one of the three goddesses of Fate. She held a pair of shears with which she cut off man's thread of life.

L. 85. *Arethuse*: A fountain common in the pastoral poetry of Theocritus, a Sicilian.

L. 103. *Camus*: The presiding spirit of the river Cam in Cambridge.

L. 106-7. *Inwrought with.....woe*:

The mythological belief was that Apollo and Zephyrus both loved the boy Hyacinthus. Zephyrus in his jealousy turned aside a quoit that Apollo was playing with and caused it to strike and kill Hyacinthus. In his grief Apollo turned Hyacinthus into the Sanguine flower, the Hyacinthus, whose petals are supposed to be marked with the Greek equivalent of 'alas alas.' Milton here imagines that the sedge in the river Cam is also so marked because of the sorrow for the death of Lycidas.

L. 109. *The Pilot of the Galilean Lake*: St. Peter. Before he became one of Christ's disciples, he was a fisherman on the Lake of Galilee. To him Christ entrusted the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.

L. 109—131. Milton relinquishes the pastoral strain and vehemently denounces the idleness and corruption of the clergy caused by Laud's policy of "Thorough," to which the Puritans were strongly opposed.

L. 133. *That Shrunk thy stream*: Refers to the Cessation of the poet's pastoral vein because of his wrath against the church.

L. 135. *Bells*: Bell shaped flowers.

L. 139. *Quaint*: Dainty.

L. 142--151. Exquisiteness and richness of floral colour which scarcely ever appeared in the later Milton. But here again Milton heaps together flowers that are never found in the same one season. The passage should however be valued in itself for its artistic arrangement of colour.

L. 142. *Rathe*: Early. The primrose blooms early in the morning and so dies bereft of Phoebus' Kiss.

L. 163. *Angel*: It can stand for either St. Michael or Lycidas himself.

L. 168. *Day star*: The Sun.

L. 183. *The Genius of the shore*: An example of Milton's orientation of ideas. He changes over from a Christian to a Pagan Simile. Lycidas is to become the guardian spirit of the shore where he died.

L. 189. *Doric lay*: A pastoral song.

It was called Doric because Theocritus, Moschus and Bion wrote in the Doric dialect.

"HAIL HOLY LIGHT"

L. 2. *Or of the Eternal Co-eternal beam*: Or the radiance Co-eternal with the Eternal Being.

L. 3. *Since God is light*: John I. 5 "God is light and in Him is no darkness."

L. 6. *Increase*: Uncreated. If the radiance of light is but light itself, then the effluence as well as the essence of light must be uncreated.

L. 10. *Before the Sun*: God created the Light before he did the sun and the firmament which he called the heavens.

L. 14. *Stygian Pool*: Refers to Styx, the river of Hades or the lower world in Greek mythology.

L. 16. *Through Utter.....* Through the darkness surrounding the outside of Hell, and the darkness within the womb of chaos.

L. 23. *Revisitest not.....*: When Milton was about forty-five years old he became blind.

L. 36. *Tiresias and Phineus*: Famous poets and prophets of ancient Greece. Both of them were blind.

JOHN DONNE (1573—1631).

John Donne, D.D., a celebrated poet and divine, was the son of a merchant of London, in which city he was born in 1573. He studied at the University of Oxford. In 1621 he was appointed Dean of St. Paul's. He died in 1631. As a poet, and the precursor of Cowley, Donne may be deemed the founder of what Dr. Johnson calls the *Metaphysical School* of poets. Besides poetry he wrote Letters, Sermons, Essays on Divinity, and other pieces.

The term "metaphysical" as applied to poetry means both a philosophy and a style of writing. George Williamson describes the philosophic aspect of metaphysical writing when he says that it "springs from the effort to resolve an emotional tension by means of intellectual equivalents which terminate in the senses....." It aims at fusion between the material world and the metaphysical world, the familiar objects of the former often serving as symbols for experiences in the latter. It arises most naturally when the material world itself is disturbed and men, beginning to lose faith in the creeds and patterns by which life has been regulated, turn their thoughts inward and through self analysis, aim at a better understanding of themselves, their situation in this world and their relation to a philosophic or idealized other world. Such psychological probing results in a highly intellectualized poetry which requires a special kind of language—the metaphysical image. The image may best be described by calling it an attempt to find a point of continuity or similarity between two unlikes—a point that exists in the mind of the poet and that he must, by his intellectual powers, convey to the mind of the reader. The resultant comparisons are often unusual and the language obscure or strained. The metaphysical image becomes clear only after the reader has thoughtfully considered its implications.

The work of the seventeenth century metaphysical school is too generally familiar to require lengthy explanation, and I shall therefore review only briefly the characteristics of seventeenth-century metaphysical poetry. The chief preoccupation of Donne in his secular poetry was love, and he dealt with it in both satirical and elegiac mood, physical love frequently becoming the symbol for spiritual love; in his religious poetry he wrote primarily of death, and his relation to God. His poetry is characterized by a deep melancholy and disillusionment and is marked by its record of per-

sonal struggle. He draws his vocabulary as consistently from science, exploration and travel as from the mediaeval learning of which he was master. Paradox and contradiction are of the essence of his expression, and his effects are at will, pictorially beautiful or grotesque. The Cavalier poets who followed the precedent set by his secular poems were on the whole imitative, and Cleveland finally reduced metaphysical writing to mere dialectics. Of Donne's followers in religious poetry, Herbert concerned himself with his struggle between God and the World; Vaughan penetrated beyond the harmony of the soul with God alone and sought an interdependence in all life; Crashaw added a richness and ecstatic quality to metaphysical poetry. In summary the main interest of these men was the relation of themselves and others to the spiritual world; their images varied from organic poetic expression to hollow playing with words; and the mood of their poetry was essentially that of disillusionment and doubt varied at times by touches of humour or outbursts of ecstatic hope and faith.

Just as the far fetched conceits of the metaphysical poets were often deliberately intended to a demonstration of wit, so were their obscurity and roughness likewise the result of intention. Both were common metaphysical traits, significant enough to have a place in the metaphysical aesthetic. It is not difficult to understand why they appeared concurrently. Each had its opposite in a trait of Elizabethan poetry, which was marked comparatively by clarity and harmony; and each represents a reaction to that popularization and cheapening of poetry which accompanied the widespread imitation of Petrarchan moods and phrases. As early as 1591 Spenser lamented that his harmony was beginning to lose its charm for many ears:

For the sweet numbers, and melodious measures,
With which I wont the winged words to tie,
And make a tuneful diapase of pleasures,
Now being let to runne at libertie
By those which have no skill to rule them right,
Have now quite lost their natural delight.

The early writers of metaphysical poetry, all men of education and feeling, sought to refine poetry by deepening its moods, by intellectualizing its images, and by making use of contemporary philosophy and science. Metaphysical poetry most clearly represents an attempt to energize poetry to bring it up to date and make it reflect a new sensibility. The metaphysicals attempted to rid poetry of those

"servile weeds"—imitative moods and phrases, superficiality, facility, and that sensuousness which is always antithetical to intellectual content. Because of the endless Petrarchizing of the Elizabethans, imitation, superficiality, and facility became identified with Petrarchan characteristics. But not only Petrarch became anathema to the metaphysicals. Spenser by developing the sensuous graces of English and in achieving his reputation for "melodie, clarte, abondance," gave the English Petrarchans a more pleasingly moulded language with which to work. And Spenserian narrative and description particularly in the hands of Spenser's imitators, were often open to the charge of superficiality and facility. As models both Petrarch and Spenser became equally objectionable to the metaphysicals.

The poet, like other artists, finds it necessary to rework the aesthetic principles of his predecessors. Each generation of poets must adjust its art to the changing circumstances of thought, feeling and mood. The Jacobean found it necessary to take advantage of a shifting psychology as well as an imagery which was already highly developed in point of fulness and speed of communication. They saw that in making this imagery still more rapid, elliptical, and suggestive of new moods lay their only hope. They imitated Donne because he had vitalized a poetry that had been in danger of becoming effete; he had deepened the poetic experience and achieved an effect which suggested both passion and penetration of thought.

The significance of the change is shown by its appearance in the work not only of Jonson, a man of different temperament and different critical notions, but of confirmed Spenserians, such as Drayton. This change was more than the private affair of one poet. It reflected a broader change in the consciousness of the nation. The obscurity and roughness of metaphysical poetry are a psychologically fitting counterpart of the moody disillusionment of the Jacobean mind. The obscurity of the metaphysicals started with the work of John Donne, not a humanist, not an allegorist, not a dispenser of universal wisdom, but a poet who tried to express his own complex thoughts and feelings.

One or two other considerations need mention. The young intellectuals of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries considered it exceptionally smart to be subtle of conceit. Their reputation as wits depended upon their verbal and conceptual ingenuity. From the swaggering Elizabethan who returned to England with

This Italianate language and ink horn terms to the "subtle gallants" of whom Francis Beaumont speaks, the fashionable prominence of the recondite and unusual was a fact. To this extent Donne was a man of fashion, for the preface of his *Progress of the Soul* proves that he prided himself on his subtlety.

At once a difference will be noted between the obscurity of Donne (and other early metaphysicals such as Lord Herbert) and that of later metaphysicals, whose thought was less subtle and involved but whose expression was artfully complicated. The difficulty of the early metaphysicals is to be explained particularly by their learning, subtlety, and subjectivity; that of many of the later metaphysicals by their jumbled syntax, their dread of simple statement, their elliptical and crowded lines.

Donne's obscurity, rising from his thought and his images, is the result of a poetic ambition which sought expression not for the inexpressible but for the untraditional. One of his means of enlarging the field of communicable experience was the conceit. As opposed to what it became in the hands of some of the later metaphysicals—that is, a mere matter of imagery, therefore external and more an end than a means—it was for him both intellectual and emotive.

Yet however native to his thought Donne's conceits may be, they are not easily assimilated. Because they represent a further step in the rapid evolution of Elizabethan imagery, many of the metaphors have a double gap; their application is sometimes puzzling. Moreover this gap has to be bridged by intellectual effort, since the figures such as that of the compasses, do not depend on traditional connotations. Donne's evident striving for economy also hindered clarity; he packed his lines by making one figure do the work of several.

Not a little of Donne's obscurity is directly traceable to the subtlety of a mind which constantly qualified, ramified, repeated with shifting emphasis, and at the same time denied and contraverted statements just made. The working of such a mind is evident in his poetry, and the reader has every right to assume that Donne thought psychological realism an asset. I feel that passion and sincerity come from the very contortions of the passage beginning;

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
Of the first nothing, the Elixer grown;

Were I a man, that I were one,
 I needs must know; I should preferre,
 If I were any beast.....

Donne was subjective as well as subtle. The outer world furnished symbols but, beyond that function, had little importance. His thought had an existence of its own, and his emphasis on the processes of this thought proves its reality to him. His exaggerations are not only the hyperbole of passion:

She's all State, and all Princes, I.
 Nothing else is.
 Princes doe but play us;

they are the starting point of a logical structure which must become important to the reader if he is to feel the poem at all:

"Let mans Soule be Spheare, and then, in this,
 The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
 And as other Spheares, by being growne
 Subject to forraigne motions, lose their owne...."

The subjectivity of this highly refined and quintessential art was bound to produce obscurity. The distilling process that took place in the poet's own brain (and here we do not need to limit ourselves to Donne) resulted in notions strange to external nature. The metaphysicals overworked in this way, or in the less eccentric but equally subjective way of the religious poets, the poetry of interior life, away from which, as Professor Cazamian remarks, later poets turned.

Dr. Johnson, in discussing the group of poets he dubbed "metaphysical," defined their "wit" as a kind of *discordia concors*; a combination of dissimilar images..... This *discordia* has been recognized ever since as a distinguishing characteristic of Donne and other poets who resemble him, but by Johnson and most succeeding critics the *discordia* has been considered almost exclusively as a property of the poet's imagery. It seems to me that the principle involved is much more comprehensive; that in the poetry of Donne in particular discordant imagery is only one part of a general method which involves many other elements in his poetic style and which is responsible to a considerable degree for his most striking and individual effects.

I have chosen the term *dissonance* as having more suitable con-

notations. Discord implies something objectionable, an aesthetic minus quantity; dissonance suggests one of the musical composer's recognised resources, a valid device for producing artistic effects. The parallel of music will perhaps be useful in clarifying the term further. I do not intend it to describe the method of a poem composed of two fairly large discordant or contrasting elements. Spenser, for instance, may have in the same canto two descriptions, one of something beautiful and one of something ugly; but the effect will not be like Donne's. The unlovely picture will be analogous to the contrast section of a piece of music; Donne's effect is analogous to a dissonant chord, or more exactly to the clouded resonance of a Chinese gong. The elements producing the dissonance cannot in poetry occur at precisely the same moment, as they can in music, but are close enough to play upon the reader's mind together and fuse into a single effect; they express and convey the mood of a particular moment which may of course be indefinitely complex—not two or more successive contrasting moods. "The spider love" in *Twicknam Garden* is a condensed and startling example. We are accustomed to decorative images in connection with love, and "spider" is highly dissonant with the reader's expectation. But this is not the most important element in the effect. The image is decidedly conical. There is one point of likeness between the terms—the power of "transubstantiate." Not only are the two unlike in all other respects; the associative patterns which they call up are in violent and positive opposition: a shudder and a glow. Further, there is a clash within the area of likeness. "Transubstantiation" is a purely physical process with the spider, a psychological process with love. To continue the geometrical concept, the point of contact lies in the intersection of two planes of imagination, both of which the reader must have simultaneously in mind. Donne is very fond of this particular type of dissonance—between the abstract and concrete, the physical and spiritual planes of imagination. "Moyst, with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule." Though the connotations of "blood" in this context are distinctly religious, the dissonance of the physical is maintained by the reference to mediaeval medical theory. In the following comparison there are two minor terms, one material, one immaterial:

"To an unfetterd soules quick nimble hast
Are falling stars, and hearts thoughts, but slow pac'd."

The dissonance appears deliberate; the "hearts thoughts" comparison shows that it is not necessary to introduce material comparisons in order to express the spiritual or abstract. The next line introduces a sort of compromise, an image as near as possible to the dividing line between the material and the immaterial: "Thinner then burnt aire flies this soule." But the phrase "burnt aire" contains a new dissonance.

Different categories and qualities within the material realm may produce dissonances almost equally startling.

"The rafters of my body, bone
Being still with you, the Muscle, Sinew and Viene,
Which tile this house, will come againe."

"Rafters" produces a slight dissonance, largely because of its undecorative quality. The likenesses to bone are considerable, the differences not extreme. Tile however, is not only inanimate, but inorganic, hard, cold, and artificial; and muscle, sinew, and vein are farther removed in the opposite direction than bone. "Tile" is probably less undecorative than "rafters" but the image is precisely conical, and the dissonance produced is greater because of the extreme contrast.

Sometimes dissonance is produced by diction which offers contrast in source, dignity, or general associations. Frequently words in the same passage seem to spring from highly diverse modes of thought or states of feeling, which we are surprised to find simultaneously present. *Twicknam garden* offers an illustration. Throughout the first five lines the diction has been "simple, sensuous and passionate." Then in the sixth line comes, as if from a different world, the scholastic "transubstantiates". Its very length makes a savage thrust among the dominant monosyllables. (This passage, by the way, is a good example of the combination of dissonant effects).

"The worlds whole sap is sunke;
The generall balme th' hydroptique earth hath drunk."

is another example, containing one of Donne's favourite words—"hydroptique." But it is not merely unexpected, long and learned

words which produce the effect. Consider the line, "A holy thirsty dropsy melts mee yett." "Holy" belongs to the state of mind—religious, meditative—which is dominant; "thirsty" is on the child-level of the simplest physical needs; "dropsy" is at least semi-clinical. For a last example:

"And jolly statesmen, which teach how to tie
The Sinewes of a cities mistique bodie."

We hardly expect to find "jolly" and 'Mistique' in the same poem much less in adjacent lines. It should be noted that their clash is in *addition* to the slight dissonance of the concrete abstract figure.

Another method of producing dissonance is to introduce some well-known conventional element and then shatter the stereotype by introducing some discordant association or conclusion. Usually the conventional element comes from pastoral or Petrarchan love poetry. The Elizabethan or Jacobean reader could be counted on to have a certain set of associations with such well worn ideas as a lover's sighs and tears, lover's poetry eternizing mistress, mistress compared to the sun, and so on. The same situation exists with a modern reader who is passably acquainted with Renaissance love poetry. Hence the poet needed only to suggest the conventional motif before introducing the dissonant element. *Twicknam garden* opens with a reference to the lover's sighs and tears. The reader has been accustomed to a plaintive strain of soft-fibred sentiment when sighs and tears are mentioned; Donne throws the element into his poem with masculine, almost explosive force. Later (in the third stanza) he makes a rather dissonant association of the tears with wine and finally suggests a use for them which has all the hard headed practicality of a mediaeval test for chastity:

"Hither with christall vyals, lovers come,
And take my tears, which are loves wine,
And try your mistresse Teares at home.
For all are false, that tast not just like mine."

There is also a suggestion in the first stanza of a somewhat less common convention, the spring lament, of which Surrey's sonnet beginning, "The soote season, that bud and blome furth begins" is perhaps the best known example. The poet contrasts renewed and joyous nature with his own sadness. The customary plaintiveness is

relieved somewhat by the abundance of nature description. In Donne's poem there is neither plaintiveness, nor joy in nature, nor relief:—

"Twere wholesomer for mee, that winter did
 Benight the glory of this place,
 And that a grave frost did forbid
 These trees to laugh, and mocke mee to my face;
 But that I may not this disgrace
 Indure, nor yet leave loving, Love let mee
 Some senselesse peece of this place bee;
 Make me a mandrake, so I may groane here,
 Or a stone fountaine weeping out my yeare."

The harsh bitterness of tone and such symbols as the mandrake and the stone fountain impinge with disruptive force upon the Petrarchan prettiness of the convention which hovers in the background.

The "tears" convention is distorted in another way in "*The Canonization*," where the poet is addressing not his mistress, but a friend who has apparently been reproaching him:

"Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?
 What merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?
 Who saies my teares have overflow'd his ground?
 When did my colds a forward spring remove?
 When did the heats which my veines fill
 Adde one more to the plaguie Bill?"

Here the dissonance arises from the clash between the seriousness with which the convention treats the tears etc., and the half serious playfulness of Donne's exaggerations. The passage is in fact a good example of the combination of levity and seriousness which Mr. Eliot has pointed out as a salient characteristic of seventeenth century "wit".

Dissonances may also arise in the enumerations which Donne frequently introduces:

"Goe and catche a falling starre,
 Get with child a mandrake roote,
 Tell me where all past years are,
 Or who cleft the Divels foot,

Teach me to heare Mermaides singing,
Or to keep off envies stinging.
And finde,
What winde,
Serves to advance an honest minde".

Here the concrete and the abstract, the real and the legendary, the literal and the figurative are mingled.

"Goe tell Court-huntsmen, that the King will ride,
Call countrey ants to harvest offices".

The intention here, no doubt, was to mention city, court, and country—a familiar way of dividing society. But notice the deliberate juxtaposition of the most diverse elements. King and "country ants"; in an ordinary climatic enumeration these two would be at opposite ends of the series.

Frequently the language or mode of thought in a poem clashes with the occasion or the presumed character of the speaker. When Donne as lover employs the methods or language of a scholastic disputant the effect is dissonant because lovers are generally presumed to talk in a different strain. In "Breake of day" the woman is represented as speaking; in "Woman's constancy" the lover predicts what she will say. In both cases we are treated to some of the ingenuity and hair splitting which we rather expect when this poet speaks in his own person. Somehow this talk strikes us as "un-feminine". Again the effect depends in part upon the reader's stereotype.

Sometimes especially when a poem is elaborated from a single focal point, a clash arises between an idea or image and its ostensible source. In "Valediction; of my name, in the window" all the ideas have their source in the scratched name and sometimes the dissonance is striking; "Or thinke this ragged bony name to bee|My ruinous Anatomie". Here the dissonance of idea and source is added to the dissonances of diction and of the themes of love and death which are present in the context.

By the rhetorical means I have described, occasionally by others, love and death, levity and seriousness, the spiritual and the sensual, and all sorts of other discordant elements are brought together. Sometimes the dissonance is delicate, sometimes it is moderate, sometimes it is extreme. The stock passages used to illustrate Donne's

It is a mythical plant whose root was supposed to be pregnant with child.

THE ANNIVERSARIE.

Rarely has a poet been inspired to write in celebration of his anniversary. For men like Shelley the institution of marriage smacked too much of bourgeois hypocrisy and stolidity. The Elizabethans of course were never allowed to even touch the hem of their ladies garment, leave alone celebrate a marriage. Spenser is the only outstanding poet, apart from Donne, who honours it in poetry. But even he closes his poem before the final consummation of the wedded pair, leaving the manner in which they spent their domestic bliss to the imagination. One would have expected Tennyson and Browning to have found an incentive for poetry on this occasion, but most probably they were too occupied with more cosmic problems, which rested exclusively on their shoulders, the women being only inferior and pretty creatures.

In the whole body of English poetry it is only with Donne, Coventry Patmore and the moderns like MacNeice and C. Day Lewis, that we find the woman forming an integral part of the poet's personality. She is a very need. It is all very well for critics to say that Donne represents a period of transition in poetry and that is why there is no synthesis in his work. He lacks the larger vision and Spenser and Milton are promptly put forth as contrasts. Donne's poems to his wife belie this notion. In many ways his sense of values corresponds to that of the twentieth century. Like him, we to-day have grown rather sceptical about any ultimate Truth or order in the universe. It appears to be a vicious circle and neither the philosopher nor the materialist seems to be honestly on the right track. The only things in life which give a definite sense of satisfaction and goodness are human relationships based purely on individual affinities, unquestioned love and companionship. This was Donne's experience with his wife; and when she died and he took to religion more seriously he was always seeking for the harmony in his God that this woman had previously given him through her love.

If he employs scholastic, superstitious, sceptical, theological and mathematical conceits all together in a single poem, it is not because he is suffering from a bewildered and frenzied mind but because

he would set down and reveal the truth of his mood, whether it be of love, despair, or scorn, from every conceivable facet of his consciousness. Intellectual ideas are used to stamp the current of emotion into symbolic concretion. In the last stanza of the *Anniversarie* he plays like a juggler with logic, but the result is not superficial cleverness; it is the rock bottom of the fact that they both love and naught else matters.

Love's comprehensiveness of both mind and body is Donne's synthesis. A learned critic has drawn an analogy between Shakespeare's Hamlet and the personality of Donne. But he leaves Donne doubting and immobile, the will refusing to co-ordinate with action or helping towards any conclusive intellectual results. If however, Donne could ever have said "The rest is silence", there would have been within his being the richness and self-sufficiency of love, which gives benediction to the hungry wounds of life. Sufficient unto the day is the trouble thereof, but there are always the quiet resting places of human love, which give more ease to the heart than Hamlet ever got.

SONG.

"Sweetest love, I do not goe".

The poem cannot be fully appreciated until we know that Donne wrote it to his wife when on one occasion he had to undertake foreign travels for a period of about six months.

This lyric smiles tenderly in the midst of Donne's brilliant and unconventional poetry. Its metre is not crabbed and difficult. Apart from this there is a freshness and naivete about this poem which is not to be found in the usual mellifluous numbers of the Elizabethan song writers. It is there because of an equality of love, a simple acceptance of the poet's love for his lady and her love for him. The artificial fears and sighs of the lover *a la* Petrarch are cheap, boring, and heartless, because set to a conventional pattern. This song however expresses mutual human love. Both are grieved at the parting, but the poet being a man and a scholar can construct some higher thoughts out of this experience, which soothe and calm the lovers. Though it is a song, there is the development of an intellectual pattern. Donne feels the sorrow of parting, and even

grows somewhat morbid and cynical in stanzas I & III. But his attention switches off from death and pessimism towards the lovers' relationship. She must not grieve, for that would hurt him, since he is a part of her. In the final verse sorrow has been banished; to feel it, is irrelevant, for "They who one another keep
Alive ne'er parted bee".

This triumph of love through the help of thought is one of Donne's characteristic patterns. Mere emotion leads nowhere. Growth and development can only be achieved through the emotions being charged with thought. Love only stretches its wings to its fullest capacity when it reaches out towards the mind and the spirit.

THE SUNNE RISING

A saucy muscular poem. In many respects it is typical of Donne. There is defiance, contempt, perfect love, and the deftly moving shuttle of metaphysical conceit. Heretofore there had been no literary lovers who had ever dared to give vent to their vexation against the rising sun. Juliet's cry "Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day,

It was the nightingale and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear:
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree;
Believe me love it was the nightingale."—

is the classic example of the aubade. Even as late as the twentieth century we find George Moore writing the romance of "*Héloïse and Abélard*" in which the inevitable dawn is encountered with rather a defeatist attitude. That may be one way of looking at the lover's dawn. Donne however, has quite a different way. He will outface the Sun and destroy daylight with a wink if he wishes.

Though in much of his religious poetry there is a reaction against The Renaissance ideals in favour of mediæval introspection and spirituality, in the *The Sunne Rising* he strikes a brilliant balance, through the supremacy of love between man and woman, primarily as individuals. All the Petrarchan—Elizabethan clap trap of the Japan box containing rubies, pearls and diamonds to adorn the beloved, is ignored and regarded with contempt. Formerly rich

jewels were on par with the mistresse's physical charms; now they are used to heighten the contrast between their dress and the value of Donne's wife as a human being:

"Looke, and tomorrow late, tell mee,
Whether both the' India's of spice and Myne
Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with mee".

Surprising as it may seem, much of Donne's love poetry is addressed to his wife. He was a poet of many moods and a man of many loves. Most of these loves, however, only appear to have inspired scathing and murderous scorn. Anne Moore, the lady who became Donne's wife, gave him love's fulfilment. In her he found the synthesis of the mind and the body.

"Love's mysteries in soules do grow,
But yet the body is his booke".

In the *Sunne Rising* Donne harnesses all the material discoveries of the Renaissance to glorify his much superior love. She is all Kingdoms, states, and Princes; and though Copernicus caused the theologians and metaphysical poets so many religious headaches, here Donne takes advantage of his theory through a quibble. If the Earth moves round the Sun and if the Sun is pleased to warm its shivering sides, when it appears in the poets bed chamber, it meets the whole world there. "Since thy duties bee

To warme the world, that's done in warming us;
Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere".

So the Sun again turns obsequious and love laughs and accepts it, but only as an underling. The aubade has been annihilated as a sign of weakness.

TWICKNAM GARDEN.

The poem is most probably addressed to the Countess Lucy of Bedford, whom Donne admired ardently. It is a powerful condensation of the pressure of heavily charged feelings. Only Donne's emotion is the subject of this monologue, no acid or scornful comments being made in connection with the woman. He does call her of the perverse sex who is true because her truth kills him; the background of this relationship with the Countess however, does not justify one in supposing that the last two lines are in condemnation of the lady. She was never in love with Donne

and did not go beyond showing him just a friendly affection. "Her truth" is killing the poet not, her falsehood, meaning thereby that he is deeply involved in her charm and personality. The countess of Bedford was one of the very accomplished and cultured ladies of her time.

There is an atmosphere of cold, bare desolation, which reflects the anguish of the heart. The emotion is somewhat similar to that of Keats' *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* and Shelley's in his *Song: "A widow Bird Sat Mourning"*. There is the same blankness, loneliness, and sere, unrelenting aspect of a leaden skied winter. With Donne however there are no definite words depicting a winter's landscape; as a matter of fact he says "Twere wholesomer for mee, that winter did

Benight the glory of this place."

But so surcharged is the poem with the pain of futility that the arid grimness of bleak weather unconsciously grips the mind. The stony concretion of the imagery forces the numbness of sorrow with a powerful impact upon the consciousness. Shelley and Keats appear loose and unco-ordinated in their despair, compared with Donne's terrible and complete,

"Blasted with sighs, and surrounded with teares.

Hither I come....."

The cold hardness of a "Stone fountain weeping out my yeare" and "christall vyals" stamps the poem with its peculiar emotion and structure. This frigid expression of tears imbues the whole of *Twicknam Garden* with a unifying effect. In viewing it as a complete work we find that this effect controls the diversity of imagery in the first stanza, where the tremendous resonance of the opening line rings through the conceits of spider love, transubstantiation, Manna, gall, Paradise and the serpent.

Twicknam Garden is a short poem, but it is one of the greatest expressions in literature of the darkly flowing stream of sorrow encrusted with hard ice.

JOHN DRYDEN [1631—1700].

John Dryden was descended from an ancient family, his grandfather being Sir Erasmus Dryden of Canons Ashby, Northamptonshire. He was born near Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, in 1631, and was admitted a King's Scholar at Westminster under the celebrated Dr. Busby, whence he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, being here elected to a scholarship. After leaving the university he went to London, where he acted as Secretary to his cousin Sir Gilbert Pickering, a favourite of Cromwell; and on the death of the Protector he wrote his Heroic Stanzas on that event. At the Restoration, however, he hailed the return of Charles II in *Astræa Redux*, and from that time his devotion to the Stuarts knew no decay. In 1671 Dryden was appointed to the offices of royal historiographer and poet-laureate. On the accession of James in 1685 he became a Roman Catholic, a conversion the sincerity of which was regarded at the time with suspicion. At court the new convert was received with open arms, a considerable addition was made to his pension, and he defended his new religion at the expense of the old one in a poem, *The HIND and the PANTHER*. At the Revolution, Dryden was deprived of the offices of poet-laureate and historiographer, and of the certain income which these offices secured him. During the remaining ten years of his life he produced some of his best work, including his admirable translations from the classics. He died in 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Ever since T. S. Eliot's homage to his genius, John Dryden has maintained a steadily high place in the affection and esteem of critics. The most recent of these, Bonamy Dobree, goes even so far as to contend that while Milton injured English poetry, Dryden conferred upon it the greatest possible benefit. Dobree's preference is based upon the following two considerations:

- (a) Dryden is impersonal, while Milton is nothing if not egoistic. *Lycidas* is not a lament upon Edward King but a poem about John Milton. Milton nearly always, directly or indirectly speaks about himself, whereas Dryden very rarely does so. This self-effacement appeals to the modern classical mind. It is a great virtue to be able, like Dryden, to appropriate a thought direct. Milton, on the other hand, was incapable of 'treating

an abstract idea and turning it into great poetry: no idea could set the poetic faculties at work within him unless it was one that affected him profoundly as an individual," [Is that a defect?].

- (b) Milton forgot that the language of the age is the best language for poetry. He built up a diction of his own, thereby making the language stiff and tortuous, even distorted, unuseable in that form by other poets while Dryden 'made it miraculously flexible.' [But Milton in his poetry was trying to do something quite different from what Dryden aimed at]. Bonamy Dobrée forgets that Dryden's verse often displays those combinations of words which distinguish poetry from prose, and which adorn as well as mar much English verse in the late seventeenth and in the eighteenth century. Dryden was markedly influenced by the Roman poet Virgil in certain features of diction common to all the poets of the neo-classical school. A considerable number of Dryden's Latinized vocabies and idioms and pseudo classical circumlocutions may be traced to the virgilian poems.

SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY AND ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

The theme: The platonic idea that Music best represents harmony and it was through harmony, proportion, that the world was created; it is through harmony that the world is kept together. It was music that brought order out of 'chaos'; it was certain jarring notes that brought about the imperfections of this world, but at the Judgment day all will emerge into a new and better harmony. Dryden grasped this idea, and made it part of himself with that remarkable capacity he had for making intellectual ideas his own. The clearest exposition of the idea is in the Grand Chorus of the *Song for St. Cecilia's Day*: it is also the motif of *Alexander's Feast* (though on the whole this poem is far inferior to *St. Cecilia*). In *St. Cecilia* the sound seems an echo to the sense: note that in the middle strophes the characteristic music of each of the instruments is suggested in the sound and movement of the verse.

Alexander's Feast was extravagantly praised by the rhetoric-loving eighteenth century (and indeed the shifts in rhythm and sound to indicate change in mood are very skillfully managed), but the artifice is a little too obvious. Mark Van Doren describes the poem as "immortal ragtime."

ALEXANDER POPE [1688—1744].

Alexander Pope was born in 1688. His father was a London merchant and a devout Catholic. Soon after his son's birth the father retired to Binfield, near Windsor. Pope was small, delicate, and much deformed. His education was a desultory one. He picked up the rudiments of Greek and Latin from the family priest, and was successively sent to two schools, one at Twyford, the other in London. He was taken home at the age of twelve, received more priestly instruction, and read so eagerly that his feeble constitution threatened to break down. Before he was fifteen he attempted an epic poem, and at the age of sixteen his *Pastorals* procured him the notice of several eminent persons. In 1711 he published his poem, the ESSAY ON CRITICISM, which was followed by The RAPE OF THE LOCK, a polished and witty narrative poem founded on an incident of fashionable life. From 1713 to 1726 he was engaged on a poetical translation of Homer's works, the *ILIADE* (completed in 1720) being wholly from his pen, the *ODYSSEY* only half. In 1728 he published his *DUNCIAD*, a mock heroic poem intended to overwhelm his antagonists with ridicule. His ESSAY ON MAN was published anonymously in 1733, and completed and avowed by the author in the next year. This work is distinguished by its poetry rather than by its reasonings, which are confused and contradictory. He died on May 30, 1744, and was interred at Twickenham.

During recent years two excellent books have been published on Pope: *The Poetical Career of Alexander Pope* by Robert Kilburn Root and *On the Poetry of Pope* by Geoffrey Tillotson. A certain danger attends the attempt to reevaluate the work of a writer whose literary fortunes have included his repudiation by the taste and doctrine of a whole century of criticism; the danger that, even if a certain restoration be effected, it may be for reasons utterly foreign to those underlying his original eminence. In the

case of Pope, whose elevation and degradation were alike complete, the danger of such equivocal restoration is all but unavoidable, for the literary reversal which discredited him made both his theory and his practice unintelligible. Fortunately these two books avoid any special pleading, and in their divergent purposes and methods they exhibit something of the range and variety of English studies today. Professor Root commences with two admirable chapters, on the canons of poetic art as Pope understood them (the meanings and demands of nature, reason, taste), and on the heroic couplet as of the essence of Pope's art on its technical side; thereafter he settles down to a chronological survey of Pope's achievement, with chapters on the Pastorals, "The Maze of Fancy," "The Art of Satire", etc., etc. Throughout, there is a considered and skilful distribution of weight between information, exposition, and criticism. Professor Root knows that if he can get others to read Pope as he reads him, with understanding, the poet will not lack for admirers. Thus his critical end is served. In a sense it is an old-fashioned method, or at least a conservative—which is simply another way of saying that it has been tried and not found wanting. If the method is old-fashioned the conclusions are not. Professor Root recognizes Pope for the very considerable poet he is, and says so in no uncertain terms. He completely repudiates the unbelievable straw figure, erected to the greater glory of Wordsworth, and he joins the younger critics in their reaction in favour of the real Pope. But he does not overstate his case. *The Poetical Career of Alexander Pope* is a first-rate introduction to its subject, a product of mature scholarship, and written with distinction and grace. It is for readers who have mastered the facts and ideas set forth by Professor Root that Mr. Tillotson's *On the Poetry of Pope* will prove most illuminating. He is concerned not at all with expounding the content of Pope's individual works, nor much with the development of his poetic career. He adopts a device which permits him to concentrate on his special subject to the exclusion of all others: he expounds Pope's ideal of 'correctness' as it applies to subject-matter and the standard of critical judgment (both comprehended under the term *nature*), to design, language, and metrics. It is an extremely skilful piece of organization, and it lays a secure basis for his concluding chapters on the relation of technique to the emotional effects achieved. Tillotson quite frank-

ly writes as a partisan; but he escapes the alternative dangers of unduly depressing the Romantics in order to exalt Pope or of trying to show that Pope himself was a Romantic, born out of time. His sense of Pope's classicism is sufficient for his more exclusively aesthetic study. He can show that on this level it implies no dullness of response and no disastrous limitation of poetic effects. While never forgetting that Pope was an Augustan, and indeed throwing not a little light on the Augustan tradition in poetry, he claims that by the standards of any age, or rather of all ages, Pope is a great poet. We think that, within the area of his investigation, he has proved his case. Better than this: at point after point he has brought home to us, by careful and sensitive analysis, the true nature of Pope's effects. He has increased our pleasure by making us conscious of the source of our pleasure. He has shown that Pope is clearly akin to Wordsworth, Keats, and even to Mozart. In the *Rape of the Lock*, particularly, Pope handles his transitions with an easy grace and a subtlety which remind us of the operas of Mozart. The design of all his poems is what one might call perfect. Even small poems are written on a plan. Equally praiseworthy is his use of language and versification. Appropriateness of diction was a cardinal virtue for Pope; he showed no mercy to an empty line. To sum up Pope's achievement in the words of a modern critic: "Pope's merits are of a kind, not likely to be affected by time; a lively fancy, a power of satire almost unrivalled, and a skill in using words so consummate that there is no poet, excepting Shakespeare, who has left his mark upon the language so strongly. He has said in the best words what we all know and feel, but cannot express, and has made that classical which in weaker hands would be commonplace. His sensibility to the claims of his art is exquisite, the adaptation of his style to his subject shows the hand of a master. All these are gifts to which none but a great poet can lay claim."

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

Pope was a student of literary theory and often discussed with his friends problems of composition and criticism. The poem is an attempt to reduce these ideas to a codified statement.

Outline of the poem:—Structurally it is divided into three main parts. The first presents the general rules of criticism and

of composition; the second indicates the dangers that beset the way of the good critic, the third defines the positive qualities of a good critic.

The Basic Ideas of the Poem:

It is impossible for us who live in the later ages of the world to make observations in criticism and morality which have not been touched on by others. Great things cannot have escaped former observation. It is our duty therefore to school ourselves to humility in the presence of corporate human experience, as expressed in tradition and the best that has been said and thought in the world. Abiding experience is Protean in its assumption of new forms; and art and criticism should both properly be occupied in pursuing reality through its manifold appearances. And in both there is the never-ending quest for the *mot Juste*, for the perfect expression. The humanistic conception of culture which Pope most decidedly held, is that it constitutes a continuum. His philosophy can be summed up in the phrase: *follow nature*. The 'natural' in the microcosm is that which exhibits law and order; it is the rational. A natural person is one "dont tous les mouvement sont régles, qui est vrai et judicieuse, qui parle et agit selon la vérité et la raison." To live conformably to nature "n'est pas s'abandonner à tous ses mouvements a tous ses instincts: c'est suivre la raison." In other words, to follow nature was not to abandon yourself to your instincts but to subordinate yourself to the commands of the one thing which was the same in all men—the Reason. The term *nature* which is used so many time in the *Essay on Criticism*, bears in almost all cases this sense of a regular and ordered world, with the emphasis commonly on human nature, the microcosm.

ESSAY ON MAN:

THE DESIGN.

"Having proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *came home to men's business and bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract, his nature and his state; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever,

it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points. There are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but it is true. I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without any diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a general map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and

'clearing the passage. To reduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable."

The Outline:

The poem falls into four main divisions: Part I describes Pope's optimistic concept of a mechanistic universe and the position in it occupied by man. Part II then analyzes the psychology of Man as an individual, a combination of Self-love and Reason; and Part III shows that Man's Self-love leads him to social benevolence. Part IV develops this last point and demonstrates that happiness results from the acceptance of the above ideas.

Attitude:

Dr. Johnson said of the *Essay on Man*, 'Never were penury of Knowledge and Vulgarity of Sentiment so happily disguised.' Milton's theological certitude is replaced in Pope by an equally intense scientific certitude.

An Essay on Man is a repository of typical ideas of the day: the doctrine of plenitude, the belief in a Universe that is rationally constructed, the concept of order, the relation of instinct to reason in the individual, and the understanding of social benevolence. In transforming these principles into poetic statement, Pope shows his usual skilful craftsmanship.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770—1850)

William Wordsworth was born in 1770. At the age of seventeen he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge. He left the university after taking his degree, but without having otherwise distinguished himself, and lived aimlessly in London and elsewhere. He crossed to France in November 1791, and exhibited vehement sympathy with the revolution, remaining in France for nearly a year. In 1795 he received a legacy of £900 from a friend whom he had nursed in his last illness. With this sum and the consecrated helpfulness of his sister Dorothy he contrived to keep house for eight years, while he gave himself to poetic effort as his high 'office upon earth.' In 1798 Wordsworth and Coleridge published the *Lyrical Ballads* in literary co-partnership. Although this volume was received with almost complete public indifference, yet Wordsworth felt that he

had found his mission, and after a winter spent in Germany he and his sister settled at Grasmere in the English Lake District (1799), where he proposed to write a great philosophical poem on man, nature, and society. Thenceforth his life was marked by few incidents. Those worth noting are his marriage in 1802 with his cousin Mary Hutchinson, and his accession in 1843 to the laureateship on the death of Southey. Wordsworth's great philosophic poem, which, in his own phrase, was to be the Gothic cathedral of his labour, received only a fragmentary accomplishment in *The Prelude*, *The Excursion*, and *The Recluse*. Yet enough was achieved in his smaller poems to justify his own conception of himself as a 'dedicated spirit,' and to set him apart among the greatest of England's poets. He died in 1850. An interesting account of the poet is found in Dorothy Wordsworth's *Diary of a Tour in the Highlands*.

Is the atmosphere of modern science and philosophy one in which the Wordsworthian spirit cannot survive? Aldous Huxley, Warren Beach, and I. A. Richards are convinced that Wordsworth's views are incompatible with the science and natural philosophy of our day. Dr. Beach in his "Concept of Nature in Nineteenth Century Poetry" mourns over the almost complete decay of the nature philosophy that gave support to Wordsworth's feeling. It was a brave and massive effort of the human spirit doomed to failure,—failure because, Dr. Beach assumes, in twentieth-century eyes Nature is without any discernible purpose. Huxley takes a similar position. He does not question the interest, even to-day, of the poet's personal experience in contact with Nature, but he is dubious about the present value of the inferences which Wordsworth drew from those experiences,—the "intellectual superstructure," the "optimism" or the "split religion." He accepts, without discussing, Dr. Richards' assertion that modern science has 'neutralized' nature, that "the heart of her mystery has been plucked out," and that she no longer gives man true inspiration. He admires Wordsworth as a lyrical poet, but is almost as certain as Dr. Beach that Wordsworth as a philosophical poet is out-of-date.

But is it really so? Modern science of course rejects the crassly simplified system of an entirely beneficent and unchanging nature which passed current in the eighteenth century, but it has not substituted for it an anti-human chaos exhibiting nothing except chance, unreason, and cruelty. It has not unquestionably accepted

the idea of the humanists that Nature is fundamentally hostile, or at least indifferent, to values that Man recognizes and would live by. Even a scientist like Sir James Jeans discovers "the presence in nature of a will which tends to raise a portion of matter to a subtler and perhaps better condition, from mere reflex action upwards to instinct, from instinct yet higher towards intelligence."

Yet when Wordsworth expresses his sense of our oneness with Nature, he is stigmatized as a bogus philosopher! Our world, despite its obvious discordances, exhibits too many harmonies to justify the assumption that it originated in mere Nothingness or is moved by mere chance. Nature red in tooth and claw is not the only fact noticed by science. An opposite, counterbalancing tendency was coevally developed by nature,—that system of mutually helpful co-operation between creatures of the same kind, and of different kinds, which science terms symbiosis. An eminent naturalist writes of it: "In principle it is universal. For all organisms are part of the web; their underlying and vital relationships are one vast multiple symbiosis. And when you turn your gaze thus upon the web of life then indeed you are entered upon the deepest science."

Be that as it may, there is no doubt about the spiritual *value* of Wordsworth's expression of the concrete facts of our apprehension, his mystical awareness of Nature as a mind or spirit. This insight is once more becoming significant in philosophy, as witness this brilliant comment on Wordsworth by Professor Whitehead in his "Science and the Modern World:" "It is the brooding presence of the hills which haunts him. His theme is nature *in Solido*, that is to say, he dwells on that *mysterious presence of surrounding things*, which imposes itself on any separate element which we set up as an individual for its own sake. *He always grasps the whole of nature as involved in the tonality of the particular instance.* That is why he laughs with the daffodils, and finds in the primrose thoughts too deep for tears. It would hardly be possible to express more clearly a feeling for nature, as exhibiting *entwined prehensive unities*, each suffused with modal presences of others. In thus citing Wordsworth the point which I wish to make is that we forget how strained and paradoxical is the view of nature which modern science imposes upon our thoughts. Wordsworth, to the height of genius, expresses the concrete facts of our apprehension, facts which are distorted in scientific analysis."

In fairness to Aldous Huxley, however, I must mention his recantation of his anti-romantic views in "Ends and Means," including the candid "I had motives for not wanting the world to have a meaning, consequently assumed that it had none." Inasmuch as T. S. Eliot's "Idea of a Christian Society" involves religious assumptions, I have not cited it above; but its agreement with Wordsworthian views is notable in such passages as these: "The good life implies a life in conformity with nature—The natural life and the supernatural have a conformity to each other which neither has with the mechanistic life."

How, then, does Wordsworth perceive the concrete facts of our apprehension? Wordsworth himself provides the answer when he describes his method of composing poetry:

"I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of re-action, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does actually exist in the mind."

This is an explanation of Wordsworth's peculiar power. Before he composes he gathers himself together where he is to work. He is sure of his truth. The new emotion, not in fact spontaneously but gradually derived from the former emotion, has in it the integrity of the then and now. The poet becomes a whole man. Feeling comes in aid of feeling, thought comes in aid of thought, and feeling and thought come in aid of each other until the poet is assured that, having achieved a perfect integrity, he may speak his truth, and his truth will be the truth for all men. This higher memory is the link between the visible and the invisible world. It is the imagination contemplative which satisfies Wordsworth's need of a mystical wholeness.

ODE: INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

The genesis of the Ode: Wordsworth first got the idea for this poem at the time when he was writing "My Heart Leaps Up," in which is concentrated the basic idea of the entire Ode. His own account gives valuable suggestions as to the interpretation of the poem:

"Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being — — With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we all have reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances. Belief in a prior state of existence is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith, as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. When I was impelled to write this poem on the Immortality of the Soul, I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorizing me to make for my purpose the best use I could of it as a poet."

Antecedents: Belief in pre-existence and the possibility of the recollection of that pre-existence, is an important ingredient in Platonic philosophy.

Cf. *The Phaedo*: "Your favourite doctrine, Socrates, that knowledge, is simply recollection, if true, also necessarily implies a previous time in which we learned that which we now recollect. But this would be impossible unless our soul was in some place before existing in the human form."

This idea found its way through Plotinus and Origen into Christian mystical writings. A further source of the Ode might be Vaughan's "The World," which begins thus: "I saw Eternity the other night, like a great ring of pure and endless light." And more than "The World," even, it was probably "The Retreat," which influenced Wordsworth:—

THE RETREAT.

Happy those early days, when I
Shin'd in my angel infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought:

When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first love
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright face!
When on some gilded cloud or flow'r,
My gazing soul would dwell an hour
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A sev'ral sin to ev'ry sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
That shady City of palm trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move
And when this dust falls to the urn
In that state I came, return.

TINTERN ABBEY.

This poem was composed in and near the Wye Valley in mid-July, 1798. "No poem of mine," says Wordsworth, "was composed under circumstances more pleasant for me to remember than this. I began it upon leaving Tintern, after crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble of four or five days with my sister. Not a line of it was altered, and not any part of it written down till I reached Bristol."

Outline: (1) Description of the scene.

(2) A recounting of the gradual development of Wordsworth's mature conception of nature.

(3) Address to Dorothy.

Theme: The experiences which the poet's mind had with the forms and images of nature. At first he reacted in a sensuous way to the physical qualities of these things, and later he reacted in a spiritual way to the eternal Beauty, the source of these things. But each stage is important in the poet's development. The forms and images of nature excite in him, at first, an immediate, extrinsic, and organic joy. Wordsworth suggests the intensity, and the immediacy of his reaction by describing it as "an appetite." Later he subtilized and sublimated this joy to intercourse with the eternal Beauty. Physical delight became spiritual ecstasy. Through their magic powers the beauteous forms of nature have so wrought in him that he, "laid asleep in body, and become a living soul," sees into the life of things." The poem embodies Wordsworth's faith: a passionate intuition of God present in the universe and in the mind of man. To the end of his life this intuition remained the living centre of his creed.

SOLITARY REAPER.

The first four lines relate the incident, simply and directly. "Behold her," not "look at her," by its slightly formal tone, would indicate that Wordsworth is finding something arresting in the scene. Similarly, there is justification for the use of 'Strain' rather than 'song'—she sings "a melancholy strain." That is, the words are swallowed by the distance, and only the spirit of the music penetrates to the listener. The actual effect of the strain was so mysterious that the poet cannot describe it directly; so in the second stanza he suggests resemblances. First the Nightingale chaunting in some shady haunt among Arabian sands; and then the Cuckoo breaking the silence of the seas among the farthest Hebrides. The second picture extends the first. The two scenes have fulfilled their immediate purpose; they have reproduced the sensation of the spell. But they have also done something more. By calling up the deserts of Arabia and the Hebridean seas, the poet has sent our apprehensions careering through the universe; the scenes are heavy with all that there is of misery and of sadness at the heart of the universe itself.

The next stanza completes the experience. "Old, unhappy, far-off things" characterise the enchantment of romance, the element of strangeness added to beauty. But the next four lines are more truly Wordsworthian; romance is brought down to earth, human nature is revalued.

"Or is it some more humble lay,

Familiar matter of to-day,

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,

That has been, and may be again?"

These lines convey a fraternal sense of the worth of human life, a revelation of a new world of spiritual values, in which the previously insignificant has taken on universal significance.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772—1834).

Coleridge was born in 1772 at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, of which his father was a Vicar. Sent to school at Christ's Church Hospital, young Coleridge took little interest in the ordinary sports of childhood, and was noted for a dreamy abstracted manner, though he made considerable progress in classical studies, and was known even at that early age as a devourer of metaphysical and theological works. From Christ's Church he went with a scholarship to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he remained for two years, but without achieving much distinction. At this time, too, his ultra-radical and rationalistic opinions made the idea of academic preferment hopeless, and perhaps it was partly to escape the difficulties and perplexities gathering about his future that Coleridge suddenly quitted Cambridge and enlisted in the 15th Dragoons. Rescued by his friends from this position, he took up his residence at Bristol with two congenial spirits, Robert Southey, who had just been obliged to quit Oxford for his unitarian opinions, and Lovell, a young Quaker. The three conceived the project of emigrating to America, and establishing a pantisocracy as they termed it, or community in which all should be equal. This scheme, however, never became anything more than a theory, and was finally disposed of when, in 1795, the three friends married three sisters, the Misses Fickett of Bristol. In 1796 he took a cottage at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, where, soothed and supported by the companionship of Wordsworth, he wrote much of

his best poetry, in particular the *Ancient Mariner* and the first part of *Christabel*. An annuity bestowed on him by some friends furnished him with the means of making a tour to Germany, where he studied at the University of Gottingen. In 1800 he returned to England and took up his residence beside Southey at Keswick, while Wordsworth lived at Grasmere in the same neighbourhood. From this fact, and a certain common vein in their poetry, arose the epithet of 'Lake School' applied to their works. About 1804 Coleridge went to Malta to re-establish his health, seriously impaired by opium-eating. In 1806 he returned to England, and after ten years of somewhat desultory literary work as lecturer, contributor to periodicals, etc., Coleridge in a sort took refuge from the world in the house of his friend Mr. Gillman at Highgate, London. Here he passed the rest of his days, holding weekly conversazioni in which he poured himself forth in eloquent monologues, being by general consent one of the most wonderful talkers of the time. He died July 25th, 1834. The dreamy and transcendental character of Coleridge's poetry eminently exhibits the man. As a critic, Coleridge's work is of the highest rank, combining a comprehensive grasp of large critical principles and a singularly subtle insight into details.

"To Coleridge the rising of the moon made witchcraft possible; to Wordsworth the rising of the moon was witchcraft itself." It is in some such manner that conventional criticism brings out the difference between the poetic achievements of these two poets. Unfortunately Coleridge's own account of his collaboration with Wordsworth encourages this over-simplification: "During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversation turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination. The sudden charm, which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself—to which of us I do not recollect—that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the

affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions, as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity, where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, when they present themselves.

In this idea originated the plan of the *Lyrical Ballads*; in which it was agreed, that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of everyday, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural by awakening the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us: an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand."

This passage did much to foster the impression that Wordsworth was to glorify the common base of things, and Coleridge was to direct himself to purposes and characters supernatural. Up to a limit this was true. But as was usual with him, Coleridge in his modesty, was a little less than just to the *raison d'être* of his own supernaturalism.

There is no question of any willing suspension of disbelief (another name for make-believe?) in reading his supernatural poems; they deal equally with reality—only, it is a different level of reality from Wordsworth's. Coleridge, as Professor Otto and Aldous Huxley point out, was not so much a poet of the supernatural as the *supersemissible*. His poetry is a record of the *numinous* experiences which are common to both savage and mystic. In Coleridge's world the so-called supernatural events are not disconnected from the natural world: they are parts of one complete system governed by

a principle which is neither subject nor object exclusively, but which is the identity of both, which can be conceived neither as infinite nor finite exclusively, but as the most original union of the two. After all, if only we could see far enough, we should see that the distinction between natural and supernatural is one created by man in his ignorant self-conceit. What he thinks he can understand, he is pleased to call natural; what wholly baffles him, he calls supernatural. *The Ancient Mariner* is not an elaborate fairy tale, a piece of literary patchwork: its trance is not that of sleep but of intense vision. "My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels." The highest powers of the mind work in harmony with energies normally 'unconscious.' The distinction between poetic reality and human reality is very often merely conventional. All beauty draws itself from the existence of the ideal within the real; even in the bodily state man can converse with the ideal beauty.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Few lines written by Coleridge are more familiar than those near the end of the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*:

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things, both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all."

And perhaps no lines in his poetry have served as the starting point of so much critical discussion. For the "moral" of the *Ancient Mariner* has been attacked, defended, denied, affirmed many times since Mrs. Barbauld first raised the question and Coleridge answered her. In his *Table Talk* for May 31, 1830, the poet says:

"Mrs. Barbauld once told me that she admired the *Ancient Mariner* very much, but that there were two faults in it—it was improbable and had no moral. As for the probability, I owned that that might admit some question; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my own judgment the poem had too much; and that the only, or the chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have had no more moral than the *Arabian Nights'* tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the

shells aside, and lo! a genie starts up, and says he *must* kill the aforesaid merchant, *because* one of the date shells had, it seems, put out the eye of the genie's son."

It was certainly with his tongue in his cheek that Coleridge replied to Mrs. Barbauld: "As for the probability, I owned that that might admit some question." And in any case Mrs. Barbauld was incapable of understanding the true nature of Coleridge's poetry as a desperate effort to achieve a sense of poetic actuality by a deliberate emotionalization of his knowledge. Coleridge in the *Ancient Mariner* was pursuing an experience which is against human reason and yet does not permanently affect or discredit human experience and identity: to enjoy an identity—sense different from the human and yet not to lose human identity—rather to deepen and confirm it.

The theme of the "Ancient Mariner" is not just the story of a sailor who learns through a series of vicissitudes that one should "be kind to animals." It is rather that experience of guilt, of need for redemption, shared by all men, which is at the basis of many religious and social customs, and much art. It is no more fantastic, as a modern critic has observed, than *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Far from dealing with a romantic world of unreality the poem reveals an intimate depth of human experience. It is no mere miracle of inventive fantasy, but an inevitable projection into imagery of the poet's own inner discord. It describes the slow and hard path to regeneration. Its symbolism places it in the same category as T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*. The real meaning of "He prayeth best who loveth best" is the return of harmony between the Mariner and all living things—not just the assertion of a moral humanitarian law. "The poem reproduces the same experience which gives us much of our religious symbolism; or, in art, drives Orestes and Hamlet to their doom. *The Ancient Mariner* and *The Waste Land* are alike in theme. In both the poet uses his technique to induce a state of mind in which unconscious themes rise to the surface. In one the conflict is expressed spontaneously, unconsciously, as a child expresses its emotional stress in play. In the other the conflict is bared; the analytic intellect works concurrently with the shaping spirit of imagination. The poet has outgrown childhood, and in the process he has lost something of the glory and the gleam. The 'magic' is no longer there."

If this explanation seems over-elaborate, it is still possible to justify the structure of the *entire* poem, including the familiar moral, without resorting to allegorical interpretation. It is necessary to realize that the structure of the poem is determined by its dream quality, that its inconsequence is the dream's irrelevance. The answer to Wordsworth's criticism—"the events having no necessary consequence do not produce each other"—is that the events in a dream do not produce each other, but they *seem* to. The story of the Mariner's voyage is a dream and has a dreamlike quality; its cause and consequence are not controlled by the laws of reality. *But the whole poem is not a dream.* It begins with reality,—the wedding, the wedding-guests, the Mariner's 'own countree.' Reality drops away as the ship drops—

"Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top"—

though it recurs a few times—the bride red as a rose, pacing into the hall behind the nodding minstrels—before the Wedding-Guest is wholly under the spell of the dream. In the dream world the Albatross is killed and all the inconsequent consequences follow. At the end of the poem we return:

"Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?"

Although we do not yet wake entirely, the dream fades, and we, with the Mariner and the Wedding-Guest, are back in reality, *but a reality haunted by the dream.* Then comes the moral of the whole poem: "He prayeth best, who loveth best," etc. Coleridge said that the poem should have no more moral than one of the *Arabian Nights*. Nor should the dream-story have, if that were the entire poem. But there is the Wedding-Guest, who has been strangely neglected in all the discussions of the poem. He stands at the beginning and the end. If he were to serve no better structural purpose than merely to act as an ear to hear the Mariner's story, he might better not be there at all. He is, however, a representative of the world of human beings, a man to be influenced and affected by the Mariner's story, "the man that must hear me." How, then, is the Wedding-Guest to be affected? He rose the next morning a sadder (that is, a more serious) and a wiser man. Coleridge was not concerned with the prevention of cruelty to albatrosses, but he did believe, as he says

in *Frost at Midnight*, that God spoke through all his creatures. So the "moral" of the *Ancient Mariner* proves to be a simple expression of the effect which a horrible dream experience had upon Mariner and Wedding-Guest, of the very natural resultant waking wisdom.

EOLIAN HARP.

The "Eolian Harp" occupies an important position in the body of Coleridge's poetry. No one reading the poems in their chronological order can fail to observe that this poem marks an era in the development of Coleridge's powers of expression, both as regards melody and individuality; it is in substance his first important and at the same time characteristic poem. Unfortunately, many critics who have pointed out the importance of "The Eolian Harp" have also made several misleading statements about it which have obscured certain aspects in the development not only of Coleridge but also of Wordsworth. According to them it is Wordsworth who was responsible for the remarkable improvement in the quality of Coleridge's verse! This is absurd, because the two poets first met in September 1795, while the date of the composition of "The Eolian Harp" is August 20, 1795. It is evident therefore that the remarkable improvement in the quality of Coleridge's verse could not have been due to Wordsworth's personal influence. There is of course the possibility that Coleridge may have been influenced, not by Wordsworth himself, but by such poetry as Wordsworth had published before that date, though even this seems unlikely. It is difficult to understand how the hackneyed, stilted couplets of "Descriptive Sketches" could have had such a remarkable effect upon the fluent and easy blank verse of "The Eolian Harp." The true explanation is a simple one: that Coleridge in "The Eolian Harp" for the first time, *for himself*, discovered the countryside, and that this new influence gave him a lyrical intensity, enriched his imagery, stimulated his thought, and made his verse fluent and easy. I do not mean, of course, that before "The Eolian Harp" Coleridge had shown no interest in nature; the symbolic interpretation of nature, and the symbolic use of natural images, was a fact and an object of reflection to him, even before the period of his settlement at Stowey. In "Religious Musings," for instance, he speaks of "the Great Invisible, by symbols only seen." But there is no indication in these

allusions to nature that Coleridge was writing with his eye steadily fixed upon his object, or that, as in the case of Wordsworth, they were felt in the blood, and felt along the heart. They were, in fact, part of a theory which he got from books. The conception of beauty, as the revelation of spirit through matter, had been fostered in him many years before through the study of Plato and the Neo-Platonists. It seems more reasonable to believe that Wordsworth made use of the philosophy of "The Eolian Harp" in his "Tintern Abbey." Coleridge's poem anticipates his friend's not only in its single emotional curve, but also, if the essential form of the poem is borne in mind, in every stage through which that curve passes.

The exultant feeling, arising from the contemplation of natural beauty, felt for the first time during the period of "The Eolian Harp," had a fundamental effect upon Coleridge's poetry; for a year later, he says: "I feel strongly and I think strongly, but I seldom feel without thinking or think without feeling. Hence, though my poetry has in general a hue of tenderness or passion over it, yet it seldom exhibits unmixed and simple tenderness or passion. My philosophical opinions are blended with or deduced from my feelings, and this, I think, peculiarises my style of writing."

"The Eolian Harp" is the first poem of Coleridge's of which this statement is true in every detail: the hue of tenderness or passion—

"My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on mine arm—"

The strong feelings—

"Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so fill'd"—

And, the philosophical opinions blended with or deduced from those feelings:

"O! the one Life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul.
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light.
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere."

The feelings from which these philosophical opinions are deduced are Coleridge's response to natural beauty.

Theme: Music is the one great reality, and rhythm is the ruling principle of all things. Who knows whether God may not be

the great Musician, calling forth the harmony latent in all creation? Coleridge seems to foreshadow Hegel's conception of the eternal movement of the Divine Spirit. The poet meditates and pictures Nature as a series of harps played upon by one breeze; the soul of God, which is the same in all things, is communicated to all objects and makes harmony in anything which is divine.

Eolian Harp: the name is derived from AEOLUS, the god of the winds. The harp is a stringed instrument that sounds by the impulse of air.

ODE ON DEJECTION.

Coleridge had Wordsworth in mind when he ..rote his "Ode on Dejection." Along with a number of his earlier poems, *Dejection* is an expression of the experience which lies behind the doctrine of imaginative love. But it is distinguished from these in that the poet here laments—and here the poem is somewhat similar to the *Intimations Ode* of Wordsworth—the loss of his ability to participate in the enthusiasm and the power which he and his friend had drawn from the imaginative life. Coleridge is challenging the popular notion of Wordsworthian philosophy:

"Oh, William! we receive but what we give
And in our lives alone does Nature live."

The really fascinating problem which *Dejection* presents arises from the fact that we find Coleridge accusing Wordsworth of what has often been called the "pathetic fallacy." From Coleridge, the companion of Wordsworth's early meditation, this is a startling accusation, as it virtually denies the reality of the communion with Nature.

"We may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life whose fountains are within."

This interpretation of the communion with nature is at odds with the many statements of the romantic faith to be found in Coleridge's earlier poems. It would seem that he was deliberately writing a companion piece to Wordsworth's L'Allegro. Some interesting contrasts occur in the two odes. In Wordsworth's poem (*Intimations*) grief finds relief and ends in joy; in Coleridge's, grief finds no relief and ends in dejection. It is morning in Wordsworth's *Ode*, midnight in Coleridge's. In the former it is May and the sun

shines warm; in the latter it is the month of showers. Wordsworth hears the happy shouts of children; Coleridge hears the wind raving and 'screaming of agony.'

In a letter Coleridge explained his dejection as due to a feeling of the loss of his poetic and imaginative faculties, and complained that sickness and some other and worse afflictions had forced him into "downright metaphysics," while he felt that by nature he had more of the poet in him. The original poem was addressed to Wordsworth, but, during an estrangement, the personal references were taken out by Coleridge.

Outline:—The poet describes the outburst of a storm after a calm evening, and laments his own torpor and inability to be moved by the awful grandeur of the night. His own mood is wan and heartless. The fountains of life fail within him; he lacks that emanation from the soul necessary to the appreciation of Nature. He looks back upon the imaginative days of his youth, when joy and hope had arisen naturally in his heart. But pain and grief have taken all these away; abstruse research has superseded the imaginative faculty. The wind's expression of human cries only re-echoes his afflictions. His one comfort is to pray that those whom he loves may not share such unrest.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788—1824).

Byron was the grandson of Admiral John Byron and son of Captain John Byron, of the Guards, so notorious for his gallantries and reckless dissipation that he was known as 'Mad Jack Byron.' Till the age of seven he was entirely under the care of his mother, and to her injudicious indulgence the waywardness that marked his after career has been partly attributed. At Harrow Byron distinguished himself by his love of manly sports and his undaunted spirit. While yet at school he fell deeply in love with Miss Chaworth, a distant cousin of his own. But the lady slighted the homage of the Harrow school-boy, her junior by two years, and married another and more mature suitor. In 1805 Byron joined Trinity College, Cambridge. Two years after, in 1807, appeared his first poetic volume, *Hours of Idleness*, which, though indeed containing nothing of much merit, was castigated with over severity by Brougham in the Edinburgh Review. This caustic critique roused the slumber-

ing energy in Byron, and drew from him his first really notable effort, the celebrated satire *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. In 1809, in company with a friend, he visited the southern provinces of Spain, and voyaged along the shores of the Mediterranean. The first of these travels was the fine poem of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, the first two Cantos of which were published on his return in 1812. The poem was an immense success, and Byron 'awoke one morning and found himself famous.' His acquaintance was now much courted, and his first entry on the stage of public life may be dated from this era. On the second of January, 1815, Byron married Anna Isabella, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, but the marriage turned out unfortunate, and in about a year, Lady Byron having gone on a visit to her parents, refused to return, and a formal separation took place. This rupture produced a considerable sensation, and the real cause of it has never been satisfactorily explained. It gave rise to much popular indignation against Byron, who left England, with an expressed resolution never to return. He visited France, the field of Waterloo and Brussels, the Rhine, Switzerland, and the north of Italy, and for some time took up his abode at Venice, and latterly at Rome, where he completed his third Canto of *Childe Harold*. From Italy he made occasional excursions to the islands of Greece, and at length visited Athens, when he sketched many of the scenes of the fourth and last Canto of *Childe Harold*. In 1819 was published the romantic tale of *Maseppa*, and the same year was marked by the commencement of *Don Juan*.

After leaving Venice Byron resided for some time at Ravenna, then at Pisa, and lastly at Genoa. At Pisa he continued to occupy himself with literature and poetry, sustained for a time by the companionship of Shelley, one of the few men whom he entirely respected and with whom he was quite confidential.

Byron had many affairs during this Italian period. In 1823, troubled perhaps by the consciousness that his life had too long been unworthy of him, he conceived the idea of throwing himself into the struggle for the independence of Greece. In January, 1824, he arrived at Missolonghi, was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and immediately took into his pay a body of five hundred Suliotes. The disorderly temper of these troops, and the difficulties of his situation together with the malarious air of Missolonghi, began to

affect his health. On the ninth of April, 1824, while riding out in the rain, he caught a fever, which ten days later ended fatally. Thus, in his thirty-seventh year, died prematurely a man whose natural force and genius were perhaps superior to those of most Englishmen of his time, and, largely undisciplined as they were, and wasted by an irregular life, they acquired for him a name second, in the opinion of continental Europe at least, to that of no other Englishman of his time.

Byron is such a strange mixture of courage and self-pity, free-thought and conservatism, sincerity and posing, faith in man and cynicism, that it is extremely difficult to find a centre from which to interpret his poetry. And yet his thought is not all chaos: there is a serious strain of constructive thinking in Byron, a characteristic reaction to Nature and to human life. The most searching criticism of Byron's poetry comes from the pen of an Italian—Mario Praz. His composite picture of the Byronic Hero serves as an excellent starting point for the elucidation of Byron's poetry in relation to the age in which he lived. There is nothing arbitrary about Praz's portrait of the Byronic Hero. All the elements he has narrated can be found in *Don Juan*, *Childe Harold*, *Lara*, *Cain*, the *Giaour*, the *Corsair* and *Manfred*. The Byronic Hero is a man of heroic energy, with a mysterious but conjectured to be exalted origin. He is pale of face and has traces of burnt out passions. He is morbid, ego-centric, melancholy, labouring under the burden of some ghastly guilt. The keynote of his character is moral despair and defiance which obsess him with the desire for self-oblivion. But with all his uncompromising self-assertiveness, and a melancholy longing for solitude, he is a humanitarian at heart. If he could he would be mankind's greatest benefactor. It is this dual nature of the Byronic Hero which is often ignored by critics. They insist upon his anti-social temperament but they fail to see his unconquerable interest in humanity that comes out everywhere in his utterances. When he is most isolated from humanity, he is most bound to it by ties as deep as the human heart. His division is negative, forced upon him by fate or society, not positive, the result of desire. In his solitude two things happen to him. There are moments when he is consoled by nature and through this consolation he is led to a new ideal union with the world that is to be:

"The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free."

Or as Don Juan says:

"For I will teach, if possible, the stones
To rise against earth's tyrants."

At other moments solitude breeds a savage pity for self and self's trials—a calm, disdainful acceptance of Fate, overhung by a deeply pervading melancholy:

"Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
The brave and desolated bosoms—."

What was the cause of Byron's melancholy? I think it was the result of two irreconcilable elements in his character: by inclination he was a romantic individualist who had created for himself an artificial world of ideal expectations; by training he was a Calvinistic Necessitarian who believed that no effort on his part could shake the unalterable decrees of fate. Like other romanticists Byron recognized the gap between the real and the ideal, but he was not the type to be satisfied with any of the fashionable methods of bridging it. Hence he wavers between melancholy and irony. The fundamental cause of all romantic melancholy is the inevitable conflict of reason with the desire for romantic illusion. It is therefore common enough in the romantic movement. Something like the mood of *mal du siècle* appears in Wordsworth when he recognizes that the visionary gleam is fading; it appears in Coleridge when he feels that he has lost his shaping spirit of imagination; it appears in *Alastor*, Shelley's most Byronic poem. But in their most characteristic works these poets are able to retain some form of the romantic illusion. In Byron, on the other hand, melancholy is central and pervasive, because his temperament is such as to eliminate the possibility of any sort of permanent reconciliation between the real and the ideal. Temporary reconciliation there perhaps is, but no lasting one. Harold, Lara and their like, dream of the glorious freedom which in their time has departed from the earth. For a day perhaps, they struggle to bring it back. But struggle decays into protest, protest into grim despondence; despondence once more produces rebellious

pride. Nevertheless, it is worth noting that though Byron's noblest heroes may be said to oppose the moral law for the purpose, in part, of advancing their own interests, their opposition is not grounded solely in a wilful desire to secure their own rights, but in a courageous and majestic ambition to secure the rights of others also against an omnipotent force.

Such is the Byronic hero—a gloomy and burdened man, a creature of strange passions and unnamed crimes, as Symon observes, a "man of blood, love and lust, crime and theatrical swashbucklery, a leader of outlaws, but chivalrous in his lawless fashion." There is an unmistakable element of pose in his make up: he is supposed to be all the time in a mental hell. It is the least sincere part of the portrait. Byron indeed, doth protest too much.

To a great extent the Byronic Hero is a reflection of the poet's personality, an assertion of his own egoistic energy. At the same time, the 'fatal man spreading ruin around him' has a long literary ancestry. And Byron deliberately modelled himself upon the figures of poetry and fiction, studying every detail in front of a mirror as it were. It is a fascinating circle: Byron's heroes are made to copy him and he in turn copies his own heroes! His last poem "On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year" provides an interesting illustration of the poet's sophisticated technique. Though in most respects this poem is a genuine representation of the poet's conception of his premature age, burnt-out affections and general abandonment by all that he loved most, Byron's usual "acting," is easily recognized in it. One should call it rather "double-acting" in that the author is playing the part of the usual Byronic hero and at the same time combining this with the part of the deserted and defiant Macbeth. That "My Days are in the Yellow Leaf" is derived from Macbeth's "my way of life is fall'n into the sere and yellow leaf," is common knowledge. But the similarity between Byron's and Macbeth's situation and between the thought of the "Thirty-Sixth Year" and of the "sere and yellow leaf" lines has gone un-noticed. Byron represents himself as old in experience, as lonely, and as forsaken by those whom he has loved; he reminds himself, though, that this is not the time and place to lament his personal griefs, for he is engaged in a struggle for the liberty of an oppressed people. He will therefore forget himself and, not wishing to live longer, find for himself a heroic death on the battlefield. Macbeth, on the

threshold of old age, suddenly finds himself deprived of all that made life worth living: his wife, his thanes, his friends, his people's love and respect. He reflects:

"I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sere and yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

Macbeth can discover nothing to do except to go into battle and "fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd."

There is, of course, a difference between the Byron who would "give away thy breath" and Macbeth, who fights because there is nothing else of a manly sort to do. But they are essentially the same. Byron, too, means to fight valiantly to the last, even though he does hope for death.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792—1822).

Percy Bysshe Shelley was the son of Sir Timothy Shelley, a landed proprietor of ancient family, and was educated at Eton, and at University College, Oxford. Of a delicate constitution he was early characterized by an extreme sensibility and a lively imagination, and by a resolute resistance to authority, custom, and every form of what he considered tyranny. At Eton he put himself in opposition to the constituted authorities by refusing to submit to flogging. At Oxford, in his second year at the university, he published anonymously, apparently as a challenge to the heads of the colleges, to whom it was sent, a scholastic thesis entitled 'The Necessity of Atheism.' The authorship being known he was challenged, and refusing either to acknowledge or deny it was at once expelled. In September 1811, six months after his expulsion, he eloped to Edinburgh with Harriet Westbrook, the daughter of a retired innkeeper. She was sixteen years of age, his own age being nineteen. The marriage turned out unhappily, and after nearly three years of a wandering unsettled life Mrs. Shelley returned with two children to her father's house. In November 1816 she committed

suicide by drowning. Shelley was deeply affected by this event, but soon after married Mary Godwin, with whom he had visited the continent in 1814, and by whom he already had a child. By a suit in Chancery decided in 1817, Mr. Westbrook obtained the guardianship of the children, on the plea that his atheistical opinions and irregular views on marriage made the father unfit to be entrusted with them. Partly from his lungs being affected, and partly from anxiety lest he should be deprived of the children of his second marriage, Shelley left England finally in March 1818, and the whole short remainder of his life was passed in Italy. After staying for some time with Lord Byron at Venice he proceeded to Naples; after Naples he visited Rome: and from Rome he went to Florence and Leghorn, and finally settled at Pisa. On the 8th of July, 1822, he was sailing along with a Mr. Williams in the Bay of Spezia when both were drowned by, as was long believed, the upsetting of the boat through a sudden squall; but there is some suspicion that the boat was purposely run down by an Italian felucca for the sake of plunder. According to the quarantine laws of Tuscany the bodies were burned, and the ashes of Shelley were deposited by his friends in the Protestant burying-ground of Rome.

One of the merits of Shelley as a pioneer in romantic poetry is that he reintroduced the metaphysical doctrine and used as a basis for many of his poems intellectual theories on the fundamental problems of mind and matter, idealism and necessity. Pope was a metaphysician, but he taught the doctrine purely from the outside as an intellectual proposition. For a precedent to Shelley we have to go back to the third and fourth books of *The Faerie Queene* and the *Foure Hymnes* of Spenser. The three great romantics, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, all draw on Spenser, and his master Plato, where they found their intuitions in exemplary expression. Plato teaches that the world of sight and sound about us cannot fully satisfy the desire and curiosity of our souls, since our world points on to something more real than itself, which, nevertheless, is purely spiritual. All beauty, therefore, draws itself from the existence of this ideal within the real, and it is the task of the philosopher to pierce through the sensuous veil of earthly things, and direct our minds to the true beauty beneath. In doing this, however, he will make use of sound, colour, and sense, as a kind of ladder to the ideal. And it follows that the order, beauty, and

harmony of this world are one in origin with our love of them; all are permeated by a single mind and element. Thus in the higher states of vision spirit speaks to spirit. But though in the bodily state man can thus converse with the ideal beauty, he will do so best when death has removed his spirit to its transcendental home. These doctrines are all found in the three romantics, but with a difference. The later poets believed that the spirit pervading nature is not purely abstract and ideal; the artist may attribute to it some qualities of his own; and they varied even more widely on the question of the adequacy of the sensuous veil.

The note of Shelley's mood is a restless aspiration, an incessant longing for a sort of paradise where love will not be wanting. At one time he thought he could have this in an earthly millennium, but he found that eternity is the only remedy for time, that only beyond the gate of life do we find consummation. Both human spirit and the spirit of Nature in Shelley are instinct with this longing to escape to their transcendental lot. At times the spirit that is in Nature seems to burn low; it is sadly intermittent; only rarely does a reinforcement descend upon it, and in such moments there comes to Shelley a white heat of thought and feeling:

"Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness."

In this trance Shelley does not disparage the things of sense; he wishes them to give more and more of their virtue. He wishes to pluck the fairest things that earth can give, and so he speaks of senses and emotions as convertible things, as in the *Lines written Among the Euganean Hills*, where scene and mind

"Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky."

This is not to suggest that Shelley was a systematic thinker. Being an enthusiast rather than a professor, he made little effort to reduce his multiform ideas and impressions to strict order; if a new opinion seemed good in itself he was inclined to acknowledge it without first ascertaining whether or not it was consistent with others previously allowed. One fundamental conception, nevertheless, pervades all Shelley's thinking, and, inspite of his inconsistency in

expressing it, gives a sense of unity to his doctrine. It is the only adequate key to an understanding of his conduct as man and poet; and it appears everywhere, in essays and letters as well as in poems. I refer to the conception of Love as the supreme spirit and sole productive source of good in the life of the world. The one word *Love* sums up not only his philosophy, but his theology and his ethics as well. In Shelley's doctrine, Love is a cosmic force, the activity of which may be studied in three distinct though related phases: in nature, in the immaterial world, and in human relationships. He acknowledged but a single law for all things, whether material or immaterial, human or divine, and was ever unwilling to admit one rule for thought and another for conduct. Once convinced of the truth of a proposition, he was not content until he could proclaim it from the housetops and approve it in his own behaviour. Since in Shelley's doctrine virtue is the desire for universal happiness, which is a form of benevolence or love, and since happiness in the physical universe may be interpreted as a harmonious adjustment of part to part, the harmony of nature is convincing evidence of the active presence there of love. Love, therefore, is the principle which actuates the life of the universe, and determines its inevitable progress towards perfection. In the regenerated world all things shall live by the rule of Love.

The ultimate good in terrestrial nature is an equable climate, a perpetual April, accompanied by the convenient miracle of fruition and fertilization without decay. The law of necessity guarantees this happy eventuality; yet the poet feels it incumbent upon mankind to will that it shall be so. "The One remains, the many change and pass." The many here are not mere copies of Ideals, which remain aloof, but individuals capable of receiving and absorbing the One in varying proportions. There is a moral force which gives direction to the thought and action of the universe, and is immanent in them. This force Shelley describes as Light and Beauty and Benediction, that sustaining Love

"Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst."

Shelley not only asserted the supremacy of the

nature and in the immaterial world, but also acknowledged the duty of using every means at his disposal to establish it in the relationships of human society. And he believed that it might be established. Naturally optimistic, and convinced of the inherent goodness of man, he confidently hoped that humanity would purge itself of the disease of evil, and eventually attain a state approximating perfection. The human and the poetic were sentimentally equated in Shelley. He envisaged the whole poetic problem on a level of experimental optimism; but equally he raised the problem from the level of eighteenth-century moral complacency—as Wordsworth did not. Something more is needed for the consummation of the state of perfection than a mere 'wise passiveness' to nature. The germ, the essence of Love immanent in the human soul, can have no active existence until it receives proper nourishment through instruction. The selfish child knows nothing of pain outside itself; when it learns imaginatively to put itself in the place of another, it is then capable of sympathy. Thus Shelley is led to assert that the only distinction between the selfish man and the virtuous man is, that the imagination of the former is confined within a narrow limit, whilst that of the latter embraces a comprehensive circumference; that wisdom and virtue are inseparable, and selfishness the offspring of ignorance, and finally, by consequence, that virtue is entirely a refinement of civilized life. And hence it is incumbent upon the wise and cultivated to instruct those who are less enlightened. Pursuant to this theory of perfection through education, Shelley became an enthusiastic teacher and proficient in argument. This active interest in humanity was not an attitude lightly assumed or easily altered to suit occasions, but the outgrowth of profound feeling and conviction that the law of Love should, and, if man so determines, may, govern his intercourse with his fellows. Though conviction sometimes wavered towards doubt, this feeling of the sufficiency of Love lived on through years of unhappiness and disillusionment until his death. There is a snobbish critical tendency to praise Keats at the expense of Shelley because he was more preoccupied with verbal niceties, and did not try to "do" so much as Shelley. Keats leaned heavily on the tradition, hoping that it would take care of him humanly—and was hurt when the tradition, in its critics, refused to accept him. Shelley, at least, did not expect the tradition to do anything for him. He had immense hope that something

might be done to resolve the incompatibilities between man and Poetry. His error (?) was that he relied on human aspirations, as embodied in the poet, to accomplish this: that 'his poetic faith was a faith in man. Keats's appearance of superior sophistication is not due to any innate better sense, only to innate laziness and parasitism: his poetic faith was a literary dependence on the historical role of poet, with all its conventional prerogatives and dispensations, and a mystical dependence on what might be called spiritual chance. He expectantly disposed himself, so to speak, toward spiritual rape by a vigorous poetic personhead imagined as in pursuit of conquests.' This is not to deny, of course, that while Shelley's high sense that poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world inspired him to sing, it betrayed him also into a falsetto key. A portrait of the author as a young man may indeed be discovered in *Alastor*: his idealism, his immaturity, his yearnings, his melancholy, his reverence for the past, his sensitiveness to beauty and his power to create it, his restless but easily distracted intellectual activity, his uncurbed magnanimity. Is it really so easy to outgrow one who is sensitive to all beauty, a student of philosophy and of the monuments of the past, a seeker after unfamiliar truths, a stranger among men?

Many sweeping and contradictory statements have been made concerning Shelley's portrayal of nature. William Morris thought that Shelley 'had no eyes.' So too Leslie Stephen finds that when Shelley speaks of natural scenery, the solid earth dissolves, leaving him in the shifting phantasmagoria of cloudland. Contrast with these statements the one made by the French critic Ramée: "I think that Shelley can scarcely be comprehended by those who are not intimately acquainted with Italian landscape. The exceeding truthfulness of his observation of and feeling for it cannot certainly be appreciated except by those who have lived amongst the sights and sounds which took so close a hold upon his imagination and heart. Every line in Shelley's verse which speaks of Italy is pregnant with the spirit of the land. Each line is a picture, true and perfect, whether of day or night, of water or shore, of marsh or garden, of silence or melody." The truth of the matter is that Shelley's vagueness is not due to lack of art. He often prefers impressions to distinct outline, for his poetry aims at effects far different from those of painting or sculpture. As in Nature he loves everything that tells of life and motion, so too his figures sway in

the mazes of a dance or ride singing through the shoreless air. His descriptive style is suggestive rather than pictorial. Such epithets as obscure, intense, white, dark, darksome, gloom, dim, shadowy, are characteristic of his diction. As a rule he finds light his true element, and he is less frequently than Keats a wanderer amid verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways. The outline of Keats's conceptions is as precise and as definite as that of a picture or group of statuary actually before us: We can almost touch the objects he describes. We feel that Keats has brooded long over his picture with sensuous delight before drawing upon his abundant word-treasury to convey it to his readers. In Shelley's descriptions the strokes are briefer and swifter. His poetic inspiration seems to have been more fluent and mobile, words and pictures coming rapidly and together. His phrases have not the carven perfection which characterises Keats's poetic diction, and the visions he creates are more transitory in their dewy freshness. His words flash across our horizon fleeting, but radiant impressions of colour and light. Shelley's natural scenery has none of the permanence and stability of Wordsworth's eternal mountains, changeless sea, placid valleys, and shining lakes. He chooses rather the restless, ever-varying stream; the transient dew and mist, the hurrying, changing clouds. But he never confuses the unsubstantial and ethereal with the vague and formless. Transparent or misty as the image may be, it is embodied in perfectly exact and accurate language. Unearthly and weird as his conception is, the language is extremely lucid and definite. With Shelley metaphor is rapidly transmuted into identification. In his best lyrics the unity of music, words, and feeling is as indissoluble and limpid as crystal.

TO NIGHT.

THE CLOUD.

It is sometimes held that Shelley wrote hastily and inaccurately, that he neglected to revise thoroughly, and that he was almost as insensible to technical music as was Scott; on the other hand, it is recorded that, although he composed rapidly, he paid due attention to the essentials of his art. However that may be, the fact remains remarkable that Shelley's lyrics are so largely flawless. Among them, it is true, there are frequent deviations from the norm, but

only few that are perceptibly inharmonious in their irregularity. The lengthening or shortening of a line, the extension or contraction of a stanza, the shifting of a particular rhyme scheme, may impair theoretically the symmetry of a poem; but practically they may improve it. In Shelley's practice such irregularities are not erratic, generally, but designed modulations, motivated by fluctuations of emotion to bring out certain effects. And poems employing these changes, although in part imperfect according to an external pattern of regularity, are often in the complete effect subtly disciplined to consonance with an inner harmony. An innate sense of concord led Shelley to use pleasingly varied, if not always exact rhymes; to draw subtle harmonies from many different arrangements of line, rhyme, stanza, and refrain; to adapt form to content with a harmony of movement and sound that is complementary to the emotion, and with a fluency of language that renders words, in effect, inseparable from music. How finely these various qualities are adjusted to metrical form and thought in order to produce consummate harmony, may be seen in the poem "TO NIGHT." The thought, centring in an earnest supplication to the Spirit of Night, and a rejection of her conventional associates, Sleep and Death, is conveyed in a seven-line stanza of symmetrical proportions, closely braced by the rhyme *ababceb*, and repeated each of the four times with a natural, fresh ease. A short refrain marks each unit as organically complete and forms, at the same time, an emotional link with the rhythm and mood of the next stanza. In such lines as:

"Star-inwrought!
Come, long-sought!
I sighed for thee.
No, not thee!"

The particular selection and arrangement of consonant and vowel sounds, full and prolonged, effectively iterate the imploring tone and emphasize the mood of longing. Throughout the poem, sound and rhythm are at one. The even, melodious flow, indefinitely rippled by anapaestic substitutions but continuous and prevailing, felicitously suggests the stillness accompanying the approach of night which, although never expressed, is felt in the quiet sounds. At the same time the swiftness of the coming of night, in contrast to the lingering of day, is suggested, in spite of end-stopping, by the sweep of

the four long lines separating the short ones, as well as by the repetition of *swift* and *flight*. And in the combinations of vowel with consonant values, there is an opiate quality appropriate to night, especially marked in such lines as the following:

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave.

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray.

Lingering like an unloved guest.

The last line, with *unloved* lengthened by *an*, illustrates particularly well the lingering quality of many of the sounds. A similar adaptation of sound to meaning comes with the expression of the length of day:

"Where all the long and lone daylight."

The langour of noon:

"And noon lay heavy on flower and tree."

The drowsiness of a child:

"Thy sweet child sleep, the filmy-eyed,

Murmured like a noontide bee."

In such ways the qualities of metre and sound and phrasing combine to form the unity and harmony of the poem as a whole.

One of the most unerring combinations of metres is found in THE CLOUD. The cloud is borne along by an unflagging impetus, arousing ever fresh surprise with the subtly intertwined triple and duple measures. The sprightly anapaests, coming in groups of two or three or even four in a line, acquire predominance in effect over the iambs, especially towards the last; yet throughout the poem the two metres are almost evenly distributed. Used frequently with stress on a strong monosyllabic verb, the iambs hold a peculiar strength: *I bring, I bear, I sift, I bind, I hang, etc.* This quality together with the appearance of final iambs and with the almost exclusive use of end-stopped lines, balances nicely the anapaests. Thus neither metre takes full sway, and regardless of the anapaests' greater insistence the movement in the large depends upon the interweaving of both, with the resultant hovering effect, as in the passage beginning "That orbed maiden—." The rhythm is at once vigorous and swift, light and frolicsome, and as buoyant and fresh as the shower itself.

HYMN OF PAN AND DEJECTION.

Shelley in the first of these two poems states allegorically what was the central problem of his life as well as of his poetry:

"I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed.

Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!

It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed."

In itself this theme may lay claim to a poignant and universal human applicability; for its meaning is the eternal contradiction between the One and Many, the abstract and the concrete, Man and men, the Prometheus of keen ethical aspiration and the Asia of broad expansive sympathy, ideal Beauty and Goodness and the Janes and Emilias of actual life. In many of his lyrics some phase of this problem, or his emotions in its presence, are treated without any direct reference to his doctrine. Yet some of these express a relaxation from it, in the form of unvirile self-pity. In the *Stanzas written in Dejection*, Shelley did not experience his grief poetically; rather, obtruding thoughts of self prevented his apprehension of it from rising above the purely personal to a high poetic level.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

Divided into five sections, each composed of four tercets concluded by a couplet, this poem might be considered almost better as an illustration of the fourteen-line stanza, for its divisions of thought concur with the sections, not with the smaller stanzas. *The Ode to the West Wind* reveals an adroitly modelled pattern; never impeding thought or feeling, never sinking to a lifeless repetition, the form bears along the melodic flow of sound as if in the trances of the wind, driven by an undying impulse. The poem is plainly something more than good description of a storm. To discover why the storm aroused such depths of thought and emotion as Shelley expresses in the Ode we must look not at the wind-blown, leaf-strewn Italian landscape, but deep into Shelley's mind, where, for nearly a decade, driving wind and flying leaves had been associated with his profoundest beliefs about nature and mankind. Of such beliefs the Wind and the Leaves were symbols. The first stanza of the poem describes the leaves flying before the wind, which is represented as both destroyer of the leaves and preserver of the seeds from which new life will arise. As the first stanza reveals

the power of the wind over the earth, so the second and third stanzas reveal its power over the heavens and the waters. In the fourth stanza the poet prays that he, like leaf, cloud, and wave, may undergo the power of the wind in order to achieve his own regeneration, and at the climax of the poem in the fifth stanza prays that from his dead thoughts driven over the earth by the wind there will arise in the cycle of the seasons a regenerating influence upon mankind. Thus the wind, as the destroyer of the old order and the preserver of the new, for Shelley, symbolized Change or Mutability, which destroys yet recreates all things, while the Leaves signified for him all things, material and spiritual, ruled by change. The poem epitomizes Shelley's conception of the eternal cycle of life and death and resurrection in the universe. There were at least five distinct elements in the composition of the poem:

(1) The stimulus of the natural objects, the wind and the leaves, as he observed them earlier in his life and more immediately in the Cascine wood.

(2) The philosophico literary associations of the Wind and the Leaves as he encountered them in Homer, 'Ecclesiastes,' Spenser, Dante, Lucretius.

(3) "Prometheus Unbound," which expressed his extensive conscious beliefs of what the Wind and the Leaves already signified for him in the depths of his unconscious mind.

(4) The death and the rebirth of his ideas as exemplified by the 'Revolt of Islam' and 'Prometheus Unbound' respectively; and

(5) The birth of his son, a living symbol of his own regeneration, and so associated with the ideas of rebirth and regeneration symbolized by the Wind and the Leaves in the 'Ode to the West Wind.'

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)

John Keats was the son of a livery-stable proprietor, and was born in London 31st October, 1795; he died at Rome 24th February, 1821. From 1803—9 he was at school at Enfield, after which he was apprenticed to a surgeon. This profession was not congenial, and he got his indentures cancelled, but continued his medical training at Guy's Hospital till about 1817. He now devoted himself entirely to literature, having as friends or acquaintances Leigh Hunt, Shelley,

and other distinguished authors. His first volume of poems came out in 1817. *Endymion a Poetic Romance*, appeared in 1818; his last volume of poetry, containing *Lamia*, *Isabella*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, *Hyperion*, and the Odes in 1820. By this time he had become so ill of consumption (inherited from his mother) that he was advised to seek a warmer climate; but it was too late, and though he reached Rome he only survived a short time. Shelley honoured his memory by his elegy *Adonais*.

Keats is one of the greatest of English poets and letter-writers.

Criticism generally seizes upon some one aspect of the complex nature of a poet and presents it as his comprehensive and salient characteristic. Accordingly, Keats has been known as the poet of pure beauty and sensuousness. The twentieth century, however, in its ruthless search for Truth, has made another discovery, that of the Yogi or the Philosopher of Renunciation in John Keats. To-day he has an appeal not only for youngsters because of his flowers and fruits, but the mature are also awed by him. They find in his poetry that balanced attitude towards life of which everyone is so keenly conscious in the present age. In reality, however, neither one nor the other of these aspects is wholly comprehensive of Keats; Keats definitely presents a duality—and which sensitive human being does not?—a duality between his innately sensuous temperament and his reasoning which groped in the direction of detachment. He died young and came to no final conclusions about life. His Letters and his Poetry both avouch this. His Letters are not statements of high philosophic truths discovered by him. They are the tangible expression of Keats' attempts to clarify and elucidate his thoughts to himself. He writes to Woodhouse: "It is a wretched thing to confess but is a very fact that not one word I ever utter can be taken for granted as an opinion growing out of my identical nature—how can it, when I have no nature?"

Fundamentally Keats's nature rested upon the rich slow maturity of the Earth and her fruits. Its fulfilment lay in a primitive absorption of the life forces through the senses and the surrender of the being to the autumn earth and the moon soaked atmosphere. Living was beautiful, whole, effortless; its beauty was pure and heavenly like Mozart's music.

"O fret not after knowledge—I have none,

And yet my song comes native with the warmth.

O fret not after knowledge—I have none.
And yet the Evening listens. He who saddens
At thought of idleness cannot be idle,
And he's awake who thinks himself asleep."

A warm blooded savage can be clasped to the nourishing bosom of the earth but he is hardly conscious of the way of life he is enunciating. Keats was a hypersensitive creature, he knew with all the nervous awareness of his senses that this tangible feast before him, gave a deep fulfilment to his nature. He accepted it, but "why"? The great why? had entered into his life. Nature was a symbol, nature had a meaning: there was the "Vast Idea of Poetry" veiled behind the Sun, the Moon and the Stars. His mind was alive, waiting poised in eager expectancy for the answer his sensuous imagination now demanded.

Endymion is the record of the early and youthful search after this new aspect of life, that of Intellectual Beatuy. It opened vistas of spaces yet to the trodden, and started Keats's struggle after a real compromise between Truth and Beauty.

The Truth was cold, ugly and full of pain. It was natural to love Beauty, to find quiet happiness and fulfilment in it. What was the nature of the Real behind this puzzle of harsh Truth and smooth Beauty? Who came first, the chicken or the egg?

Keats' primal desire for wholeness and completion had early made him reverence Shakespeare as a god. Was a clear detachment from pain and joy the Reality of living? Keats was very much tempted to believe it was. It never came off though, chiefly because Keats was born in the *milieu* of the nineteenth century Romanticists. Their language was essentially lyrical and objectivity had only been bodied in the Drama. The dramatic genius, to begin with, has a saner perspective; it can envision universal forces and all cosmic significances through human character. Byron and Shelley did attempt the dramatic art, but it is based chiefly on fantasy. They were far too emotionally involved in pain and suffering to be able to go outside of it, to perceive it in human form. Drama cannot flourish under such conditions. Truth had by now become a distant goddess, she was unattainable, remote. The poor poet climbed airy heights, and consorted with spirits and the Faery, in order to seek her out and then to depict what he had seen. Keats however had

enough common sense to realise that he had no real aptitude yet, for the drama proper. He hoped that one day he would be able to make a success of it. The truth or falsity of his dream was never proved because he died at twenty-six.

Next to Tragedy there is the Epic for the delineation of human fulfilment, the journeying of the soul to a Reconciliation. Dante and Milton achieved a certain harmony through *The Paradiso* and *Paradise Lost*. Keats was on the right track for his purposes when he began Hyperion, but his temperament combined with circumstances prevented him from ever completing the task. Keats admitted that the high Miltonic numbers were not congenial to his genius; the Idea behind Hyperion seemed to grow confused and is lost.

We love Keats because he sought so desperately to find a pattern in life. He himself was the central figure of his poetry. His poetry chronicles the struggles and the resting places of a noble and great soul. The Odes seem to be a justification of his questioning, his failure to find an answer just before Time caught up with him. In these great Odes all Keats's basic nature, his most genuine self is concreted. His experience of sorrow and pain and perfect beauty constituted his integrity, inspite of the puzzle and discord they presented. With this integrity, with his innate powers of pattern and organisation through the passions and the senses, Keats attains his particular type of harmony in the *Ode to a Grecian Urn*, *Ode to a Nightingale*, and the *Ode to Autumn*.

Critics mislead grossly when they come to the conclusion that Keats achieved the victorious Shakespearian brow. Life deprived him of many factors which go to make the fulfilled human being. There was death, poverty, and the quenching of love through mortal sickness. These were no Byronic psuedo-injustices, but struck at his roots, and that he rallied magnificently, is not due to any particular philosophic harmony, but to the strength and acuteness of his sensibility. At the last he beckoned and it replenished his frustrated life with loveliness, with sunlight, and the quiet blooming of the Earth. The Odes are complete and organised art because the agony of discord and frustration is here held co-ordinated in the unvarying, primitive womb of the senses. They are a projection of all the facets of his soul through the drenching rays of his sensuous organism.

ODE TO FANNY.
THE EVE OF ST. AGNES
LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.
ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

"One of the most vital themes in Keats's poetry is love. Of what great poet of his age may not this be said? What gives Keats' love-poetry its unusual interest is the relation which it bears to his life as a man. The "Ode to Fanny," which belongs to December of 1818 or the following month, is Keats's first direct utterance in poetry to his betrothed, his first undisguised expression of what love meant to him. It is desperately poignant and intense. His mood in the Ode arises from the old unrest of the "half-happy-miserable" mood. He is goaded by the sharp instrument which his temperament has been for many months sharpening for him—jealousy. He cries out now that only complete possession will satisfy him. Abandoning restraint, he appeals to Fanny to take sides with him against herself and confess her fickleness. There will be other admirers, and she will smile upon them. But no other hand must come near hers—the thought is intolerable; if he cannot possess her whole affection, he would pray for death. The "Ode to Fanny" is no mere poetic exercise; its anguished sincerity speaks in every line. Still, while charging Fanny with inconstancy, Keats confesses his moral weakness: in Baudelaire's tragic phrase, he is the victim, she the executioner. It may be contended that jealousy always amounts to a confession of inferiority. It is possible that no small part of Keats's sufferings may derive from the fact that this truth was finally driven home to his acute sense of pride. Positing this conjecture we must not fail to remark that, thus early in his engagement to Fanny Brawne, Keats has made a far pilgrimage from the stage whence he viewed woman as a "milk-white lamb that bleats for man's protection."

"THE EVE OF ST. AGNES," at which Keats worked intermittently through the first eight or nine months of 1819, is a refreshing turn from the feverish energy of the Ode. It is his choral hymn to Fanny Brawne. "St. Agnes" and *Hyperion* are in Keats's best masculine manner and are, with the exception of the six Odes written later in the same year, his last great work free from the taint of deepening morbidity. Although "The Eve of St. Agnes" began like "Isabella" from Keats's reading, the poem is purely

intuitive, and Keats's intuitions here are not false to him. Keats shuts his own immediate problems out of the charmed circle of the "Eve;" the poem is self-complete and homogeneous, like the walls of the fabled city: built to music and therefore never built, but everlasting. The location of the poem in the domain of faery-land allowed him to make of it the wonderful thing that it is. He proffers no gratuitous rationalizations on his love-story as he did in "Isabella" and was to do in "Lamia." Similarly, the theme of "The Eve of St. Mark" lay too disturbingly near his own heart to allow him room to contemplate it freely and give to it the objectivity which his narrative sense required of his longer poems. Very little of Keats's earlier unsure hand is in the central love-scene of "St. Agnes," if we except the amorous swoon of Porphyro as he leans above his beloved.

Note the use of compound epithets in this poem. Keats's gift for language was not equal to Shakespeare's; yet he uses the compound epithet with a wealth of colour, a richness of suggestion, an intensity of poetic effect unsurpassed in English poetry. He blends the descriptive with the mythological. He looked on fine phrases like a lover, and he had in full measure what Ruskin called the "imagination penetrative"—the power of seizing on some essential quality of the thing described. No wonder then that Keats is one of the greatest artists in description. Besides that, he had an instinctive love of mythology; in him "the mythopoesic genius of the Greeks is reborn."

"La Belle Dame Sans Merci" was written in April of 1819. It is Keats's most complete and sharpest-etched picture of love-in-despair. Sidney Colvin suggests what nearly everyone must concur in: that Keats's poem applies to his own predicament. The poem has of course its literary affiliations. There are many fair ladies without pity (*Les femmes fatales*) in the stories of mediaeval French writers and in Petrarch. We also read of the El-woman in Norse Mythology, who sat on the roadside in lonely places—a woman only in front; her body behind was hollow, like an empty shell. Anyone who kissed her, became mad. One quality of El-women was that they could not speak distinctly; they only made little moaning sounds. The last but one stanza of the ballad may owe its dusky portraiture to Virgil's description of the shadowy multitudes Aeneas met in the

underworld. Keats, however, transformed all these literary traditions into something very poignantly personal. The lady here is a symbol of the woman he loved and the death he feared. "The anguish moist and fever dew" are the same which Coleridge discovered in Keats when he shook hands with him on a roadside. "There is death in that hand—a heat and a dampness."

Keats's romantic melancholy in this poem is something akin to the dark mood of Shakespeare. Love is a hopeless, joyless captivity. The enchantress, like Lamia, ensnares her victims with her unearthly beauty: she is a faery's child. Those who come under her charms know neither the sweet anguish of half-happiness nor the ebb and flow of love's ecstasy and revulsion: they know only the shame of their enervation and the hopelessness of their bondage. Memory remains to plague them; like the brute—embodied men on Circe's island, they cannot forget what they have been. If only love could be a sleep and a forgetting, or the long enchanted dreams such as those Endymion knew! The end of love is feverish unrest, dishonour and disease: it has become the ghost of spent sensuousness, trembling before itself, a species of posthumous life that unwillingly survives after the energy and brightness of the soul are stifled for ever.

In the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" Keats takes refuge in the idea that only suspended, unsatisfied desire is the means of happiness. The lovers will never meet, they will never know love's fruition; neither will they know its sad satiety. "Happiness is like a wave," says Hugo; "the tragedy for the perfectly happy is that it recedes." Looking upon the still unravished bride, the ever pursuing lover, and the immortal maiden, Keats exclaims how far above all earthly love this is; how far removed from the ashes of human passion: the cloyed, high-sorrowful heart, the burning forehead, the parching tongue. This idyll beneath the happy boughs in their everlasting springtime the poet apprehends with a greater sense of wonder and delight than the contemplation even of immortal love can arouse within him. The ever-renewed blisses of Cupid and Psyche cannot compare with this love for ever poised on the verge of attainment. In the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" Keats has for a moment successfully combined his sensuous and spiritual ideals; here they are at war no longer but co-exist in a near and perfect accord—a union beautiful and cold and aloof. So prevail-

ing is the magic which produces this harmony that we do not at once recognize that the Ode, like "The Eve of St. Agnes," offers no solution to the human problem; the human situation is definitely and carefully shut out of the *milieu* of both poems. "St. Agnes" is a Faery-tale, designed with the acutest eye to the selection and arrangement of its materials; to appreciate it requires something of the same willing suspension of disbelief that admits the reader into the charmed world of the *Ancient Mariner*. The lovers of the Ode are wrought of marble; "The eve of St. Agnes" is suffused with the warmth and changing lights of varicoloured tapestry. Voyaging from this far-off land, the soul requires only the shock of a single relapse into the world of reality to induce the mood of the "Ode on Melancholy."

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Probably no other two lines of Keats's poetry are so famous as these, nor so perplexing to his readers. They are widely believed to contain the essence of the poet's creed; what they mean is an open question. Is Keats expressing an aesthetic insight or a reasoned conviction? Critics variously demonstrate what the poet intended to say: "that ecstasy, being beautiful, is truth," or that "the intense moments and significant aspects of life" which art endows with spiritual beauty and holds in silent equipoise are truth. There are others who condemn Keats for spoiling an otherwise beautiful poem by the irrelevant intrusion of these two lines. Poems, says Stephen Spender, are hypothetical and theoretic. The hypothesis of a poem is the emotional experience, the moment of vision, the flash of insight, the central point of impulses and impressions: it is the validity of this moment which the consistency of the poetic logic proves. The coherence of the demonstration of the original hypothesis makes a poem 'true,' not its general truth. Notoriously, everything about Keats's "Ode to a Grecian Urn" is poetically true and convincing until Keats, in the last two lines, goes outside poetic truth, and makes a raid on general truth in 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty.' Immediately here he has entered a world where ideas can be disputed, because he has gone outside his original hypothesis which centres on the concrete experience of the Grecian Urn.

Do you agree with this view?

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON (1809—1892).

Alfred Tennyson, third son of George Clayton Tennyson, rector of Somersby, in Lincolnshire, was born on the 6th of August 1809. He received his early education from his father, attended Louth Grammar School, and in due course proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where in 1829 he won the Chancellor's Medal by a poem in blank verse entitled *Timbuctoo*. As early as 1827 he had published, in conjunction with his brother Charles, *Poems by Two Brothers*, but his literary career may be said to date from 1830, when he published a volume entitled *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*. It was not received with any great favour by the public, although it was recognized by many to contain much that distinguishes the true poet. Its success at least was sufficient to encourage the poet to prepare a second collection, which appeared in 1833, and contained such poems as *A Dream of Fair Women*, *The Palace of Art*, *Oenone*, *The Lady of Shalott*, and others. At this time he sustained a great loss in the death of his friend Arthur Hallam, and this, with the severe criticism which his last volume received in Blackwood's Magazine and the Quarterly Review, may have occasioned his long silence. It was not till 1842 that he again appealed to the public with a selection of his poems in two volumes, and it is from this time that we find his work beginning to receive wide recognition. The collection then issued included *Morte D'Arthur*, *Locksley Hall*, *The May Queen*, and *The Two Voices*, all of which, it was almost at once acknowledged, entitled him to rank very high amongst English poets. His reputation was more than sustained by the works that immediately followed. These were: *The Princess, a Medley* (1847); *In Memoriam* (1850); and the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* (1852). The latter was his first great poem after receiving the laureateship (1850) upon the death of Wordsworth. From that time hardly a year passed without his adding some popular poem to the English language. In 1855 Oxford University conferred on him the degree of D.C.L., and in 1869 the Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, elected him an honorary fellow. He was raised to the peerage as Baron Tennyson in 1884, eight years before his death.

One can easily understand the reaction against Tennyson during

the middle 'twenties. As the Victorian Age slowly died and gave place to a new order, and those who had been brought up and lived with Tennyson and shared the same memories and problems in act and thought began to pass away, a new attitude and orientation naturally arose: new phases of faith and doubt, new politics, new philosophy, new science, new painting, new music, new poetry. "Break with the past: the past has broken itself, it has broken us, or will do so if we do not break with it. It was all a day-dream and the bad day-dream of a sultry, languorous afternoon, which needed a night of storm, of awful storm, to sweep it away, was that vaunted Victorian Age, with its futile overrated idols, actors, and thinkers, statesmen and poets." So the new age cried, 'Idealism is illusion; let us have realities.' Such, or something like it, was the first attitude of the new young critics making their own essay on the cleared, almost too vigorously cleared, stage.

Not a little of this was only natural. There is always reaction in human things which never continue in one stay. After Sophocles comes Agathon, after Aristophanes comes Menander, after the Golden Age of Rome her Age of Silver. It was inevitable that, with the revaluation of the Age, the value of Tennyson, one of its foremost figures, should be boldly challenged. It must be admitted at once that there is much that is dubious in his writing; many symptoms of lower poetic vitality than the Romantics possessed. The focal point of Tennyson's problem was the influence of Keats and Shelley. Keats exerted a subtle fascination upon the young poets of the 1820's because of his stylistic richness, and Shelley a violent one, because of his soaring imagination, his elusive skill in poetic melody and connotative suggestion, his mixture of Platonic idealism, Rousseau-esque primitivism, and Godwinian radicalism, all merged into an incendiary compound that set the undergraduate mind ablaze. But there was the authority of genuine *experience* behind this influence. The great Romantics had been both teachers and stylists, even as Tennyson was; but (and here lies the difference) they had lived more fully than Tennyson, had earned a more valid right to expound what truth they had attained; and, however ornate they might be, style with them remained a means, it did not become an end in itself. In the *Palace of Art* Tennyson is posing much the same question that had troubled Shelley and Keats. Can the

individual soul live in an intellectual and artistic world of its own, in selfish isolation from mankind, or does it need the nourishment of ordinary human life and sympathy with the common lot? Inspite of the nebulous scenery and symbolism of *Alastor*, and the decorative waywardness of *Endymion*, no one can doubt that Shelley and Keats are stirred to their depths by the problem they feel and try to solve. Tennyson is more palpably didactic: he is not struggling toward a glimpse of truth, he has apparently always known it, and he communicates no vital apprehension of the problem. *The Palace of Art* as a poem does not move us very deeply, partly because it seems to have cost the author so little, partly because he is mainly concerned with the framing of those exquisite panel pictures and the subtle arrangement of vowels and consonants. We may wish that Tennyson had been, like Keats, a 'natural man,' so to speak, who had to make himself and his own spiritual world, instead of finding both ready-made.

The Two Voices leaves us similarly dissatisfied. It grew out of the same spiritual distress as *In Memoriam*, and as a whole, it is a serious, noble, and moving poem. It grapples directly, in the Arnoldian way, with the religious problem of a modern mind. But what sets the despairing hero on the path of courage and hope again? 'The sight of a father, mother, and little maiden pure pacing churchward on Sunday morning!' What a bathetic conclusion! Nevertheless, the reaction against Tennyson has spent itself. In cutting him loose from a mass of dubious writing and from a partly adventitious and spurious reputation, it has left an indubitable poet standing on a "smaller but firmer pedestal." A magical painter of landscape and water, an artist who had consummate powers of expression, a poet of lyrical, especially elegiac moments, a craftsman with a sensitive conscience. Montaigne, in one of his essays, says that to stop gracefully is sure proof of high race in a horse: certainly to stop in time is imperative upon the poet. What distinguishes the artist from the amateur is *architeconiké* in the highest sense; that power of execution which creates, forms, and constitutes: not the profoundness of single thoughts, not the richness of imagery, not the abundance of illustration. Tennyson is not a supremely great poet, but he is an artist to his finger tips. This is accepted by all critics ever since T. S. Eliot's homage to the poet. Sniffs

or sneers at Tennyson have ceased to be proof of a modern critical intelligence.

TITHONUS.

This poem is the expression of a vain yearning for release from the burden of living. Tennyson wrote it in the period of *Ulysses*, *Morte d'Arthur*, and *Break, Break, Break*, when thoughts of death and eternity lay heavy upon him. It is thus related to his frequent expressions of weariness and disillusionment. Fortunately the theme is not cramped by a modern moral or frame. *Tithonus* is simply the full realization of the timeless themes and contrasts of youth and age and love and death, a tone poem in gray and silver. And the pathos inherent in the simple cycle of every human life is felt and rendered not only with Virgilian ornateness, but with Virgilian pity and tenderness. The poem is not merely a collection of beautiful lines: structure, style, and theme are in perfect harmony.

THE PALACE OF ART.

The allegorical significance of the poem: "The poem is the embodiment of my own belief that the God-like is with man and for man." The famous series of pictorial stanzas constituting the first half of the poem are merely preparatory to the narrative in the latter part: and that narrative includes some of the grimdest glimpses of spiritual agony that English poetry affords. The theme of the poem, of course, is selfishness; not the materialistic greed for wealth and power, but the smug intellectual complacency that revels in the cultural heritage of modern man as a refuge from the contaminating vulgarity of the masses. The lordly pleasure-house which the poet builds for his soul is equipped with all the beauty of the art and all intellectual range of history and philosophy. From this ivory tower the poet's soul gazes with pitying contempt on the "herds of swine" in their commonplace activities and their inexplicable agonies. His soul's megalomania also produces a blasphemous usurpation of the role of deity. But this exquisite cult of beauty and aloofness eventually crumbles. For three years the soul of the poet enjoys its egocentric seclusion, touched with only occasional premonitory twinges about the riddle of the painful earth. Then in the fourth

year comes the frightful sequel—the paroxysms of insane dread induced by loneliness, and at last the spiritual death that carries with it the conviction of eternal exile from God's care. After this vivid portrayal of death-in-life, the conclusion follows as something of an anti-climax, being a brief and almost perfunctory "resurrection," wherein the now-penitent soul discards her royal robes, flees from the inhuman solitude of the palace, and seeks a cottage in the vale. Most anticlimactic in the narrative, and yet most significant in the symbolism of the poem, is the final stanza. With its obviously autobiographical (one might say, its confessional) emphasis, *The Palace of Art* was Tennyson's manifesto of new resolutions. Its contrast with *The Poet* shows a complete conversion in three years. Then, the poet was to be an exalted prophet and seer, privileged to explore the secretest walks of fame from which all profane intruders were excluded; the task of the generality of mankind was to receive the poet's revelation with devout credulity and then to do the heavy work of putting it into practical effect. Now, however, the poet has been stripped of his sanctity and mystery; he is to be the servant of mankind, rather than its leader; his endowment with exceptional insight and knowledge brings with it the responsibility of understanding the problems of l'homme moyen sensuel and thereby aiding that hapless being to acquire a first glimpse of beauty and truth.

THE TWO VOICES

With two biological concepts which everyone today connects with the doctrines of evolution, Tennyson was familiar and anxiously concerned: the theories, that is, of the prodigality of nature and of the struggle for existence. And though Charles Darwin later in the century made the most famous application of these two ideas to biological science, Tennyson earlier gave to them their best-known phrasing, and impressed them most forcefully on the popular mind. Even today few of us are likely to think of them without some recollection of

"Fiding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear," and
"Nature red in tooth and claw."

One can hardly doubt that Tennyson had come into contact with

both concepts by the middle 1830's, if not before. They appear again and again in English prose and verse back at least as far as the seventeenth century. But the first appearance of the former concept in Tennyson's work is in *The Two Voices*, and of the latter in the famous Section LVI of *In Memoriam*. If the date "1833," which was placed after *The Two voices* in the 1842 edition (afterwards removed) means that the whole poem dates from that year, we can place Tennyson's appreciation of the fact that nature is prodigal close to his Cambridge days. The voice, which urges despair on the poet points one of its first arguments with the sentence,

Though thou wert scattered to the wind,
Yet is there plenty of the kind."

Like *In Memoriam*, this poem counterpoises in striking contrast man's belief, or desire to believe, that God is love indeed, and love creation's final law, with the dark fact in nature of universal struggle, warfare and death which 'shrieked against his creed.' There is another passage in *The Two Voices* that immediately suggests to a later generation the mutation of species. The poet is speculating concerning three possible modes of pre-existence; either our state may have been the same before birth as now, or we may have lapsed from nobler place, or, finally:

"If through lower lives I came—
Though all experience past became
Consolidate in mind and frame—."

But Tennyson is writing about the transmigration of souls, and the lines refer not so much to material as to spiritual progress—a sort of semi-evolutionary idea that appears more than once in the writings of eighteenth century thinkers. The idea of past experience becoming consolidate in the *frame* as well as the mind is distinctly important, and injects the idea of physical change into these speculations concerning the soul. But from the lines themselves we cannot be at all sure whether Tennyson was thinking of changes in species, or of the idea that the human body in its embryonic stages has resemblances to lower organisms. Finally, the whole idea is given as a possibility only, no more probable than either of the two described in the preceding stanzas. It is wrong to suppose that everybody in the nineteenth century connected the doctrine of mutability in species with the same phenomena and generalizations that students of science

do at the present time. Tennyson's attitude toward ideas like these, and his mental processes when dealing with them, were very much like those which any highly educated person living in those years would have had, if he had studied the subjects that Tennyson studied. Tennyson was not seeing by a mystic intuition the proofs of organic evolution that Darwin was to produce later; nor was he jumping past the factual evidence by the light of a transcendental metaphysic. He was following, in a sane and clear-headed fashion, the most enlightened scientific thinkers of those decades; taking the results of his study into his own mind, and there struggling to mould them into some satisfactory working philosophy of life. If we keep all these facts in mind, we can turn to Tennyson's verse with some comprehension of the ideas which *he* was acquainted with in natural science, rather than those which *we* know best today. And then one fact becomes clear: that not every statement of Tennyson's which suggests "evolution" to us meant the same thing to him when he made it.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812—1889).

Robert Browning was born at Camberwell, May 7, 1812. After completing his education at University College, London, he went to Italy, where he made diligent study of its mediæval history and the life of the people. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, and thereafter resided chiefly in Italy, making occasional visits to England. His first poem, *Pauline*, was published in 1833; followed by *Paracelsus* in 1835, and *Sordello* in 1840. Between 1846 and 1868 appeared *Men and Women: Dramatis Personae*, and some shorter poems. His longest poem, *The Ring and the Book* was published in 1869. He received the degree of D. C. L. from Oxford in 1882. A Browning Society for the study of his works was formed in 1881. His poems are often difficult to understand from the quick transition of thought, and they are not infrequently rugged and harsh in expression, but they are among the chief poetic utterances of the nineteenth century.

During his lifetime Browning experienced, perhaps to a greater extent than any of his contemporaries, the vicissitudes of a poet's lot. A long period of depreciation, in which his poetry was a by-word for difficulty and obscurity, was followed by a sudden access of

fame. From the time of the publication of *The Ring and the Book* in 1868-9 until his death in 1889, his niche beside Tennyson as one of the two master poets of the Victorian era was secure. Criticism was succeeded by panegyric, reaching its acme in the adulation of the Browning Society and its mushroom offshoots in England and America.

In the years that have passed since his death, his poetic reputation has varied as widely as in his lifetime. The pendulum of critical opinion has again swung violently from one extreme to the other. In particular, Browning has suffered, along with Tennyson, from the general reaction inimical to Victorianism and all its works which has characterized the opening decades of the twentieth century. There are signs that the nadir has been reached, and that a juster and truer appreciation of the Victorian epoch is at hand. But we are still in the wake of that inevitable shift of literary evaluation which marks the transition from one generation to the next. The baiting of Victorianism continues to be a favourite sport of modern writers (Tennyson's 'pink pills for pale people' is matched in Leavis by 'the throaty vulgarity' of Browning); and prevailing currents of present day historical and aesthetic criticism run counter to some of the cherished ideals and standards in life and art of the Great Victorians. Part of this censure is wholesome, part is regrettable. A tentative estimate, within brief compass, of Browning's place in English letters must strive for centrality of view. But such a viewpoint is not easy to arrive at, owing largely to the presence in Browning of a conflict between imagination and intellect, only resolved in the poems of happiest vein. Thomas Hardy was puzzled by this discord. "The longer I live," he writes to Sir Edmund Gosse, "the more does Browning's character seem the leading puzzle of the nineteenth century. How could smug Christian optimism worthy of a dissenting grocer find a place inside a man who was so vast a seer and feeler when on neutral ground?" "Browning has a meaning in his twisted sentences" Carlyle once remarked, "but he does not really go into anything, or believe much about it. He accepts conventional values."

It is not at all easy to resolve these discords. For the understanding of his view of life, the deep-seated opposition between faith and reason pivotal to his thought, his ethical outlook, his conception

of the relation between God and man and of man's place in the universe, a consideration of the earlier and later poems lying outside his golden period of imaginative vision is indispensable. Nor can the depths of Browning's analysis of character be plumbed without a knowledge of those stages of his work which abound in subtle probing of impulse and motive, the incidents in the development of the soul underlying outward action. A herculean task indeed! In order to comprehend these varying interests, a student must toil through the labyrinth of *Sordello*, a bewildering potpourri of poetry, psychology, love, romance, humanitarianism, fiction, and history. He must wrestle with poems which in the aggregate, at any rate, tax his patience and mental faculties even more than that "Giant Despair" of English letters. Some of the later writings of Browning, while they contain lines and passages of sheer poetic beauty, are jungles of involved argument. The mind reels amid the elusive, ever-shifting sophistries of *Fifine at the Fair* and *Aristophanes' Apology*, or is repelled by the sordidness of *Rea Cotton Night-Cap Country*. The hair-splitting arguments of the lawyers in *The Ring and the Book* make gnarly and tiresome reading, and their crabbed forensic quibbles are only slightly enlivened by quaint Latin puns illustrating the humour of pedants. Whatever tribute is due to Browning's ingenuity in constructing these cumbersome leviathans of verse, the most ardent devotee of the poet, when caught in their toils, must compare his state of mind to that of Milton's spirits in torment, who found no end in wandering mazes lost. The fact of the matter is that too much of Browning's poetry has been born prematurely. Too much of it, indeed, has not died and been born again—for all immortal verse is a poetic resurrection. Perfect poetry is the deathless part of mortal beauty. The great artists never perpetuate gross actualities, though they are the supreme realists. It is Schiller, I think, who says, in effect, that to live again in the serene beauty of art, it is needful that things should first die in reality. That Browning will stand out gigantic in mass of imperishable work, in some far-off day is not so readily credible. His poetic shortcomings seem too essential to permit of this. That fatal excess of cold over-emotive thought, of thought that, however, profound or incisive, is not yet impassioned, is a fundamental defect of his. It is wrong to describe his poetry as metaphysical: thought in it is not always transmuted into the white heat of emotion.

Of Browning may be said what Poe wrote of another, *that his genius was too impetuous for the minuter technicalities of that elaborate art so needful in the building up of monuments for immortality.* "Cockney subline, cockney energy," was Fitzgerald's jaundiced comment. In our own day, Santayana has described the work of Browning as that of "a thought and art inchoate and ill-digested, of a volcanic eruption that tosses itself quite blindly and ineffectually into the sky." Santayana likens Browning to Whitman, and in this connection has been followed by T. S. Eliot. To Babbitt, Browning's unrestrained emotion is an example of those centrifugal and neurotic tendencies that, from the standpoint of neoclassicism, are regarded as evidence of a decadent romanticism. Passion and sensation, we are told, run riot in his poetry, and there is an utter lack of classical decorum, balance and repose. To F. L. Lucas, there is a trace of a bouncing vulgarity in Browning's energetic verse, which smacks too much of the hearty, hail-fellow-well-met manner of a Philistine. Metaphorically speaking, the unfastidious poet slaps his readers on the back, while the jarring dissonances of his metres recall the comment of an earlier critic *that all his poetry is summed up in the line,—“Bang, whang, whang, goes the drum, tootle-te-tootle, the fife.”*

But the error and insufficiency of the criticism I have been reviewing seems to be that it fastens exclusively on the negative rather than on the positive aspect of the poet's elemental attribute. For it is precisely the dash or verse of his poetry which constitutes its perennial originality and attractiveness. It is a strain running like an *elixir vitae* through his best verse, giving it headiness and flavour. That is why the sensuousness of his imagery is vivid and often opulent, but never cloying or languorous. The same is true of Browning's casuistic poems: they are an integral product of his genius. Their distinction lies in the fusion of aesthetic and dramatic gifts with the resources of a penetrating and richly endowed mind. Their originality and incisiveness are bound up with their mental acumen, revealing as by a lightning flash the inner processes of character under the stress of a crucial situation. In the casuistic poems these intellectual qualities of sinewy thought and psychological insight are unfortunately divorced from the dramatic vision of man in action and from the imaginative and emotional bases of poetry. Yet they are, when servants rather than masters of poetic

inspiration, attributes that give to Browning's verse much of its pith, fibre, and enduring place in literature. The élan of the poet's art has subtle and spiritual springs in his intellectual and emotional gifts. Thus the outcry against Browning's musical incapacity springs from sheer ignorance. His music is oftener harmonic than melodic: and musicians know how the general ear, charmed with immediate appellant melodies, resents, wearies of, or is deaf to the harmonies of a more remote, a more complex, and above all a more novel creative method. Browning is, among poets, what Wagner is among musicians; as Shakespeare may be likened to Beethoven, or Shelley to Chopin. Form in art is bound up with recurrence. When the form is spatial, as in painting, we usually call the recurrence in it a pattern; when it is temporal, as in music, we call it a rhythm. Poetry is, like music, a temporal and rhythmic art, but it also communicates images like painting. A personal bias may incline a poet to emphasize one quality and minimize the other. He may think of poetry as a cinema in which images flash across a stationary background or as a vehicle which collects images in the course of its own movement. We need extreme examples of this, for the distinction, though real enough, has admittedly a vague boundary. Here, then, is a fairly extreme instance of 'cinematic' poetry, from Tennyson's *Oenone*:

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother. Ida, harken ere I die.
I waited underneath the dawning hills,
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy dark aloft the mountain pine:
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet black goat white horn'd, white hooved,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone."

And here is a fairly clear case of "vehicular" poetry, from Browning's *The Flight of the Duchess*:

"I could favour you with sundry touches
Of the paint-smutches with which the Duchess
Heightened the mellowness of her cheek's yellowness
(To get on faster) until at last her
Cheek grew to be one master-plaster
Of mucus and fucus from mere use of ceruse:

In short, she grew from scalp to udder
 Just the object to make you shudder."

In the extract from Browning speed is a positive factor: it must be read as music is played, at a metronome beat. Tennyson, on the other hand, has tried to minimize the sense of movement: his poem should be read as he himself would have read it, very slowly and with much dwelling on the vowels. Both extracts repeat sounds very obtrusively, but the repetitions in Tennyson are there to slow down the advance of ideas (particularly in the first two lines), to compel the rhythm to return on itself, so to speak, and to elaborate, with the aid of the vowels, what is essentially a *pattern* of sound. In Browning the rhymes are intended to sharpen the accentuation of the beat: as they are sown more thickly the speed increases, and the narrator's exasperation with it, as far as "ceruse." Browning does not want a sound-pattern: he wants a cumulative rhythm. The speed and sharp accent of Browning's poetry, then, are musical features in it which Tennyson's poetry does not possess. It is difficult to see what the words Browning puts in parentheses can be except a musical direction: *piu mosso*. Even thus far, hardly need biographies to tell us that Browning knew much more about music than Tennyson and was much more likely to be influenced by it.

RABBI BEN' EZRA.

The Rabbi was a Jewish theologian of the Middle Ages, born at Toledo (Spain) in 1092, died 1187. Browning's poem is a meditative lyric, supposedly uttered by the scholar. There is no definite structure; after an introductory stanza stating the basic idea, Browning discusses the value of youth, the flesh, and effort, arrives at a standard of value, and in the extended metaphor of the potter's wheel restates the basic idea. Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat* probably stirred Browning to write this poem rebutting the attitude toward life therein expressed. "Death, death! It is this harping on death I despise so much," he once remarked, "this idle and often cowardly as well as ignorant harping! Why should we not change like everything else? In fiction, in poetry, in so much of both, the shadow of death—call it what you will, despair, negation, indifference—is upon us. But what fools who talk thus! Why, *amico mio*, you know as well as I, that death is life, just as our daily, our momentarily dying body is

more the less alive and ever recruiting new forces of existence. Without death, which is our crapy, churchwardy word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. Pshaw! it is foolish to argue upon such a thing even. For myself I deny death as an end of everything. Never say of me that I am dead!"

Is this a philosophical theory or an intuitive dogma? Browning cannot, or will not, face the problem of the future except from the basis of assured continuity of individual existence. He is so much in love with life, for life's sake, that he cannot even credit the possibility of incontinuity; his assurance of eternity in another world is at least in part due to his despair at not being eternal in this. He is so sure that the intellectually scrupulous detect the odours of hypotheses amid the sweet savour of indestructible assurance. Schopenhauer says: 'that which is called mathematical certainty is the cane of a blind man without a dog, or equilibrium in darkness.' Browning would sometimes have us accept the evidence of his "cane" as all-sufficient. It would, perhaps, be better to accept the poem, not as philosophy but as an imaginative experience, enlarging our sympathies and widening our understanding of the thoughts and moods of men. If we believe him it is not because he has convinced us, but because 'he has expressed for us our own intuitions or made articulate our own desires. Images of light, sound, and motion are conjoined in the triumphant close of *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, where the philosophic argument of the Jewish sage takes imaginative wings.

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

Andrea del Sarto was a famous Florentine painter (1486—1531). The poem conforms to the type of "dramatic monologue" in that it is uttered by one man (the painter) to a listener (his wife Lucrezia) in a crucial situation (he plans the painting of his wife while she waits to go to her lover), and reveals the speaker's character. The monologue rambles from subject to subject, but the whole is unified by the grey twilit autumnal atmosphere that pervades it, and by "the constant revelation of Andrea's stultifying infatuation for his heartless wife."

Browning's descriptions of nature are as impressionistic as his vistas of human life. There is a tranquillity in the landscape of this poem, a sort of brief hush that follows and precedes a moment of highly wrought emotional tension.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822—1888).

Matthew Arnold, critic, essayist, and poet, was born at Laleham, near Staines, in 1822, being a son of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. He was educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Oxford, and became a Fellow of Oriel College. He was private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, 1847—51; appointed Inspector of Schools, 1851; Professor of poetry at Oxford, 1858. His works include *A Strayed Reveller and Other Poems*; *Empedocles on Etna*; *Merope*; *Essays in Criticism*; *On the Study of Celtic Literature*; *Schools and Universities on the Continent*; *St. Paul and Protestantism*; *Literature and Dogma*; *Culture and Anarchy*. He received the degree of L.L.D. from both Oxford and Edinburgh, and lectured in Britain and America. He died in 1888.

✓ Matthew Arnold is one of the outstanding Victorians, and yet there is something subdued, with a sense of failing, about this gentleman. He is a very good poet, not a second rate one, though not with the first either. There is something in Arnold which leaves the critic feeling rather unconvinced as regards the magnitude of his poetic achievement, a feeling he never gets while reading Tennyson or Browning, inspite of all their Victorian hypocrisy and smugness.

Where Arnold lacked the concentration of pure poetry, he had the energy and width of intellect which employed him in multifarious interests, not usually within the sphere of the great poets. The impression left of Arnold after reading his poetry, his life, and his philosophic theories, is one of deep and abiding melancholy. The age of "sick hurry and divided aims" in which he lived, had much to do with his ennui, and the grey veils of evening that seem to imprison him. Briefly, the Victorian era signifies the increase of money bags and the fruitfulness of respectable domesticity, which act and react upon one another. *Laissez-faire* is written on the face of every urgent burgher as he wends his way with single intent towards his shop or bank. And behold! in the opposite camp rise

the Reformers, to disturb the peace of the makers of the money bags, — Carlyle, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, and even George Eliot through her defiance of respectable soulless love. No age in literature has ever known so many conscious reformers at once. The reformers were the artists of their times; theirs were the acuter and more sensitive spirits which could envision a deeper and larger meaning in life than that provided by their social context. At the same time, these reformers were bound to some extent, by the social and ethical code of their society, which gave their personality a repressed twist.

It would appear that the greatest poetry is made when the artistic and social temperaments are adjusted one to the other as nearly as possible. The art of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and even Euripides developed and flourished when Athens was the first city in the world for culture and learning. Shakespeare was of the age which pulsed to the Renaissance movement. The equilibrium between art, society and economics, had begun to be rudely unbalanced by the time of Shelley. Hence the predominance of the reformist spirit in him. Shelley's reform poetry however is directer and purer than Arnold's because he was reacting against the Rococco eighteenth century. This reaction rebounded towards the pagan and the transcendental. Arnold and the Victorians were in a more difficult social milieu in which Shelley's naiveté would have looked somewhat forced and ridiculous. Perhaps this was the age of half way houses. Tennyson is a good example, Arnold is not much better, but he cuts a more pathetic figure because he was always uneasy about his compromise.

The rock bottom of Arnold's faith in man's fulfilment rested on living the better life through a compromise between the emotion and the reason, in which the emotions give warmth of motivation and the reason guidance and control. He tried to fuse the two but we cannot say the fusion was very successful.

Arnold's earlier works are entitled "Personal Poetry" and "Lyrical Poetry," which are an expression of the emotional stream of his dual personality. The poems are not very long but some touch the sublimation of sorrow. There is not much variety of mood, nor marked variations on their theme of melancholy. Therefore when critics lament the fact that Arnold did not devote himself entirely to this kind of poetry, one wonders whether the continuation of this strain would not have become a trifle maudlin and morbid. Sorrow

is one thing, Tragedy another; and unless a man can write the poetry of Tragedy he is inclined to become a bore. That streak of steel called integrity now turned Arnold towards a harder and colder poetry. So much to his credit. He did not lie wallowing in the quicksands of self-pity. The change that took place was not in the end to Arnold's satisfaction, and neither to ours, from the point of view of great poetry. Christianity and Dr. Arnold, his father, had in many ways penetrated his psyche as the dreaded Jehovah. So, although Arnold turns towards the serene night skies and the stars for analogies of the perfect life, there was the note of unhappy unfulfilment common to the Christian martyr. Morality took on clearly outlined contours but the substance within did not ease the heart. *Empedocles on Etna* is Arnold's recognition of defeat.

"I have lived in wrath and gloom, fierce, disputatious, ever at war with man, far from my own soul, far from warmth and light."

The life of pure reason was not enough, and Arnold now formulated his stoical philosophy of endurance. He came to the conclusion that in life there was much to be borne and accepted, but unlike the mystic he did not preach detachment from reality. There were aspects of life and nature which could be improved upon by man. Like Wordsworth, Arnold saw nature as a nurse to soothe and calm, a source to bring man to peace and essential rightness of living. At the same time he could perceive its harsher facet. He envisaged it as Hardy did—dark, louring and intractable. Rather inconclusive results follow. How are we to know what is to be endured and what to be conquered? Arnold did not know either. He was at war within and as is usually the case with those who are bewildered and frustrated themselves, he launched an attack upon society for its narrow and thwarted life. This was the last and most predominant phase in Arnold's literary career.

Of all the Victorian reformers he was the most tolerant. Unlike Carlyle and Ruskin he never assumed the accent of a Messiah, who preached a black and white theory of Right and Wrong. In this respect his was the more comprehensive temperament, though lacking the fire and intensity of a zealot. His humanistic bent of mind helped him to leave his prejudices and beliefs open to change and expansion, according to the best that had been known and thought in the world. Balance and richness

of living he advocated for all, but with the perspective of lengthening time Matthew Arnold recedes into the sadder and quieter vales of the Victorian landscape. He was not a Prophet with the bolts of Jove in his hand, nor did he possess Shakespeare's or Sophocles' universality which could accept and yet generate life in the robustness of its stride. An inconclusive artist, but nevertheless a man motivated by great and noble qualities.

HUMAN LIFE.

Destiny here takes on the mathematical symmetry of a well ordered plan. Rather a bold thought, for as far as human beings are concerned, the gods are most eccentric and capricious. Arnold however is out to prove the fundamental rightness governing human life. "Man cannot though he would, live chance's fool." A superior Power drives him onwards to righteousness. On the whole, it is a smug, hypocritical, Victorianly optimistic view. It is an apology for the poet's own bewildered fear of life, for his cowardice in facing emotional rocks.

The thought, that not God, but some brute or blackguard had made this world, would often come to disturb the Victorians. When that happened they smoothed out the ruffled lines on their brow with a fervent assertion of the essential rightness that animated the workings of this blighted planet. It is now generally accepted that in his youth Arnold was in love with a French girl called Marguerite. She, however, was not of the same social standing, being a governess or a ladies' companion. Arnold's friends looked worried, Dr. Arnold gave a stern look, which seemed to say "I know more than you think," Matthew Arnold's courage failed, and he decided that after all it was better to give up Marguerite. Upon this there naturally followed poems blaming Marguerite for a faithless heart, poems which concluded that she must have become a prostitute in any case, and most irritating of all, poems justifying this great sacrifice on a metaphysical basis. *Human Life* belongs to this latter category.

Genuine and spontaneous love is trampled down because our lives are "Chartered by some unknown Power." Pathetically enough this Power was the dictates of a bourgeois morality whose *summum bonum* was social respectability. Although Arnold is vaunting his stoical courage aloud in this poem, it gives us a rather pitiful insight

into certain traits of his character. Inspite of all this, the verse is structurally well knit, and does not lack in a ripple or two of muscle, though the strength be somewhat blind.

COURAGE.

Matthew Arnold, usually the poet of philosophic acceptance, suddenly revolts against this attitude in this poem and advocates direct action. The affairs of the world are far too out of joint to justify men in the tendency of their inner lives. The argument seems to follow this course. Men like Cato and Byron were strong and courageous because they showed a quality of physical bravery, whereas the contemplatives are puling cowards who disguise their lily livers behind a philosophic aspect. Ergo, Panacea for present day problems is a fusion of modern intellectual clarity with the force of the past. A naive wish, which is still naiver when it asserts itself in the form of a theory. Can clarity of thought and unwavering action upon the physical plane ever be reconciled? We find ourselves repeating that the only thing that man knows is that he knows nothing.

Later on Arnold came to repudiate his glowing admiration for the courage of social reformers like Byron and Shelley. In the *Grande chartreuse*, he says.

"For what avail'd it all the noise
And outcry of the former men?
Say, have their sons obtained more joys?
Say, is life lighter now than then?
The sufferers died, they left their pain;
The pangs which tortured them remain."
A sadder and truer conclusion to courage.

SELF DEPENDENCE.

The first three stanzas prelude the main body of the poem in a passionate appeal for certainty and stability. They set the ball rolling for Arnold and the rest of the poem enunciates his philosophy of endurance. There is a divine or natural law which orders the harmonious working of the universe. The idea of law presupposes a power superior to man which he may call God. Superiority implies

obedience, discipline, and endurance. What is the nature of this God or law which has to be obeyed? Arnold's definition usually took the form of "The not ourselves which is God." Man has to chasten himself of all selfness, and then only will he be in concordance with the divine law. He has to train himself to depend upon the inner life in order to achieve freedom from self. The stars in the heavens provide him with a concrete analogy of selfless harmony. Though this poem preaches the destruction of the ego, and although a part of Arnold's mind was strongly influenced by Christ's teaching of self-abnegation, we must not lose sight of the warm emotional quality in his temperament. Arnold showed emotional extremes in his poems, to wit, the forlorn lover, and the severe moralist. Only in a few like *Dover Beach*, does he successfully fuse these polar attitudes. Self Dependence is a reaction against grief and depression and represents only one facet of the artist's personality.

THE BURIED LIFE

Wordsworth had a deep and lasting influence upon Arnold. This poem is reminiscent of the "*Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*." Like Wordsworth, Arnold would have us recapture our central and most natural being again, which now lies clogged and distorted by the fever of life. Where, however, Wordsworth believed that the infant is closer to the true life, being near in time to his pre-natal glory with "God who is our home," Arnold puts forward a more sophisticated belief. Although in many ways the Victorians had grown puzzled, and their faith in Christian immortality had begun to totter, there was in them a strong humanistic current, which could discern the potentialities of man's mind. They could thus hope for a richer and wider life, if only in the nebulous future. "Oh, yet we trust, that somehow good, Will be the final goal of ill." The present was a stage of transition when, "What was before us we know not, And we know not what shall succeed." Still, midst this pandemonium man's fundamental nature can assert itself through the ministerations of love. Arnold does not hold with Wordsworth when he darkly feels the "Shades of the prison house begin to close upon the growing boy."

The true love of a woman can bring a man back to the heart and harmony of the universe.

THE FUTURE.

1. 7 "As what he sees is, so have his thoughts been:" Arnold's intense consciousness of the provincial elements in the life of an ordinary man, which narrow and warp his vision of life.

1. 36. *Rebekah*: Abraham charged his servant to bring a wife for his son Isaac from Canaan. The servant was to go to the well and ask the damsels that came there to give him water to drink. The girl who also offered water to his camels was the one to marry Isaac. Rebekah not only gave the servant water but after he had drunk she said "I will draw water for thy camels also until they have done drinking" (Genesis 24. 19).

1. 45 *Moses*: Exodus 25.12, "And the Lord said unto Moses, come up to me into the Mount, and be there; and I will give thee tables of stone, and a law and commandments which I have written that thou mayest teach them."

"The glory of the Lord covered Mount Sinai for six days and on the seventh day Moses went up into the light of the mountain where he communed with the Lord for forty days and forty nights."

1. 77. "yet a solemn peace of its own." Arnold's philosophy of cultivating one's personal integrity or centre, which can endure as well as grapple with life.

1. 81. In the end, the simile between man's life and a river, breaks and widens into the boundless Ocean. Arnold wants to tell us of the infinity in man's nature, of his immortal soul, which can go beyond his particular horizon.

DOVER BEACH.

One of Arnold's later poems and also one of his best, *Dover Beach* co-ordinates all the early emotional qualities of the poet in a mature condensation of form. The theme is vaster and the sea imagery in the first stanza is cosmic in its symbolism. The mighty ocean is Fate, or the universal law, and mankind the pebbles that are lifted up and flung upon the beach only to be submerged by the waters. Pain and suffering appear to follow a definite law of cause and effect.

This vision of universal suffering relates Arnold's thought to Sophocles (Stanza II) the great Greek dramatist, who concreted human character and destiny in his art.

"The sea of faith" (Stanza III 1·21) is not faith in the universal law of Destiny. Arnold's inspiration has narrowed from tragedy to more contemporary problems. He is referring to the atheism and scepticism of the nineteenth century against Christianity, which followed upon momentous advances in scientific thought.

The final stanza was written long before the rest of the poem. Hence the complete change of imagery. The ocean has given place to a darkling plain and the roar of the sea to "confused alarms and struggle and flight." This last verse closes the otherwise austere poem on a personal, tenderer, note, which, however, does not clash with the tenor of the preceding stanzas.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837—1909).

Algernon Charles Swinburne, son of Admiral Swinburne, was born in London in 1837, and educated at Balliol College, Oxford. His first productions, *Queen Mother* and *Rosamond*, published in 1861, attracted but little attention. They were followed by two tragedies, *Atalanta in Calydon* (1864) and *Chastelard* (1865), whose merits were speedily recognized, and by *Poems and Ballads* (1866), also admired, but attacked on the score of indecency. He was a member of the Pre-Raphaelite circle led by Rossetti. His many subsequent works include: *A Song of Italy* (1867); *Songs before Sunrise* (1871); *Poems and Ballads* (2nd series, 1878); also *Essays and Studies on Shakespeare, Blake, Charlotte Bronte, Hugo, etc.* He died in 1909.

One power Swinburne is generally allowed to have possessed; the power of passionate song. It is with this quality of his poetry that it is best to begin the progress towards a general estimate. By it the poet himself set great store. Writing to E. C. Stedman in 1875 he insists on the primary importance of the singing power if one would write poetry. Stedman had sent him a copy of one of his works on American poetry; and Swinburne passes in review the poets represented there. Two extracts from his letter will tell the whole story. Speaking of Bryant and Lowell he insists;

"I cannot say that either '*Thanatopsis*' or the '*Commemoration Ode*' leaves in my ear the echo of a single note of song. It is excellent good speech, but if given us as song its first and last duty is to sing. The one is most august meditation, the other a

noble expression of deep and grave patriotic feeling on a supreme national occasion; but the thing more necessary, though it may be less noble than these, is the pulse, the fire, the passion of music—the quality of a singer, not of a solitary philosopher, or a patriotic orator." It is not important that Swinburne may have been wrong in his estimate of Lowell's greatest poem. What is important is to note the exactness with which he states the function and relative place in poetry, of substance, emotional and intellectual, and of form. That a poet should like Bryant be capable of august meditation, or like Lowell of an expression of deep feeling on a great subject, is nobler than that he should have the power to sing; but if he cannot sing, neither meditation nor deep feeling will make of him a poet. And, Swinburne goes on to say, complaining of Emerson's lack of the singing power; "It is a poor thing to have nothing but melody, and be unable to rise above it into harmony, but one or the other, the less if not the greater, you must have. Imagine a man full of great thoughts and emotions and resolved to express them in painting, who has absolutely no power upon either form or colour. Wainwright the murderer, who never had any thought or emotion above those of a pig or a butcher, will be a better man for us than he."

Clearly Swinburne does not believe that the power to sing is the whole of poetry, he values nobility of substance, intensity of emotion, as much as Ruskin himself; but he dissents from the Ruskinian view—a view seldom consciously held nowadays, but one which moulds to an amazing degree the current notions of poetry—that great substance suffices to create great poetry.

In lyric poetry always, and usually in epic and dramatic, the power to sing was what Swinburne sought for first. The poets he most admired were those who were great singers and also great prophets; Marlowe, Shelley, Hugo, and Shakespeare (who is the supreme expression of the English race and as such an unconscious prophet). The prophets whose song was wheezy and harsh could never satisfy him; indeed they were less precious to him than the singers who were incapable of thought. He valued highly his own power of song. There is an amusing record of a conversation at Jowett's tea table, in which, on being asked who among the English poets had the best ear, Swinburne said; "Shakespeare, without doubt; then Milton; then Shelley; then, I do not know

what other people would do but I should put myself." Indeed, unless one wishes to give the fourth place to Spenser, it is difficult to defend another choice. From the first lines of the first chorus in his first great poem;

"When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain....."

to so late a poem as "England; An Ode," always he is a master of song.

The charge laid against his singing is that of monotony. This charge rests upon a misapprehension of the nature of great lyric poetry. Most great lyrists have a personal style, a formed and permanent manner; Petrarch has such a style and manner, and Shelley and Leopardi. Whatever the metre and stanza may be, whatever the mood expressed, the poem is unmistakably theirs—it has their accent, the imprint not merely of a personality but of a style. So it is with Swinburne. Whether his subject is passion or political idealism, or the misdeeds of Mr. Henry Buxton Forman, he writes in a highly personal way, which nevertheless, is always, or almost always, appropriate to his theme. When it is objected that his verse is monotonous, what is really under attack is not the continued presence of a style and manner (which are in Swinburne no more uniform than in most other great lyrical poets) but the fact of his diffuseness, or else, it may be, that the critic finds Swinburne's style and manner intrinsically disagreeable and the more he reads the more of course, he is exasperated. But diffuseness is not necessarily monotony; and only an indolent mind will confuse a fundamental dislike of a style and manner with an impression that a dislike develops only because a style and manner are exhibited at unusual length.

To many people his style and manner are disagreeable. Why they are found disagreeable, Mr. Eliot, following and clarifying Welby's view, has explained in his essay, "Swinburne the Poet." Besides being diffuse, Swinburne dwells, not in a world of objects but in a world of words. If one looks in his poetry for the clear shapes of particular things, which stand forth in soft outline in the poems of Rossetti, one will be not only disappointed but exasperated. If one expects that each line, or even each stanza will make its

specific isolable contribution to the statement of an idea or communication of an emotion or sensation, one will be expecting what does not exist. The effect which Swinburne seeks to produce is a total effect; and in producing this effect he relies (apart from the intellectual content) chiefly upon sound. Mr. Eliot has quoted a passage from "The Triumph of Time" which so far as a brief passage can, admirably illustrates Swinburne's lack of particularization and his dependence on sound;

"There lived a singer in France of old
 By the tideless dolorous midland sea.
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
 There shone one woman and none but she."

And he comments; "It is the word that gives him the thrill, not the object." "Gold" and "dolorous" and "ruin" and "shone;" the phrases "midland sea" and "France of old," the movement of the lines, too; it is by such devices as these that Swinburne communicates the mysterious sadness which is the soul of the passage. This is not the way of English poets; and the reader if unaccustomed to Swinburne—or the French poets—is upset by a sense that all is vague to him, and feels that he must grope towards a meaning that so far has eluded him. In its greatest periods, English poetry has followed the doctrine of Keats that "The poet should have distinctness for his luxury," that is, for his supreme glory. A taste formed in reading the Elizabethans, Milton, and the poetry of the nineteenth century, will demand such distinctness. It is not to be had from Swinburne. "He dwells in a world of words;" they gave him the thrill and it is only through them that he can communicate it to us.

As Dr. Richards remarks, it is foolish to ask for distinctness. He quotes a stanza from "Before the Mirror," a characteristic Swinburne, stanza:

"There glowing ghosts of flowers,
 Draw down, draw nigh;
And wings of swift spent hours
 Take flight and fly;
She sees by formless gleams,
 She hears across cold streams,
 Dead mouths of many dreams that sing and sigh."

Dr. Richards says appropriately: "Little beyond vague thoughts

of the things the words stand for its required." He insists that the absence of vivid imagery is no better a ground for depreciating a poem which depends on other effects, than the absence of profound thought would be. But the reader, unaware of the narrowness of the range of his taste and fatigued by a long succession of stanzas resembling that quoted, will doubtless go on saying that Swinburne's verse is monotonous, when all he really means is that he finds Swinburne's style and manner unacceptable because they lack distinctness.

Not only does Swinburne rely on words and the harmony of words beyond the custom of other poets; but he also delights—to return to Mr. Eliot's second point—in diffuseness. Relying on sound, he wishes, as Spenser did, to protract his poems so that they may become irresistible incantations, the movement finally lulling the reader into a condition in which he receives the emotional effect at which the poet aims. Swinburne's lyrics, unlike those of great pictorial poets such as Keats and Gautier, have little structural design. A single stanza could be abstracted at almost any point from "Hertha" or "Faustine" or "Dolores" and the poem would suffer very small damage. Of "Dolores," indeed, Swinburne wrote significantly, to Howell; "I have added yet four more jets of boiling and gushing infamy to the perennial and poisonous fountain of Dolores." In a postscript he announces "ten more verses." "Dolores" is indeed a perennial fountain; there seems no need for it ever to cease, its stanzas are separate "jets," each a unit, and scarcely any in intimate relation with its neighbours. Still, almost every one of the fifty-five stanzas communicates intense emotion; the cumulative effect is almost intolerably strong; and yet it is impossible for a sympathetic reader to rise from reading the last stanza without wishing and wishing ardently, that there were more, and yet more to maintain one in elation.

The vagueness and the diffuseness, the riot of mellifluous words, all play their part in producing the emotional effect; but they are not the whole of Swinburne's manner and style. They are auxiliaries to his matchless rhythm, a rhythm which depends more than that of any other English poet on anapaests and upon lavish use of alliteration and assonance. It is to Swinburne's rhythm that the analyst must finally appeal in the attempt to account fully for the shock of pleasure that his poetry can give,

to the "new and resounding rhythms," in Professor Grierson's phrase, to the melodies in which says M. Lalou, "the rhythm actually acquires the strength of a perfume."

Swinburne's most novel rhythms are those which are extremely speedy, and those which are extremely languorous. To perceive how vast his range of rhythm is, one need only set side by side a stanza from "Dolores"

"I have passed from the outermost portal
To the shrine where a sin is a prayer;
What care though the service be mortal
O our Lady of Torture, what care?
All thine the last wine that I pour is,
The last in the chalice we drain,
O fierce and luxurious Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain."

and one from "A Forsaken Garden:"

"All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breach shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep.
When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
We shall sleep."

Whether the anapaestic movement be swift as a Bacchanalian dance, or slow and grave as a dirge, it is always fervent and intense, it is always the measure of a "Prosodist magician." In the dazzling light of beauty such as this, it seems time wasted to reason about the lyrical power of Swinburne; it is wiser perhaps to say with Saintsbury: "If anybody wants something finer..... let him seek noon at fourteen o'clock, and when he has found it, sit down and eat better bread than is made of wheat." As a greater than Saintsbury has said and one whose admiration for Swinburne was profound: when we are solicited by the ~~impressions~~ of such beauty, "we shall hardly have time to make theories."

THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT (1888—)

T. S. Eliot was born in America in 1888. He was at first educated at Harvard and later migrated to Merton College, Oxford. In 1927 he was naturalized a British citizen and is now a member of the Anglican Church. He is a classicist in literature and a Royalist in politics. He was the founder and editor of the once celebrated quarterly *The Criterion*. At present he is a director of Faber and Faber. His poem "The Wasteland" has had a tremendous influence on contemporary English poetry.

To show "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure" is as much the privilege of the poet as of the player, and the difficult twentieth century has held an especial challenge for those poets who have attempted to interpret it. During the Victorian era, in spite of underlying scepticism there was a general atmosphere of security and a definite belief in what was traditional and conventional; social reform and industrial expansion imparted to men a sense of well-being and self-satisfaction. In 1914, however, with the outbreak of the first world war, the undercurrents of agnosticism and doubt swelled dangerously and threatened to inundate the generation that grew to maturity during the 1920's. To-day we still feel the effects of the shattering of conventions and the breakdown of beliefs that has accompanied the two wars. To us the present is confused and the future obscure. We question the value of what we have inherited and the desirability of what our own ingenuity has produced. Our educational system receives condemnation because it has failed to prepare men and women for the problems of everyday living; religious creeds have been shaken by science and corrupted by materialism; the schemes of politicians and diplomats arouse popular distrust; and utopian plans for remedying the waste of industrialism are viewed askance. Life has become so complicated in the past few decades that no one has been quite able to understand all that has happened or to define the relation of the individual to either the material or the spiritual world. The inevitable result has been an increasingly pervasive spirit of uncertainty, gloom and frustration. After 1914 the solid optimism of Browning, the morality of Tennyson, and the artistic fabrications of Swinburne had little appeal. A new kind of thinking and a new way of writing were needed by the poet who would make his voice

heard. As T. S. Eliot conceived of the new poet, he must be "difficult, more comprehensive, more allusive, more indirect, in order to force, to dislocate if necessary language into his meaning." Only in such a way could he express the complexity and variety of modern life. The poet's task was facilitated by the fact that he had a model to which he could turn in producing poetry new to the twentieth century. This model was the poetry of the seventeenth-century metaphysical writers, who were headed by John Donne, and among whom were included men like Vaughan, Herbert, Crashaw, Marvell, Carew, and Cleveland. These poets faced a situation in many ways comparable with the present. Past was the great Elizabethan age of conquest and discovery; political dissension was already brewing; the learning of the day was at the junction between mediæval scholasticism and the new science; pyrrhonism had found exponents in Montaigne and Bacon, and the materialistic philosophy of Hobbes was already in the making; religious unrest was everywhere apparent. The claims of tradition were lined up against the demands of science; and the intellectual leaders of the day, themselves somewhat confused, attempted to integrate the two. Like modern poets, they needed a new way of thinking and writing, and like them they turned to a poetic form already existent and made it over. They took the Elizabethan conceit, then a bit outworn, and remodelled it into the "metaphysical" conceit or image, recognizing in it the natural qualities of succinctness, intellectual stimulation, emotional appeal, and pictorial suggestiveness, in which they wished to clothe their philosophy. This conceit, as T. S. Eliot observes, has been revived by present-day poets in their efforts to write as our age demands. Wherein does the originality of Eliot's poetry consist, what is the source of its amazing dynamic power? In an introduction to his anthology of Ezra Pound's verse, he says:

"The *vers libre* of Jules Laforgue who, if not quite the greatest French poet after Baudelaire, was certainly the most important technical innovator, is free verse in much the same way that the later verse of Shakespeare, Webster, and Tourneur is free verse: that is to say, it stretches, contracts, and distorts the traditional French measure as later Elizabethan and Jacobean poetry stretches, contracts, and distorts the blank verse measure. The form in which I began to write, in 1908 or 1909, was directly drawn from the

study of Laforgue together with the later Elizabethan drama; and I do not know anyone who started from exactly that point."

In *Prufrock*, the earliest of the major poems, one can readily note the juxtaposition and fusion of Elizabethan and French-symbolist passages. What could be more late Elizabethan than the phrasing and movement of the passage beginning "No! I am not Prince Hamlet?" With "no doubt an easy tool," "deferential," and "glad to be of use," a new note is struck; and in the following lines the new note swells until finally it drowns out the late Elizabethan:

"Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
At times indeed almost ridiculous—
Almost, at times, the Fool."

Mr. Eliot, of course, is rarely content to reproduce the late Elizabethan; he is intent upon adapting it to the expression of a contemporary sensibility, using it as a starting point in his quest for an adequate personal idiom. This is also true generally of the poetry of most of the twentieth-century metaphysical writers. It has not been mere slavish copying from a model, because it bears the certain imprint of the time which has produced it. It is far less the result of conscious imitation than of response to intellectual, economic, and religious stimuli that induce metaphysical thinking in any period.

In the poetry of T. S. Eliot the theme of love is almost invariably combined with a sense of frustration and fear, the result of his revulsion against the sordidness in which post-war humanity was engulfed. Behind this is a conviction that, if men had not irretrievably betrayed their best capabilities they might have achieved something infinitely beautiful that would have saved them. Prufrock, who has spent his life in a drawing-room among women sipping tea and talking of Michelangelo, has responded with his senses to the suggestion of bare arms and faint perfume and has yearned toward the gratification of his desires. Afraid of actual physical consummation, which is a symbol of spiritual consummation, he deludes himself into believing that there will be time ahead—always time ahead. Meanwhile he grows old. Thus Prufrock is a symbol of the nullity of fashionable life. He appreciates the underlying absurdity of making love to the tinkle of coffee-spoons and among the porcelain of a tea-service, in a world of novels and of skirts.

that trail along the floor. Even so poor a creature as Prufrock has overheard the mermaids sing and even he has wit enough to be quite sure that they will not sing to him.

SIDNEY KEYES (1922—1943).

Sidney Keyes was born on May 27th, 1922. In October 1940, he went as a history scholar to Queen's College, Oxford, and became editor of the famous undergraduate magazine, *The Cherwell*. In 1942 he joined the army and was sent to Tunisia. He was taken prisoner during the last days of the campaign and died from unknown causes on April 29th, 1943, while in enemy hands. The editor of his collected poems, Michael Meyer, quotes in a footnote the following account of Keyes' movements after leaving England from Lt.-Col. John M. Haycraft, his C. O. in Tunisia:

"Sidney Keyes came out with the Battalion to Algiers on March 10th, 1943; we moved up by sea to Bone, thence to the Beja sector where we took part in patrol skirmishes only; we then moved to Medjez area and did not, apart from the usual line-holding activity as before, have any serious actions until April 26th, when an attack was made in which Sidney did not take part. On April 29th, however, the battalion attacked a hill, Pt. 133, near Sidi Abdulla, in which Sidney's company took part. His company, C, got its objective successfully during the night. His company commander, Braithwaite, sent Keyes forward with a patrol at dawn to find out the situation as regards the Boche in front. This patrol apparently ran into the enemy, who were forming up for a counter-attack on Hill 133. No survivor of this patrol has so far been found, and until I found Sidney's grave at Massicault I thought he was a prisoner."

The one-volume edition of the collected poems of Sidney Keyes was published in July, 1945.

"Fear and guilt ruled him from the first. In the ordinary course of events, he would have been an esoteric poet, a haunted countryman like John Clare. In one of his letters, Keyes quoted Rilke's belief that death is a child we carry within us, waiting to be born, and that when the inevitable moment of its victory arrives, the test of our victory is measured by the courage of our submission. This is a poetic statement of the faith of the soldier. Certainly, in Africa,

Keyes found a serenity which had never been his in England: a peace paradoxically arising from actual violence.

If he had survived, where would he have gone from there? I doubt whether external experiences could have yielded him any more fruit. He would have crossed into the uncharted country of inward experience, and become a mystic. He was highly sensitive to supernatural influences. If he had had no sense of the supernatural, he would have been a nature poet of the school of Crabbe and Clare and Edward Thomas, all of whom he revered. The combination of these two gifts would, I believe, have made him a poet of the highest stature. For it is the possession of both these qualities, outward and inward perception, that distinguishes the great from the minor poet. And his technical skill was equal to his requirements. He assessed instinctively the conjuring power of words; some of his poems seem to echo from across the centuries

He was not yet twenty-one when he died, and presumably would not have reached the height of his powers for another five to seven years. He had scarcely begun to write"—Michael Meyer.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

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- 25 Mandrake root:** A plant with narcotic qualities, supposed to resemble a man or a woman.
- 27 Unkindly kind:** unnaturally natural.
- 29 Some Senseless piece:** The Keatsian "happy insensibility."
- 31 Jubal:** Biblical harp-player.
- 41 Pierian:** a name applied to the muses, from Pieria near Mount Olympus in Greece.
- 59 Hebrides;** The Western islands of Scotland.
- 70 Silly buckets:** Empty buckets.
- 83 Sequacious:** Having logical sequence.
- 93 Of its own beauty:** Cf. Coleridge "O Lady ! We receive but what we give."
- 97 Sunium:** A temple in Greece.
- 103 Maenads:** Priestesses of Bacchus ; Bacchantes.
- 114 Paynims:** Pagans.
- 131 Sardonyx:** A gem.
- 134 Verulam:** Francis Bacon.
- 141 Glebe:** Soil ; Land belonging to a parish church.
- 150 Lethe:** One of the rivers of hell in Greek Mythology.
- 166 The urbinante:** The Italian painter Rafael.
- 167 Angelo:** The great Italian sculptor of the Renaissance.
- 172 Cato:** Marcus Porcius Cato, the republican, enemy of caesar.
- 174 Anodyne:** A drug that relieves pain.
- 190 Itylus:** The son of Aedon, who was wife of Zethus, King of Thebes. Aedon, Jealous of Niobe, the wife of her brother, who had six sons and six daughters, determined to kill one of these sons, but by mistake killed Itylus. She was changed by Zeus into a nightingale.
- 197 Prospero:** In Shakespeares's Tempest, the duke of Milan and father of Miranda.
- 197 Ariel:** In the same play, an airy spirit.

